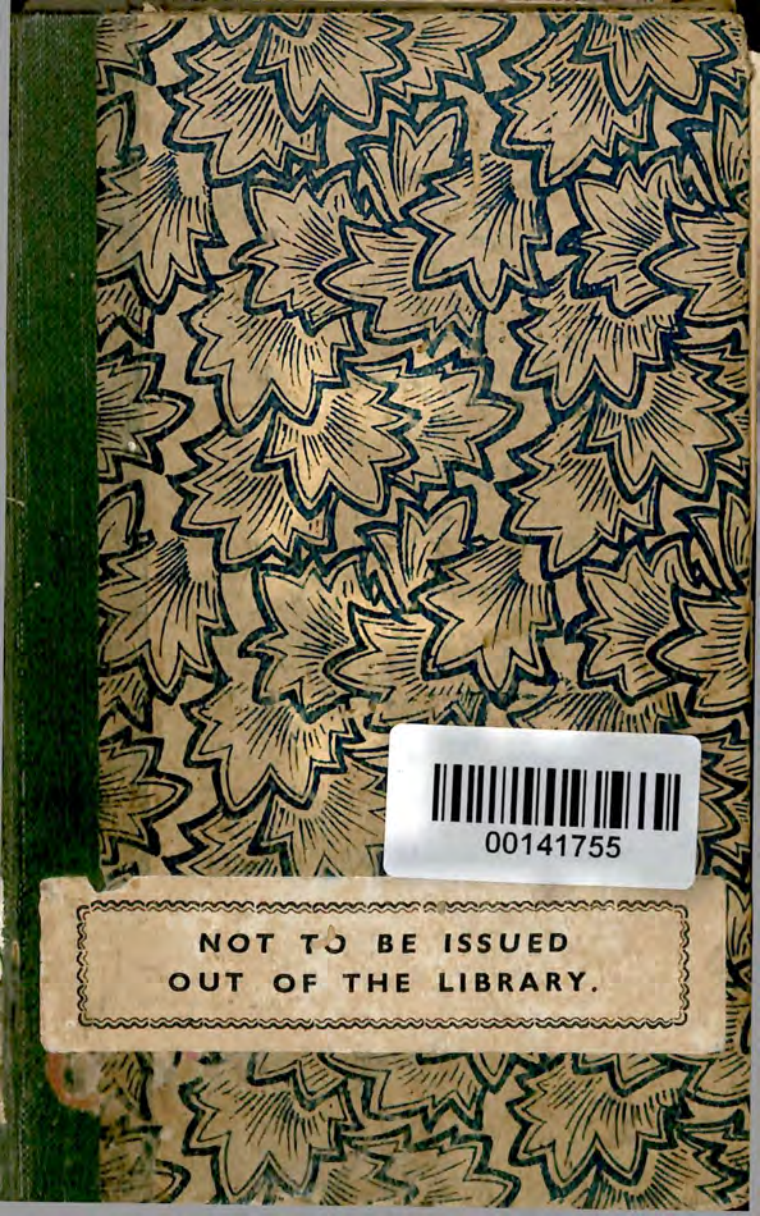
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LITERARY REMINISCENCES

AND

MEMOIRS

OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE,"

&c. &c.

BY

CYRUS REDDING,

AUTHOR OF "FIFTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS, LITERARY AND PERSONAL," &c.

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LITERARY REMINISCENCES AND MEMOIRS

OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

Campbell's conduct respecting Byron's biography.—Suggestions regarding a University in London.—Letter to Mr. Brougham.—Meeting at the London Tavern.—The poet sets out for Berlin.

WHEN Byron died, it was naturally supposed that some article of interest would appear about so distinguished a character, in a work edited by a brother poet. I urged the necessity of it, but Campbell's timidity and indecision were never more conspicuous than upon that occasion. He feared, in the first place, to give his own opinions, or let others give theirs, because whatever appeared about the deceased poet would be supposed his own, and then how

could he do justice any way without offending many of his own intimate friends, who had been Byron's, or offending Lady Byron. He had always professed himself Lady Byron's advocate through the various differences that had taken place between the noble poet and his wife. As was his custom, he preferred saying nothing, and letting nothing be said. He further feared lest any critical observations, however fairly made, might subject him to censures, the avoidance of which was a part of his character, if for no other reason than his reluctance to the task of answering them. If I urged the expectation of the public from him in a particular manner, or gave some hint that it would be highly advantageous, he would reply, "I would rather give up the work than commit myself on such a subject; for though I may not do it, what appears will have my sanction with the 'world.'" Byron was only spoken of in the obituary. It is but justice to say that Campbell expressed himself in terms of indignation at the refusal of the Dean of Westminster to allow Byron a resting-place in the Abbey. Not that he thought it a thing of moment to the poet or to his memory, to have his bust exhibited to fatten deans and chapters, for the works of the great poet would be read when the site of the abbey might be a doubt. English literature would survive in new-born nations after England's decay.

He declared that it was political hatred which excluded Byron from the abbey—a hatred he never felt towards any man, however much he might disapprove of his political principles. There were numbers more heterodox in their religious sentiments buried there than Byron. Public property ought not to be subjected to the caprices of high-church spleen. These opinions were undeniably just; and on such questions the poet never disguised his sentiments to his friends, but not a word of it could be in print.

Besides suggestions respecting a London university, in 1825, after his published letter, to which allusion will presently be made more particularly, Campbell wrote a review of "Milton's Treatise on Christian Doctrine," just then discovered in the State Paper Office, by Mr. Lemon, deputy-keeper of the state papers. It was seldom that the poet took it into his own head to write a review in the large print of the work, not half a dozen times, most assuredly, in ten years. But the name of Milton attracted his attention, a name he held in great veneration, by the publication of this tract, "De Doctrina Christiana." There had not been wanting those in the church, who, fearful of losing the assumed partisanship of Milton, each after his own orthodox notions of what is really the Christian doctrine, contended that the manuscript could not be genuine his, as

Milton was an avowed trinitarian, and this just before the newly-discovered work had been published. Campbell, in running through the book, had no doubt of its authenticity, and also that Milton was an anti-trinitarian, and that the latitude of his departure from the popular belief far exceeded what was displayed in any of his published writings. Milton coincided, for example, with Paley, recently, and with Calvin, Bucer, Peter Martyr, Musculus, and the early fathers in the church, that the Sunday was a voluntary ordinance of the church only, and not commanded under the Christian dispensation. Milton's opinion on divorce he considered equally sound. He became absorbed in the subject, its novelty and importance. He proceeded to so disproportionate a length with the commencement of the article, that he impatiently cut it down, then re-wrote it, and at last left it half done, as it appeared before the public.

In conversation upon this work of Milton, the poet remarked on Milton's "heterodoxy." "He was clearly not sound, according to the pattern of John Knox and your kirk," I observed.

"My church!" responded the poet; "I have never confessed my orthodoxy to you upon that score."

"True, but you have practised it in the article. I should take you there to be one of the 'over'

righteous, for you broke off as if fearful of proceeding further lest any anti-kirk opinion should ooze out.'"

"Do you really think it leaves that impression?" said the poet.

"I was but jesting," I replied. I knew he was not one of those whom his countrymen Burns would esteem "rigidly righteous," as I believed he did not trouble the kirk but seldom since I had the pleasure of knowing him.

"I dare say I am as frequent a visitor to the kirk as yourself, after all," said the poet, laughing.

"No doubt, for I do not attend the kirk at all. John Knox was a useful man in his day to stir up the Scotch waverers between popery and Calvinism; but I rather incline to the doctrines held by Milton, Newton, and Locke."

He was in excellent humour, and began to rally me on my confession of faith. I replied that though I could not, because I was ignorant of his whereabouts during kirk-time, affirm anything on the matter, he was not without a precedent for preaching the rules he did not practise, like old Lord Eldon, the most notorious crier-up of his church, and professor of the most exemplary piety in England, but listen to him, and yet he presented, on his son's authority, the spectacle of an absentee from his kirk for thirty years, except on one or two state occasions.

"I am not as bad as that, I can say with a clear conscience. I regularly attended the kirk when I was last in Scotland."

"It recalled old times, and was a sacrifice to ancient feeling; and then it is the rule there, for reputation sake, in order to cover a multitude of sins."

At one time, talking of the sea-serpent at dinner, and the company at table discussing the probability of the existence of such an animal, Campbell expressed his disbelief in the existence of such things altogether; it was as idle as the common idea of the devil, a being with claws and a long tail, got up to frighten weak minds. The "spirit of evil" would not suit the vulgar. They must have corporeal forms for everything. Rogers remarked here, that there was a fish called the sea-devil, well known to mariners and fishermen, and the metamorphosis of a sea-devil into a sea-serpent was no imaginative difficulty. Smith thought it was a difficulty even for the imagination. He could not conceive that there was any untried sin in the catalogue, that required the devil to assume a new disguise for the purpose of originating a temptation to commit it.

At the same table, speaking of Lord Brougham's want of originality amid his great usefulness, some one present remarked that his quotation about the "eleventh hour" was not original as respected a

late use of the phrase. It was true his lordship had traded to advantage in the ideas of others and improved upon them. "Yes," said Rogers, "that phrase of the 'eleventh hour,' taken from the Scriptures, was used by a French writer in the way of rebuke to an old man who was talking atheistically.' *'Ah! monsieur, il est temps de penser plus serieusement. Les momens pressent; le onzieme heure est sonnée.'*"

Nearly about this time a remarkable MS. was received from Sweden, through the Foreign Office, and immediately published. It filled Campbell with historical recollections about Mary Queen of Scots. It was written by Earl Bothwell during his captivity in Denmark, and is a valuable addition to Scottish history. The original is in the Royal Library at Drottningholm. Campbell was not one of those who viewed Mary with the indulgence of many Scotch historians; with him it merely revived an old reading subject, and the comparison of Earl Bothwell's with Hume's account furnished him a short amusement.

About this time, a new topic engaged the poet's attention. His own contributions or labours through the preceding year, 1824, had been sparse, consisting of his poem "Reullura," in which he rode his hobby in verse, about the fabulous inhabitants of these isles, and some portions of his remarks upon Greek poetry. "Reullura" was

composed after the poet had been diving into the muddy waters of the Northern mythology, and been led from that to the Irish Culdees, who came to convert the Scotch to popery, after Hibernia, peopled from Tyre, had in turn stocked England and Scotland with colonies, if we are to credit Irish legends. "Reullura" is by no means one of the most pleasing of Campbell's productions. The importance which the poet endeavours to confer on the "mailed swarms" of the North, fails of effect. There is not enough to arouse our sympathy, and unless that be excited, verse falls flat. The priests of Scotland in the sixth century are too remote for modern confraternity· They were neither the first nor the latest martyrs, and the poet's verse fails to interest us for those whom the mistiness of twelve hundred years has rendered so obscure in memory.

As early as 1821, among his more intimate friends, he had discussed the subject of a university in London. He had spoken of it repeatedly, and with zeal, in a small club of literary men, about a dozen in number, who met weekly in Conduit Street. He had remarked on the great utility of such establishments upon the continent and in his own country. Delayed from time to time, but never laid aside, the project had been revived by him during the latter half of the year 1824, when he began to think seriously about the

possibility of carrying such an institution into effect. He thought, and very justly thought, that there was no reason why the offspring of the larger part of the community, the very pith and marrow of the nation, should be excluded from the advantages to be derived from such a seminary, because they were unable to meet the heavy expenses of the Universities of Cambridge or Oxford, or had parents who could not conscientiously suffer their offspring to subscribe to the Thirty-Nine Articles. From thirteen to eighteen years of age, Campbell thought might be well spent in acquiring that superior knowledge which the school-pupil had no mode of acquiring by any other means. His idea was not to exclude the youth from the paternal dwelling, except during the hours required for attendance on the different professors.

At the end of 1824 Campbell embodied his ideas upon this interesting subject in a letter to the present Lord then Mr. Brougham, who at that period grasped at popular support to attain the end of his ambition, flattering the Dissenters, and warily taking his ground upon those abstract principles which reason justifies, but which the ruling powers avoid, preferring to substitute hollow expediency in their place, till longer resistance to them is vain, and their adoption being irresistible has become graceless. Mr. Brougham too was at that moment, on the score

of policy, one of the best men in the nation to address for such a purpose. By strengthening himself further, after having given powerful aid to the Dissenters, favourable as they must be to such an institution, he on his side would aid his own personal views. The Dissenters were excluded from the two existing universities, this might be an argument for his use. Campbell had no idea of this kind, he looked at Churchmen and Dissenters as on the same level. It was the convenience of a university in a great capital for those who could not otherwise attain its advantages that he regarded; he had no distaste towards Oxford or Cambridge. He had no idea but that Churchmen and Dissenters would equally support such an institution, on the basis of its advantages for instruction at their own doors. The schemes carried out by Brougham were rarely or never his own. He adopted the hints and plans of others. Just as in his speeches and writings he started no original idea amid all his wonderful involution of language, his praise of new friends, or asperity of invective in dispraise of old, just so it was with his schemes. But it must be admitted that his unscrupulous boldness in execution corresponded with the intensity of his ambition, and that he thus played upon the public feeling with a tact worthy of a better motive. Even where the originality had not been disguised, and he ad-

mitted fractional participation, he ever contrived to grasp the larger share of the praise.

That Campbell had neither Churchmen nor Dissenters exclusively in view, but the general accommodation, was evident. He was not an individual of craft sufficient to oil over the Dissenters, or to turn their favour, had he possessed it, to his own advantage. It can hardly be said he had no ambition to gratify, but he had no idea of administering exclusively either to the just desires or narrow prejudices of party. He had, in short, no end but public good; no aim to construct a ladder to clamber over the heads of Churchman and Dissenter alike, to be kicked down when the last stave was overpast. The poet's words should be recorded:—

"To build and endow a London University would cost, I imagine, 100,000*l.* It might contain thirty professors, or more; the most of whom would maintain themselves by small fees from the students, though a few professorships would require salaries. Two thousand families subscribing 50*l.* a-piece, would raise that sum. A youth could surely travel daily two miles to his studies. Place the University centrically, and you would thus give it a surrounding circle of London population four miles in breadth, and twelve in circumference. How many families in that space would patronise the scheme, remains to be tried;

but deducting largely for houses that have no sons for universities, and still a vast number would be found willing to postpone sending their boys to business or profession for the sake of some years of good education.

"In the mass of families whose incomes vary from some hundreds to two or three thousand a-year, what a serious cost is education. Cambridge and Oxford are, of course, out of the question with one half of them. But say a man has 1000*l.* a-year, he can hardly send one son to and English University. To send three sons would cost him, at least, 750*l.* If there were a London University, the board of each son in his own house might be 45*l.*, his clothing and pocket-money 25*l.*; and his education at a London University, on a plan perfectly practicable, would not need to exceed, by any computation, 25*l.* or 30*l.* In all 100*l.* An Oxford University education, given to three sons, would thus leave a man of 1000*l.* a-year, 250*l.* for himself and his wife and daughters to subsist upon. The London scheme would leave him 700*l.*

"Instead, therefore, of discussing what Oxford and Cambridge are, or ought to be, the people of London should settle what sort of University they wish for, and it will be their own fault alone if it does not exist. It may be said that 50*l.* is a serious sum for a middling-circumstanced family to give away as the price of a mere pri-

vilege. It is for men of influence to inspire the people with different sentiments."

The matter was duly discussed in the more influential quarters of the town, and some leading members in Parliament, among whom were Lord John Russell, Sir James Mackintosh, and other distinguished personages, declared themselves friendly to the new Institution, and determined to give it all the support in their power. They would not have done this, had it been really injurious to the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge. The conduct of Lord John Russell upon this occasion was itself a reply to the accusation made against him of insincerity, popularity-hunting, and the like. His lordship had nothing to gain by the support of the measure. His support was in accordance with his well-known sentiments for a long time before, while there was not one individual who would dare to say that his feelings were not with the true interests of the church. It is no slight meed of praise to statesmen in these times to have the satisfaction of finding time rally around them those to whom, for want of former foresight upon any point, the lapse of years yields at once both revelation and fulfilment.

The poet was now full of the London University, and thought of nothing else. He was active in the preliminary measures; for no one could have it more at heart. That which he had talked

of, and had been considering for four years, was about to be realized. He rejoiced at being the instrument of a great public benefit. But here his eager, earnest temper overleaped the present. He saw the new institution in his imagination, already working wonders. He forgot how the means of carrying out the undertaking were to be raised, and he meditated upon the internal regulations of the institution, before he knew whether there was a way of procuring the large sum of money upon which the execution of the measure depended.

At length the day for a meeting was fixed. Campbell called upon me, and asked me to go with him to the London Tavern. We had scarcely entered the room, which was crowded with liberal Churchmen and Dissenters, with men of wealth, acquirement, and respectability, when we encountered Sir James Mackintosh, who said he should give the undertaking the utmost aid he could afford it; that the idea was a happy one, and he should strongly urge the merits of the project; and this he did in a very eloquent address. Lord John Russell then spoke. Campbell followed; commencing deliberately, but soon, from an overflow of ideas pressing too much upon him for utterance, he became excited and almost unintelligible. This arose much from want of habit, but more from an impetuosity that

carried him out of self-government. He was rarely capable of addressing the public for more than a few minutes without losing himself in this manner. When he had any literary subject upon which to speak, he wrote out his speech and got it by heart, and then he delivered himself admirably. It was painful to hear one whose mind was so well-stored with information upon the topic in hand manage so ill. Though aware of this defective power of speaking, he did not refrain from attempting its exhibition extempore on too many occasions. He had no fear before those whom he addressed, no confusion arising out of want of self-reliance, but it seemed as if the multiplicity of his thoughts, or matter, overlaid and stifled his powers of delivery. After all, the most effective public speakers are men of few ideas and many common-places.

Mr. Brougham was expected as usual, a lion then at such meetings, but he did not make his appearance until all present had spoken. There is a policy in this sort of conduct, it raises and fixes expectation. He began by an allusion, often had recourse to in his own case, to his having been unexpectedly detained in another place by most important business.

He commenced, all was stillness; he proceeded, all was satisfaction; he concluded, and all was applause. He entered upon the merits of

the question with his usual adroitness and skill, and also with much deliberation, and had not proceeded far before he spoke of the "singularity" of his friend Campbell and himself having about the same time hit upon a similar idea. But it appeared he had been the keeper of his own counsel. He had never before unfolded the secret. Campbell's letter had been then some time before the public, after three or four years' consideration of the project, and conversation about it with his friends.

Upon our returning homewards I recalled to Campbell. Mr. Brougham's singular remark that he had hit upon the same idea. "Did he never before tell you of it?" I asked.

"Never," said Campbell.

"Then depend upon it he will make himself the leader in it, and take the praise."

"No, no," replied the poet.

But so it turned out. The London University became a stepping-stone in Mr. Brougham's march to popularity.

Campbell, whose ideas were, in fact, all directed to the machinery of the proposed institution rather than to fighting its cause through at public meetings, was, it must be admitted, a useless personal advocate with the multitude, compared to Mr. Brougham, whose incessant practice in the art of persuasion and forensic

self-possession, stimulated by his latent ambition to adopt every available means towards his own popular self-aggrandizement, were useful to him personally, and to the furtherance of the scheme. This must in candour be admitted, though he evidently would not be the second man in Rome upon the occasion.

There were some suggestions respecting a plan for the University published by the poet subsequently to his letters to Mr. Brougham. These suggestions principally related to the propriety of the measure. In them he enumerated and combatted with singular felicity every objection that could be urged against it. He had shown them in manuscript, and upon going out of town before he could see a proof, begged me to correct them for him. No article written by Campbell do I ever remember so well drawn up. It was an unanswerable and masterly reply to every objection that could be urged against a favourite undertaking by prejudiced, interested, or ignorant persons. It was remarkably successful as a piece of pleading in behalf of a cause which attracted unmerited vituperation from a great number of persons, and was looked upon with a jaundiced eye by the high-flyers of the Church party, more particularly by those who, hating free principles in State or Church, have since showed every disposition to introduce the faith of

the Church of Rome into that of England, divested of its better points. The costly education of one at least of our old universities has been no safeguard within its precincts from the influence of doctrines subversive of the Church of England. The London University, that the bigots so much abused, had no perversions of this kind for which to answer. If there be any idleness among sleek professors or teachers within its walls, that idleness must neither be devoted to the restoration of childish superstitions nor to the study of how modern civilisation is to be restored with the greatest facility, to the stupifying ignorance of England in its dark and barbarous juveniscence. It has been raising a barrier since its establishment to that favoured doctrine of hypocrisy under all disguises, that men are born only that others may promote their self-interest, by affecting superior knowledge, and claiming the right to think for them. "I have spoken with men," the poet observed, "themselves well educated, who have told me that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing,' and have objected to the scheme, because half-educated men are more apt to have crude notions than men not educated at all. Before I admit the bad effects of a little learning and of half education, I must know what is meant by those terms. If you mean by 'half

education' a man having been well-taught only half the things that can be learnt, I should be glad to be entitled to-morrow to the denomination. But if you mean a smattering in many branches of knowledge, without a tolerable knowledge of any one branch, I grant that crude ideas will be the probable result of such learning. Recollect, however, that this is not to be half educated; it is to be miseducated, and we are proposing no place of miseducation. On the contrary, we propose a place where a man may be thoroughly and cheaply grounded in any single branch of learning or science, or in as many branches as he may choose. A great many prejudices on the subject of education arise from confounding two things essentially opposite, namely, a scattered and confused acquisition of knowledge, and a small degree of knowledge properly acquired."

Again he remarked with great justice, "It is a vestige of barbarism in our language that learning only means, in its common acceptation, a knowledge of the dead languages and the mathematics."

Of the merits of his old friend Dugald Stewart he spoke highly, and in touching upon the qualifications of teachers, he alluded to his own teacher, Professor Jardine of Glasgow, as such a teacher

as he wished to see in the new university, and he sketched his character.

He came up to the idea of a teacher who does not depend upon the capacity of a student, but who brings him on by the strength of his own; and teachers are then, and then alone, intellectual masters in the proper sense. Let no place of public education be founded without a recollection of this truth, that the progress of the scholar ought not to be dependent upon his own efforts, in any degree, so much as on the humblest capacity being turned to the best account. "Jardine was doomed for a long while to teach the Aristotelian logic. I was one of the last to whom he taught it. But his strong plain sense saw that teaching the Baconian philosophy, the general laws of taste, and the practice of English composition, were more important than the old logic; and he divided his course between these different kinds of study. At last he became, though I believe not without opposition from the admirers of the wisdom of our ancestors, the reformer of his own professorship; he dismissed the old logic altogether, and taught only the rules of analytical reasoning, the principles of taste, and the practice of English composition. He taught, generally, three hours a day, till he was near the age of ninety. Not a moment of any hour was lost in digression or bad humour. We wrote and cri-

ticised each other's themes, he read our criticisms, and reasoned them down if they were uncandid. If you ask me what great minds his class produced, I will answer that the object of his class was to make useful men. He was not responsible for the production of greatness. But if one were to remind hundreds of the clergy of Scotland and the north of Ireland of the name of Jardine, I know they would say that he practically taught them to compose their sermons. I cannot compute the amount of his influence on the increase of the taste and rationality of Scotch preaching, for that sort of influence has no term of measurement; but that he has influenced the moral improvement of his country, I have not a doubt."

Such were the kind of men Campbell stated he should recommend as teachers in the new university. In pursuance of the object he sought to attain, he laboured with great earnestness. The London University was a measure near and dear to his heart. The real credit of having been the suggester of so desirable a foundation, remains to him and him alone: it must so remain, as long as the language of his immortal odes shall endure. That he had little or no concern in the subsequent arrangements of the University, in fact that he was little consulted, or not at all, about the matter, is only to be regretted, insomuch as it affords another example how ill those who under-

take any thing in behalf of the public are certain to be repaid for their zeal. If Campbell looked for no more than his due in an expression of the admitted credit of the design, even that he can hardly be said to have obtained. The arrangement of the details must necessarily be undertaken by a committee. Campbell was no working man, nor at all adapted for securing the *matériel* of the measure, but there was no man in the empire more capable than he was of advising in the organisation of the plan of education, because he had long studied it. No one understood the subject better. For some time after starting, too, there was considerable room for improvement discovered, and a good deal of feverishness pervaded the establishment while Mr. Brougham took the lead in every thing. Campbell soon withdrew himself from all connexion with the working out of his scheme. I heard that twelve years afterwards,—Lord Brougham, then at the apex of his ambition, when nothing was to be gained or lost by such an avowal, when the desire of popularity had cooled upon its necessity—that twelve years afterwards his lordship avowed that to Campbell belonged the credit of the scheme. It is easy justice where there is no cost.

Campbell was so zealous upon this occasion, that though no one was better acquainted with the universities of Germany, not having seen that

of Berlin, which was in a good degree analogous to the foundation he had framed in his mind as best adapted for the contemplated establishment in London, he determined to visit Prussia. "I am going off to Germany," he observed; "I have some verses for you, and they are all I possess. I shall proceed directly to Berlin. I want to make some observations on the university there."

The next morning a servant came to me, with the following portion of his lines, called "Hallowed Ground," to which he had tacked a request that I would tell him whether he had used the "shall" and "will" with perfect propriety, as he could not overcome his doubts upon the point! I thought at first he was in jest. The lines, in his own hand-writing, I still preserve, as a memento of that wavering and doubting which at times were apt to come over him in relation to other affairs as well as those of composition. I made a memorandum at the time on the paper, and under the lines, to the following effect.

"The above was written by Thomas Campbell just before his departure for Berlin, in 1825, to put the question whether he had used 'shall' and 'will' correctly, of which, though he always used those words right, he was never clear of the proper introduction."

——— And welcome war, to brace
Her drums! and rend Heaven's recking space!

The colours planted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
Shall still be dear.

What's hallow'd ground?—'tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—
Peace! independence! truth! go forth
Earth's compass round,
And your high-priesthood *shall* make earth
All hallow'd ground.

The eighth and last stanzas were the cause of doubt, where it might be well supposed there was no real foundation for it, as it is probable the poet never improperly applied the word, in the way many of his countrymen are prone to do, in the whole course of his literary existence. I went over to him and told him all was right, and that I wonder one who had written the English language so beautifully could have a doubt upon the point. "To be sure," he replied, laughing, "I thought it was correct; but I have been for this hour past bothering my head in doubt upon the point." The verses he copied out, in a fair hand, and started on his journey.

CHAPTER II.

Campbell's views respecting the system of education to be adopted at the London University.—Madame de Staël. —Letter from Charles Nodier.—The poet on horseback. —An anonymous epistle.

CAMPBELL was an advocate for the Italian pronunciation of the Latin tongue, after the manner of foreigners, and as recommended by Milton, it being in all probability nearest the original mode, and besides, it is useful in intercourse with strangers who have no knowledge of the mode set up in England for the purpose, and therefore cannot understand English grammar-school Latin. Of this he cited an instance, which he had himself witnessed. It seemed that a doctor of one of our universities, highly eminent in Latin verse, had called on the schoolmaster of a German village, to decide between himself and a blacksmith, relative to some work

done to his carriage. The different manner in which the German and the Englishman spoke Latin, rendered them mutually unintelligible. The negotiations became a perfect pantomime. An English party of travellers chanced to come up, and with them a boarding-school girl, only fifteen, who spoke French, perhaps no better than in the manner Chaucer describes:—

> After the mode of Stratforde and Bow,
> For French of Paris was to her unknowe.

Whichever it was, there was a sufficient degree of sound meaning in her knowledge to relieve the worthy doctor's embarrassment. The schoolmaster could understand her French, though as deaf to the English professor's Latin as he would have been to many other professors of the same profundity in Latin-English learning.

"Now," said Campbell, when relating this story, "let the system of education we adopt be more congenial to the spirit of the time, and to the extension of communication by living languages or dead ones, spoken so that they can be understood." This incident he introduced in a somewhat different form into his suggestions, for the purpose of illustrating his views in the system to be adopted in the projected college or university. He was against setting youth too early to the study of metaphysics, but would rather teach

them simple truths that were incontrovertible, before they laboured at demonstration. He told me, upon his return home, that he had discovered both in Berlin and everywhere that he had visited colleges in metropolitan cities, that he was fully justified in the advantages he had held out as accruing to the public from such establishments in large capitals. He wanted nothing more than he had seen, to show him that the arguments of the opponents of the measure were ill-founded.

Justice demands that Campbell should have his due for the pains he took, and the laudable intention with which he promulgated the scheme of the establishment. The opponents of the measure, whose writers had slandered the intended institution, tacitly admitted the fallacy of their own arguments, by afterwards setting up a rival institution, and thus exhibiting the consciousness of their insincerity. This was highly satisfactory to Campbell's feelings, as he could not foresee that his idea would work out a double good, in being the cause of two establishments for education, in place of one. To him, as long as the benefit was conferred on the metropolis, the end was gained. King's College would never have existed but for the London University, and that institution thus doubled the sum of public benefit. "I have done a double good," he used to say; "only educate, that is all."

To some mere shareholders in such establishments, who may look upon them like so many railways as places for the investment of money, who it was began such undertakings is of little moment. But with individuals of intellect, and with those who watch the tide of human events simultaneously with educational progress, no less than with those who desire to see truth and justice prevail, the case is otherwise. The name of Campbell is consecrated to a long endurance, and might well spare the honour of originating such an establishment; but there is a duty to be paid to truth. Nor is it right to infer that posterity will deal justly with such a question. Posterity is a capricious judge where it judges at all, and its fiat is as often a departure as far from the principle of justice as from integrity.

Campbell came back from Germany. He had remained a day or two with Schlegel, as I well recollect, from his bringing me the professor's remembrances, and saying that he still talked of Madame de Staël, who had been dead eight or nine years, but who had been no great favourite with the poet. She was too smart a talker of a woman to please him. He had met her several times in London, and, it is probable, having a dislike to what are generally called "showing-off" people, he was prejudiced against her on that account, for he admitted the merit of her works.

It was difficult to remove from his mind a prejudice or an idea once imbibed. He asked me if I liked her manner and conversation: I replied I did not expect to find her possessed of much personal attraction, as she had been so often characterised to the world. That Madame de Staël was no more a Sappho in my idea, previous to seeing her, than ——

"Miss Benger," said the poet, laughing—an elderly, starch, literary lady of amiable manners and no mean abilities, who used to visit with the poet, and whose writings must be well remembered. The idea of Sappho in Benger was comical enough to those who imagined the one and knew the other. "Did you like her?" said the poet. "Where did you see her?"

I replied, in London, at 30, Argyle Street (her residence while in England). I also met Mademoiselle de Staël, afterwards Duchess de Broglie. She was most gentle, amiable, and agreeable. Campbell said it was the daughter had struck my fancy, not the mother.

I observed that nobody could listen to Madame de Staël's conversation and not be delighted with it—there might be effort to exhibit to the best advantage, but the straining did not appear.

"Ay, that is what Schlegel says," interrupted Campbell. "He won't see it. He is as much enchanted with her as she was with Mirabeau."

"Let her words be taken down by a reporter, and be judged apart from the speaker, you will allow they are superior to any that can be cited from common conversational power. As to Mirabeau, we must not credit all the world says about distinguished persons, whom the world, feeling their superiority, always secretly hates."

"Pooh, pooh!" said Campbell, "Schlegel was smitten with her; he can never say nor write enough about her. Have you read what he wrote lately in Germany about a Frenchman's picture of her Corinna?"

I replied in the negative: that Schlegel had the merit of constancy, at all events, since the lady had been dead so long.

"You don't know all, I see," said the poet. "A French artist has endeavoured to allegorise this novel in an affected picture. There is Miss Corinna, seated on a rock at Cape Misenum. She is singing, under the inspiration of two or three strapping fellows, some song or another—hardly 'Black-eyed Susan'—(this was in allusion to a ludicrous anachronism in a novel which had appeared just then, the joint composition of a venerable maiden-lady, and one in the bloom of youth and beauty. The scene was laid at the court of Queen Elizabeth, where Raleigh or Sidney, I forget which, is made to sing "Black-eyed Susan.")—Miss Corinna has her eyes elevated

the only way painters have to indicate heavenly transport. Schlegel applauds the painter's judgment —as shown in her plump shoulders and rounded arm—the personification of a vigorous Flemish creature in full prime of existence—all sublimity. Now the critic has gone too far. He declares she is elevated above the earth that bore her by her expressions and genius; in his admiration he forgets the Newtonian doctrine of gravitation. This sort of compliment to Madame de Staël's memory was a proof of his regard for the author of Corinna."

I observed that he was pushing his joke too far, there was only a sincere friendship between them. Else what would Rocca have said!

"I only mean," said the poet, "that Schlegel pushes his esteem to a point of weakness. He is a great man, and she was a most extraordinary woman, and would have been one of the first in any age, but I should never like her *quoad* woman; change her to the other sex. I do not like women 'too clever,' when they are so fond of exhibiting themselves. There is Miss ——, how she besets everybody."

"But she is a downright blue, and has no other merit."

"No matter for colour, were she black and blue," said Campbell, "if she did not think so much of recommending herself through herself."

The poet joked in this mode, which, however well telling in conversation, may seem insipid in print.

The poet was uncommonly lively and enjoying when Miss Benger came in. She had contributed several short papers to the Magazine, the first of which was called "The Harp," a translation from the German, but her contributions were not exactly up to the mark, being rather heavy, and wanting that spirit and buoyancy which were best adapted for a periodical of the character of the "New Monthly." She was an exceedingly amiable woman, ordinary in person, a native of the county of Somerset. In early life she had been debarred the regular means of mental cultivation. She acquired the Latin language at the age of twelve, at a boys' school. At the age of twenty-four she removed with her mother to London, having between them but a very small income for their support. She was soon introduced into society more congenial to her inclinations, and in the list of her staunch friends were to be reckoned the poet and his wife, who both highly esteemed her excellent qualities. She was frequently to be found spending the evening with Mrs. Campbell. She had made several unsuccessful literary attempts, and had experienced her share of those anxieties and disappointments which await upon all talent connected with in-

tellectual cultivation or any thing beyond superficial thinking. She tried her hand at last at biography, in which she excelled. Her last works were eminently successful. She died in 1827, while compiling a biography of Henry IV. of France. Her life was one series of trials of many kinds, and her constitution enfeebled; in fact she had always been more or less an invalid. Mrs. Campbell bore witness to her many excellencies, for amid numerous neglects she had ever a few faithful friends. Her desire after knowledge had been a passion, even under the consciousness of its inutility to contribute to her pecuniary advantage. Her "Memoirs of Mrs. Hamilton," and of "Tobin;" her "Life of Anne Boleyn" and her "Memoirs of Mary, Queen of Scots" and of the "Queen of Bohemia," are well remembered.

I think Campbell went to Paris from Bonn, as he spoke, on his return, of Albert Montemont, a French literary man of great amenity of manners, and considerable acquirements, who had translated the "Pleasures of Hope" into French, which had gone through two or three editions. At a subsequent period I was to have brought over a copy of the latest edition for the poet, but missed Montemont the morning I left Paris. Campbell thought the translation well executed. Montemont gave me a copy of a Swiss tour in

three volumes, requesting me to read to Campbell, as a memento from him, a quotation from Metastasio, which it bore as a motto—

"Addio mio ben addio;
Conservati fidele;
E qualche volta almeno
Ricordati di me!"

Montemont was author of "Lettres sur l'Astronomie," and of a geographical work in six volumes, the title of which I do not remember. He was also one of the contributors to the "Revue Encyclopedique."

A letter from the celebrated Charles Nodier, who is not long deceased, and whose literary fame is so widely spread, I cannot avoid giving, though written some dozen years before, when all his hopes seemed blasted for ever. Campbell set no value on letters or papers. They seemed to confuse him, if only few in number, and he would destroy even what was curious, and then be frequently at a loss. Poor Nodier had his trials; when the allied armies were pressing upon France, he had just received an appointment from his government. He wrote from Lons le Saulnier, in the Jura.

"Il y a trois mois que j'avois depuis vingt-quatre heures seize mille francs d'appointemens. L'invasion des Austrichiens est précisément arrivée le même jour que ma fortune. Depuis ce

temps la, j'ai fui pendant quarante jours de ville en ville, et de dangers en dangers, achetant à prix d'or quelques minutes de sécurité, qui devoient faire place à des nouvelles inquietudes et à des nouveaux perils. Le reste du temps, je l'ai employé à mon retour, contrairé par tous les accidens, combattu par tous les orages, poursuivi par tous les démons qui se jouent depuis trent-trois ans de ma miserable vie. J'ai perdu mes meubles, mes habits, mon linge, mes honoraires, mes economies, mes places, mes ésperances, mes collections, mes livres, mes manuscrits. J'ai été versé cinq fois entr'autres dans des abymes, où Dieu m'a permis de ne pas périr, parceque la mesure de mes malheures n'étoit pas encore comblée. Je suis arrivé dans mon village, avec ma femme estropiée par des chûtes, et condamnée pour longtemps, peut-être, à ne pas marcher sans béquilles. J'ai ramené ma fille saine et sauve, grace au dévouement de sa mère, qui l'a conservée au peril de sa vie dans les precipices de Valais, où nos chevaux nous avaient jétés, mais je l'ai ramenée plus pauvre que jamais, plus denuée que jamais d'une seule probabilité, heureuse pour l'avenir, et plus à plaindre peut être (le ciel me pardonne ce cri de découragement), que si une mort commun nous avait enveloppés tous trois dans l'horrible accident auquel nous avons miraculeusement surveçu. Ma première pensée est pour vous. Pardonnez moi si elle vous

attriste. Je ne céde pas tout à fait à mon sort, mais je ne puis me dissimuler ce qu'il a d'epouvantable.

"Vous sensez bien, mon ami, que tant que vous existirez je ne me croire pas irrémediablement perdu. Je compte sur votre tendresse; je ne doute pas que vous ne me fassiez travailler et gagner quelque chose quand l'occasion s'en présentera. De mon côté, je n'epargnerai rien de ce qui me reste de facultes pour replir vos espérances. L'adversité a considérablement usé mes forces. Je suis miné, abattu, sans ressort, mais l'envie de vous être utile pourra réveiller mon intelligence, et relever mon énergie. La tranquillité de ma retraite est oubli, ce repos dont j'avois besoin, rejouissant peut-être mon imagination et ma cœur. Je me trouve deja mieux."

The rest is unimportant, but the above extract paints some trials of a distinguished author not unknown in England. How Campbell first knew the writer I am unaware. The letter was preserved by accident among our common interchange of papers.

During 1826 the poet complained several times of indisposition. He seemed to labour more than once under some low nervous affection, attended with a degree of irritability which rendered him unfit for mental exertion. It was a year more than usually inactive with him. It was difficult to fix his attention to any subject

whatever. He was not absent from town for more than a few days together, as I judge from having found scarcely any of his notes of that year's date. For twelve months he supplied only a few scanty pages to our labours, most of which consisted of a mere dressing up of his lectures. Calling one morning in Upper Seymour Street, during that year, I found the poet out and Mrs. Campbell alone. She received me with a smile, saying,

"You should have come before, you are one who persuaded my husband to ride for his health. He is the most timid creature in the world on horseback. He would not have mounted a horse from anything you said, but his doctor was here yesterday, and he also told him he should ride. Then he was off in a hurry about it—not a moment's delay, as usual, when he takes a thing into his head. He went into the mews and got a very quiet horse, which was brought to the door. I stood at the window and saw him mount with great courage. I well knew how he felt! He walked the horse as far as the Edgeware Road, when he fancied the creature was eager to go on; it threw up its head once or twice, and that was sufficient; he came back to the door, got off, and declared the horse was not quiet enough for him. Depend upon it he will not be seen on horseback again. He has now gone to take a walk."

"Somebody should ride out with him, Mrs. Campbell; I will go some day—we must try what can be done."

"It won't do; you have missed the opportunity; you will never see him on horseback."

It was true enough. I never did see him on horseback, though I urged the necessity of the exercise upon him continually. He made many excuses, but not one had any connexion with an avowal of his timidity.

When, years after, I saw his "Letters from Algiers" I was surprised to observe how coolly he wrote about his horsemanship, and in the course of conversation I said,

"Well, you enacted wonders in Algiers, the climate of Africa vanquished your fears. I have not forgotten poor Mrs. Campbell telling me what a bad dragoon you were in Seymour Street, which you do not, perhaps, recollect."

"Oh, I have learned to ride since that time—it is seven or eight years ago."

"All things are possible," I replied; "you have reversed the old notion that riding, swimming, and skating are only well acquired in early life. Why, P——," mentioning a mutual friend who he well knew had given a ludicrous account of his once getting on horseback, "You did not equal P——?"

"Oh," replied Campbell, laughing, "you have no right to remember old grievances."

"But we cannot forget at our volition; there may be wilful forgetfulness, but you should have given me the hint to be mum!"

"True," said the poet, "but in Algiers my fears would not permit me to be afraid."

"How? I don't understand."

"I was more afraid to let them know I was a coward than I was of the horsemanship. They were a fine set of fierce-looking soldiers, and I could not be behind them, so I rode out with them in spite of myself, and I can tell you I learned to ride that way. So you must forget my old exploits, and do me justice for the future."

I said I would if he would go out some day, and prove his new acquirement. He made no promise. I could not help regarding the *good* horsemanship at least as something apocryphal, yet I was not unaware of his peculiar mental disposition. He was jealous of being thought deficient in any thing that might lessen him in the sight of others, though in the sense that "all men would be cowards if they durst."

Of his remarkable care about his fame, I recollect a curious incident. I was not in London when it occurred, and as I had no acquaintance with the party at whose house it took place, I should never have heard of it through any other channel than a friend. Campbell used occasionally to call at a house near the Regent's Park to spend an

evening. He was once making himself exceedingly agreeable there, as he could do in the society of ladies whenever he felt inclined,—for to the honour of his good taste, as already stated, he was exceedingly fond of female society. He got animated, and some of the party present began to divert themselves by scribbling rhymes and *jeux d'ésprit* upon scraps of paper and envelopes of letters. Campbell, who when he entered upon anything in the way of amusement that chanced to hit his fancy would go as far as any body, soon began to scribble pleasantries too, some of which were described as exceedingly happy. He took leave at rather a late hour, but the next day he either returned or sent, I forget which, and obtained all the nonsense scraps back again, which he had thus written, evidently fearful lest they should by any chance go forth to the world as the productions of Thomas Campbell.

In 1826, as before said, he was indisposed—at what time of the year I cannot remember—his notes came to me by private hand, and generally with no more than the day of the week affixed in place of date. A note at that time is to this effect:—

"You know too well the circumstances which have kept me in a state of inability to supply any thing that may be wanted. I am now able to write, and it would distress me more to transfer

the supplying a notice of a book to another than to be relieved.* Have the goodness, therefore, I pray you, my good friend, to keep the press for another day open, and I will send you to-morrow night what I believe will be sufficient."

Again he wrote without even the day of the week :—

"Will you have the goodness to get this publication noticed as favourably as I am certain it deserves in this No. ?"

"I have suffered a great deal since I saw you, and I am still very weak."

The printer had left sixteen pages open for him in the number for January, 1826. He only filled up nine and a half. The rest of the number had been printed. This often occurred, and in consequence I got from him a note to the following effect :—

"I have got no scrap of verse beside me. Will you have the goodness to give out one of the bits we looked at, to fill up the chasm in this sheet."

He had never calculated how much was required. The difficulty of discovering a piece of poetry of the exact length to dovetail in, at a moment's notice, in a work to be ready at a fixed

* It is impossible to say to what book he refers here, When he got a work from a particular friend he would sometimes make a little notice of it himself.

time, was considerable. The extraordinary length thus required, at the eleventh hour, as was too often apt to be the case, made the matter more difficult. Luckily, a piece of Barry Cornwall's happened to be in the printer's hand unused, six pages and a half in length, which relieved my anxiety about this hiatus, and settled the affair just in time for the printer to save himself with the publisher. The truth was, his indisposition was upon him, he could not work. It has been observed that he went to the sea-side that year which I gathered from the following note, seeking an interview before his departure.

"I am anxious to get out of town for a week or so to the sea-side, and to set out if I can on Monday. It would greatly oblige me if you could favour me with an interview on Sunday forenoon, and take a family dinner with us.

"If you should happen to be engaged on Sunday, however, may I beg to know if I can have the pleasure of seeing you on Monday, and at what hour. Perhaps you will have the goodness to mention at what hour I may expect you on either of the days that it may be convenient for you to come."

I believe that on this occasion he had only one or two unimportant things to say, but I think that then, I am not sure, I met a Captain, or Colonel Campbell, R.M., a very pleasant man and relation

of the poet's, who had been Governor of Ascension Island. He bore no resemblance to the poet in person, and, if I recollect aright, he did not live a great while afterwards. I also dined there before, or shortly afterwards, with Captain Campbell, R.N., somewhat stout in person, but I cannot recall much of his appearance to my recollection, as I never saw him but once; indeed, I am not sure that the naval captain had not been the governor. We made merry just after his return over the following anonymous epistle. It came to him at his residence, with a short article offered for insertion. I took it away with me and kept it. Campbell, in jest, drew lively pictures of his supposed inamorata, who, I contended, might, in place of a lady, be after all of the other sex.

"Sir,—I am very much at a loss how to address you, not at all understanding the regular method of arranging such affairs; should the enclosed meet your approbation, you will entitle yourself to the never-ending gratitude of ——, I am afraid to say whether I am man or woman, if you insert it in your magazine. If truth has any claim on your attention, you will neither neglect this simple story, nor deny the "Pleasures of Hope" to one you have enamoured of them, and as possibly in your inexperienced days you may have been in the same predicament with myself.

"I have all the right in the world to beg your favour for 'Poor Kate.' By way of a bribe, I will tell you that I am a very woman, as you may perceive, by not being able to keep my own secret. I know the very name is, to the ears of a poet, what they say *abracadabra* is to the devil —a word of power at least; I am positive no poet could have imagined a 'Gertrude,' without thinking the whole sex very dear creatures.

"As a last resource I promise you, if you consent, to send you a very particular description of myself, for I often thought I should make an admirable heroine, as I am positive, he who could describe the fair maid of Wyoming has exhausted all his inventive powers on such a masterpiece.

"Women offended are said to be vindictive enemies, but should you neglect me, I promise you I shall *only* lose the *great respect* I should have for your taste and judgment *otherwise*. If I dared send you my address, I would request you to favour me with a few lines! Ah, how precious I should think them! more sacred than a bit of the true cross, or than you would regard a jawbone of the eleven thousand virgins.

"Your affectionate,

"C."

Campbell laughed heartily, and then attacked me for my assumption in supposing it could not have come from a female hand. He would not give up the point. Mrs. Campbell thought, as I did, that no female hand had indited the latter. She declared to her husband, jestingly, that he only affected to believe the contrary, to feed his own vanity.

These were some of the poet's agreeable days, and he made all agreeable around him, when in dismissing everything exciting from his mind, and small things sufficed to excite him, and make him silent and thoughtful, even slight business of the moment, he was the pleasantest company that can be conceived in a man of genius. This was by his own fireside and in the domestic comfort of days that were, after a short space of time longer, to pass away from him for ever. He was before long to change the habits of many years, and wander into paths unlike those he formerly trod, amid personal solitude and all kinds of discomfort. He must then have often looked retrospectively, and thought of the past with that regret, which the constantly repeated history of human existence, worn threadbare, and his own philosophy could not overcome without great poignancy of feeling. But he kept his feelings and sensations to himself more than most other men are able to do. Few were equally sensible

how unavailing the exposition of such feelings is sure to be, how little of sympathy they really excite in the bosoms of others. It is difficult to conceive, it must be admitted, of what advantage is the recurrence of recollections that only serve to keep alive painful emotions. In the present instance they ultimately drove the poet out into the world, and into company very different from that which had been previously his habitual selection.

CHAPTER III.

Pope's poetry.—Remark of Wolcot about Pope.—Poetical schoolmaster.—Thomas Pringle and the Cape government.—Valedictory stanzas to J. P. Kemble.—The word Sepulchre in Hohenlinden.—Poetical imagery.—The Poet's notice of Godwin.—Verse of Raleigh.—Mrs. Hemans.—Anecdotes of the poet.

SPEAKING one day of the various passages in poetry which were pleasing to him, Campbell mentioned several couplets of Pope, particularly in the "Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, that were exceedingly pleasing to his ears. He thought the simile borrowed from the well-known story of perpetual lamps found burning in tombs was happy, applied to love that was without hope.

"Ah, hopeless lasting flames like those that burn,
To light the dead and warm the unfruitful urn."

He even thought it was perfect; it could not be

exceeded. The whole epistle he deemed a strong proof of Pope's talent in a department of poetry for which, unless he had produced that poem, he would never have had credit. He thought too that in the Thebais of Statius the lines—

> "His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread
> And veil'd the starry glories of his head,"

was a false image, as the stars are seen in a concavity not upon a convexity, and the fiction of stars upon the head of Mercury was not, that he recollected, to be found anywhere among the ancients, it was applied plurally, too, and could not be construed into a description of simple light reflected from one beaming object. The "Rape of the Lock" he praised as unsurpassed. Campbell could repeat a great deal of it, and yet nothing could be more foreign to his own style of writing and manner of treating a subject. He could not get his muse to dally in a like playful humour, for he did not possess a particle of that rich vein of wit which Pope exhibited. He never caught the "Cynthia of the minute" in the manners of the existing generation, nor was he at all familiar with those little fashionable foibles in the society with which he occasionally intermingled, that he might have observed and noted, if he had possessed an eye for observations of that nature. He had no inclination for satirical subjects; perhaps he could not view that

which was legitimate in the way of subject for satirical censure with sufficient equanimity to treat it with mere sarcasm, for he always broke out into passionate reprobation that bordered too much upon anger and loss of temper, when he expressed his indignation about anything, and satire of all things requires a malicious coolness of temper in shooting its arrows.

Conversing about rhyme, and its smoothness, he reverted to well-known couplets of Pope, and declared they did not strike him more than many others he could cite from the bard of Twickenham, but there was no reason to be given why such passages should be more pleasing to one ear than another. It was singular that quoting on this occasion favourite lines of Pope himself, as an example of that poet's preference, he had forgotten Pope's own citation :—

> "Lo, where Mæotis sleeps, and gently flows
> The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows."

He observed that there was much shrewdness in Wolcot's remark, when discriminating between Dryden and Pope. "Dryden comes into a room like a clown, in a drugget jacket, with a bludgeon in his hand, and in hobnail shoes. Pope enters like a gentleman, in full dress, with a bag and sword." Being taxed with treating Dryden hardly, Wolcot contended for Pope, poem by poem.—"But, Doctor, his 'Alexander's Feast?'"

"Pooh!" said Wolcot, "he was drunk when he wrote that."

Campbell laughed at the anecdote, and said, "Ay, Wolcot could not get over that ode."

He observed that many among the Scotch schoolmasters were makers of rhyme, and some good poets, upon which I remarked to him how much superior Scotland was in regard to the means of education. That, consequently, the prevention of crime must be proportional; but he interrupted me, remarking that one well-educated Scotch knave was a match for a dozen common ignorant English rogues. This I ventured to doubt, because a well-educated man, when he attempts to commit a crime, will have misgivings that tend to paralyse the execution of a guilty act, misgivings that are never felt by the ignorant, who will go to the crime with unpalsied fingers; that there must always be a degree of foresight, too, about an educated person, and some contemplation of possible consequences. The criminals would be much fewer in number. Campbell admitted that might be true, but that one well-educated scoundrel would exert a proportionate degree of cunning, and take precautions to prevent discovery of which the ignorant and reckless knew not how to avail themselves. It was probable, further, that many educated rogues would keep upon the verge of criminal justice; they

would watch the loopholes of the law, or commit offences for which it had made no provision as to punishment. There were constant violations of morality, plans of cool villany executing in society, the nature of which would, to punish them, involve acts by other persons not intentionally criminal. There was no denying that education might diminish crime, but then the education must be something more than the mere elements. In Scotland, he considered that the small comparative incomes and exactly moral lives of the clergy, leaving them no diversion from their duties, and causing their strict and zealous superintendence over morals, and in a certain degree over those concerned in education, gave an advantage to that country that it was in vain to expect under the present system of the church-establishment here. The graduated emoluments led to the adoption of the profession, and the heads of the hierarchy were the creatures of political power, the profits and advancements to higher dignities being too much the main objects. Still he would educate to the utmost, and thus furnish the means of social advancement to those who might have the capacity to move forward.

Talking of schoolmasters and education, I happened to say that I had heard my father speak of the extraordinary talents of a country schoolmaster, by whom he had been taught the elements

of language, and that it was little known what a number of useful men had thus lived and died in obscurity. This poor man had lost a daughter to whom he was greatly attached, and when near her departure from this life, she had been heard to sing for the first and last time. The lines were these: but though sweet, they are an imitation of an old and obscure poet:

> So the mute swan that living hath no note,
> At death's approach unlocks her silent throat,
> Reclines her head upon the verdant shore,
> And sings her first and last, and sings no more!

The poet was pleased at this application of the simile. I could only tell him that the man's name was Dix, and that I knew no more. There was an adaptation about them, an appropriateness as well as smoothness, which was worthy of remark. I gratified his whim about them, but in which volume of the thirty, during the ten years of his editorship, or in what manner, I do not recollect. It was a practice with Campbell, not, indeed, one at all out of the way, to treasure up the remembrance of chance passages that struck his fancy, of a similar kind. These he often repeated afterwards, when the conversation turned upon poetry, or as we were going over any of the poetical productions that came from the publisher.

Mention has already been made of Thomas Pringle, who had sent from Scotland to the poet

an article, written by a friend of his own, in defence of Campbell against some censures of Hazlitt in his public lectures, to which the poet's reply has been given. Some time afterwards, Pringle went out, with the members of his family, as an emigrant to the Cape of Good Hope, where he set himself down in a sequestered valley, which he and his friends named Glen Lynden. It appears that, while in this remote region among Hottentots and wild animals, his well-known attachment to the muses did not weaken. He wrote Campbell, under date of September, 1825, from Bavian's River, at the Cape. He had heard of the "New Monthly," and, far distant as he was, he had heard of the work being under the poet's superintendence. He stated that he had previously sent some trifles for the publication to London, but they did not appear to have come to hand. I had no recollection of their receipt. He proceeded:

"In the remote situation in which I have since resided, I have no means of ascertaining whether any of those trifles have been deemed worthy of admittance. Nevertheless, I now use the freedom to send you a few additional pieces, through a more direct channel. The two, signed J. F. and Q., are written by my friend, Mr. J. Fairbairn, lately conjunct editor with me of a South African journal, suppressed by the interference of our

colonial government. The other verses are late attempts of my own; some of them, perhaps, or all, unfit for your distinguished miscellany; but, if they secure no other purpose, permit me to request that they may at least be considered as a slight testimony of the writer's high respect for your character and principles, and his heartfelt gratitude for the pure enjoyment and consolation your poetry has often afforded him in situations of solitude and adversity, where the true value of works, like yours, can, perhaps, be most fully appreciated."

Pringle was soon after obliged to return to England, owing to the despotic conduct of that Verres of the Cape, Lord Charles Somerset, then governing there. The "South African Journal" was an excellent periodical work, and conferred great credit upon Pringle, who, indeed, was not unused to periodical literature, having had a hand in establishing "Blackwood's Magazine," which he had left. Pringle gave both to Campbell and myself copies of the work up to the time of its suppression, a number or two only. It would have puzzled the most scrupulous *diabolus regis* of the good old times, to find an assailable sentence in it. The contents were in no way political, the larger part confined to local and natural history. The *sic volo, sic jubeo,* was all the redress poor Pringle could get. Lord Bathurst, then co

lonial secretary, wished him to go out again, considering he had been grossly ill-treated; but Pringle was wiser than to place himself where he would be continually marked for that annoyance which Lord Bathurst could not restrain. He knew what the petty satraps, who governed our colonies, had it in their power to do if they chose, and he had experienced enough of Lord Somerset's tyrannical pretensions in common with the whole colony. Pringle, therefore, looked about for something to do at home.

He wrote on colonial slavery at the Cape, and stated, that he had "taken a very different view of the subject from some other recent writers; but that a residence of six years in the colony, and an intimate acquaintance with every class of its inhabitants, had enabled him to give a just and unexaggerated picture of the great moral and political evil as it existed in South Africa."

I called upon Pringle, and found a strong-made, mild, good-humoured man, upon crutches, and at once formed an idea of the excellence of the man's character, that was never falsified, but rose higher and higher on further acquaintance. I took him to the poet's house, as they had no "personal" knowledge of each other, and I introduced him personally. Campbell had introduced me by letter. They afterwards became warm friends until the decease of Pringle, which preceded that of

the poet eight or nine years. The letters on slavery in South Africa were his articles, among others, inserted in the seventeenth volume of the magazine.

Campbell, fired at once by the subject, went into the cases cited as if slavery had been a novelty. "The slaveholders," said he, "act like thieves who are conscious that they have the stolen property upon them, and are ever in fear of losing it—they abuse it." He highly commended Pringle's zeal in the good cause, and the Cape emigrant, superior man as he was, became a visitor at Campbell's, among those friends who entered his house whenever inclination prompted. "I do not know how it is," said Campbell, "but I like Pringle the more I see of him."

"Yes," I observed, laughingly, "a friend of ours calls him 'a Scot without guile,' he thinks it a novelty."

"No reflections," said the poet, "we are only a little more 'careful' than other people, that is all. We are sadly libelled by your Wilkes and your Junius," added he, laughing; "the one nobody knowing who he is, his scandal is synonymous with what nobody says; the other was an arrant knave."

"But a good painter," I added in joke.

Men of the greatest genius are sometimes lazy, and want a spur; sometimes modest, and scarcely

dare venture before the public; and they are often conscious of the faults in their better productions. Even their best things they are not fond of, because their idea of what they ought to be is far above what they consider they have made them. "Hence it was," says a distinguished writer, "I am induced to believe that Virgil desired his works to be burned." This kind of idleness, in relation to Campbell, was too apparent on a superficial glance, if, indeed, that be idleness, in the general acceptation of the term, which consists, not exactly in inactivity, but in action foreign to any good purpose. I have mentioned deviations of the poet in this respect. I must further state my doubts, whether he ever wrote any thing wholly to his satisfaction, except the lines on "Kemble's Farewell," or rather "Valedictory Stanzas to J. P. Kemble." These being recited upon a public occasion, in 1817, and in that way producing an effective impression upon others who heard the recitation, seem to have produced an analogous impression upon the mind of the poet, and made the stanzas themselves distinguished favourites. Campbell was not satisfied that the last stanza of "Hohenlinden" did not in the final line rhyme with the terminating lines in the preceding stanzas. Speaking of it one day, I said that I had a firm belief I had seen the word "sepulchry" in some old English work. He said he wished I could

find it. I remarked that our language had "sepulchring." "Yes," replied he, "and Milton has 'sepulchred.' It was once spelled and accented 'sepūlkre,' and we have 'sepulchral,' but I do not think you will find 'sepūlchry' a burial-place, in the whole compass of our literature."

Here I observed, that we took it according to the terminating sound from the French; but then there was the Latin *sepulchrum*, from which Johnson derived it. Upon this he took down Johnson, and agreed that we might have had it from either the one tongue or the other. *Sepulcretum* was a burying-place. We applied the word "sepulchre" in a definite sense to the burying-place of an individual, but the Latin *sepulcretum* differed from *sepulchrum* on this very ground, that the Latin language had the advantage of two words; the one particular, and the other general. We wanted the general word still.

"Well," said I, "there is the genitive case of '*sepulchrum*?'"

"I can't make an English nominative out of a Latin genitive. No, no; I must be content with Johnson. If you could find 'sepulchry' in Sidney, or in any Elizabethan writer, in Chaucer, or Gower, or any time between those and Dryden's day, I would use it. I do not like the termination, but it must stand for all I can do to amend it."

"Then I would adopt it," I replied.

"No, no, my friend, I would not do that; the critics would be on me more severely than they have been about the existing blemish. It reads well alone, if we forget that there should be a concinnity with the preceding lines. The critics have barked at it long ago, and their barking is over. I must not renew it."

He once asked me — I must observe that, though our business led to literary conversation continually, he rarely spoke of his own poems, a circumstance arising from a delicate feeling lest he should be thought boastful of them—he one day asked me which I preferred, the "Pleasures of Hope," or "Gertrude of Wyoming," because I had used a quotation from the first. I replied, I liked the "Gertrude" best; not only on account of its being written in a stanza that, of all others, I preferred, but because there was something preceptive or didactical about the "Pleasures of Hope;" which, however dressed in poetic grace, did not interest like a tale of passion, which seemed nearer to man than one of his abstract faculties, although I would subscribe *humani nihil alienum.*

"You then think as I do; for the reason you give, perhaps, that we feel a deeper interest in subjects of that nature; but I was not always of that opinion."

He spoke at one of our desultory conversations,

of an image which had occurred to him to the following purport as highly poetical. "Imagine," said he, "the passengers of a vessel kept below during a gale, that the proceedings on the deck may not be interrupted. Suppose them so close upon a lee shore that all chance of safety for the vessel has disappeared. From the despair of the commander and crew, arising out of the knowledge that nothing can save their lives, their actual state is announced to them, with the departure of all hope, while the rising sun is darting a bright ray in at the cabin windows, against which the sea beats for an entrance, speaking to their hearts, 'How many millions, this fine morning, hail with rapture those brilliant beams which only serve to light us to our destruction.'"

He had wished, he said, but had not been able, to introduce this image in any form into poetry, so as to embody a particular picture of distress. It was more easy to imagine than to put into words. There were many such images that language could convey in outline from mind to mind, but that imagination alone could fill up. It was that kind of poetry which the art of painting could never place upon the canvas. The idea might be made to flit across the minds of the supposed sufferers, but how was the thrill of anguish that accompanied it to be put into language?

It often happened that a crude or roughly written paper was offered to the publisher of which I complained, saying, in other respects it was good, and he would in such a case give advice the reverse of that which he made his own rule on commencing his editorship.

"Never mind, if we should not write so ourselves, there is no objection to it sometimes in others, it makes a variety. Such articles are like spontaneous thoughts arising out of casual positions, in which chance places us in relation with pleasant company or novelty of scenery. They are often rough and original, and often, too, more forcible than they could be made by the most elaborate study. Don't let us endeavour to mend that which we cannot make our own nor retain as that of another. Use it if you see no other fault."

He added to a notice of "Godwin's Commonwealth" I sent him, the following rather severe remark; he had read the work in manuscript, and recommended the author to publish it. "An air of good faith and of willingness to contemplate every thing that passes before him with calmness and candour constitutes nearly all that is valuable in this compilation. But here our praise must end. As an historical work, we cannot say that it is valuable, for he neither narrates events nor draws characters with any skill or ingenuity. There is

every thing that is the reverse of a *lucidus ordo* in the arrangement of the materials. All is placed before us like a future without a perspective. Nor has he made the slightest addition in the way of research to the stock of facts already well known respecting that period, with the exception of a few errors which he detected in Hume."

"You are severe on your old friend," I observed, "he will be much hurt at such a remark."

"True," he replied, "I did not recollect that; I ran my eye over the work, and am inclined to think the judgment is right."

"Mr. Colburn will wonder too, for he supposes, of course, that you had read the work in manuscript when you recommended him to publish it."

"Ay, true, I did not reflect upon that."

He then put his pen through the whole. Yet he had commended the work to the author and publisher, and a review running counter to a past opinion would have an odd appearance. The truth was, he had probably not read more than a dozen pages of it in the manuscript, for he was impatient of reading anything out of print. He used to say, too, what every one must have felt who has been concerned in literary labour, that it it not half as easy to detect errors in a manuscript

as in print, nor even to acquire its contents so well for the purpose of giving an opinion upon its merits.

Among communications received from time to time, there was one that interested, because it related to Sir Walter Raleigh. The writer's name I forget. It gave the poet an invitation to inspect some Hindoo deities in the writer's possession. He would not have gone to have inspected Greek sculptures at that moment, and he soon forgot all about the matter. He complained that the lines were not well substantiated as originals, though said to be taken from an old book in possession of a friend of the writer, printed in the last century. The lines said to be Raleigh's were:—

"Tell mirth it is but madness,
Tell hope it disappointeth,
Tell grief its tear of sadness
The heart like balm anointeth,
And if they do reply,
Then give them, too, the lie!"

"The writer sent the lines to me because he heard there was to be a new edition of my 'Specimens,'" said Campbell. "I have not yet heard a word of it."

Mrs. Hemans sent a poem called the "Forest Sanctuary," and with it the following note, which, as connected with her name, is worthy of preservation:—

"The accompanying little poem I have the pleasure of sending for the 'New Monthly.' I trust the packet which I forwarded to you last week has been received safely, and in sufficient time for the destination of its contents.

"You will do me a kindness by announcing a book of mine, which will shortly be published by Mr. Murray, it is called the 'Forest Sanctuary, with Lays of many Lands, and other poems.'

"The 'Forest Sanctuary' is the tale of a Spanish exile, who flies from the religious persecutions of his country in the sixteenth century, and takes refuge in the wilds of America, where he relates his own story. The remaining pieces consist chiefly of the little poems founded on national customs and recollections, which I have, from time to time, sent you."

It was a rare instance indeed that Campbell did not give a lady clear way in all she said, listening and paying attention, if what was said was frivolous, with the most polite attention. He was not like Scott, who could not bear a religious wife, but he was far more inimical to intolerance in a female than in one of the other sex. He used to say of Inglis, then the standing representative of the intolerance of the day in public life, "he is a most excellent good-natured man, a Tory to be sure; as to his bigotry, how could he represent Oxford orthodoxy without being its own dear

doxy to the letter. I know him for a good kind of man with a bad-natured faith."

An English lady resident in Florence paying a visit to her own country, and violently abusing the crucifixes and *reposoirs* everywhere seen in Catholic countries, Campbell said, when she had concluded,

"I trust, madam, you believe in Moses and the prophets?"

"To be sure I do, Mr. Campbell."

"Then do you not remember where Moses says, 'you shall not blaspheme the gods of the nations where ye go to dwell?'"

"Very true, Mr. Campbell, but these were not the gods Moses meant."

"True, madam," said the poet, "crucifixes were unknown in Egypt, and in the Desert, where the Israelites wandered, they worshipped calves and beetles there."

"And then, Mr. Campbell, theirs is not the true faith like ours."

"No; our true faith is not their true faith."

"I don't understand, Mr. Campbell, there can be only one true faith."

"Only one," answered the poet; "ours to us and theirs to them. We must not, therefore, abuse each other's gods."

Campbell had a great dislike for certain trades or professions; a man-milliner or a dancing,

master was not at all to his taste, thinking their businesses about as degrading to manhood as can well be conceived. Some one telling him the story of a lieutenant-colonel of volunteers at Plymouth dock, now transmuted into Devonport, who was a man-milliner, into whose shop one of the Ladies Lennox was said to have gone and addressed the owner with, "Colonel, I want six-penny-worth of pins," the poet laughed immoderately at the incongruity.

"But fancy a dancing master a colonel," said he, "could they make a similar demand of him? or could the chancellor order his toes to be taken for his trading stock?"

It was remarked that a dancing master, like a poet, had no stock liable to the bankrupt laws.

"But," said Campbell, "he ought to pay his debts. I should write something to obtain money for the purpose; but what would a dancing master do, would he pay in hornpipes?"

Talking one day with Mr. Peregrine Courtenay, who observed that politicians in office could not always act upon conscientious principles,

"Ay," said Campbell, "but when the premier himself has no conscience, it is a pity he does not belong to a party that has one."

Foscolo imagined that a lady had fallen in love with him; but as he had a good deal of vanity not indiscriminatory, he did not imagine it to be on

account of his ordinary features but his mental qualities.

"It is too bad of our friend," said Campbell, one day in a joke. "Madame de Sévigné says, 'men do sometimes abuse the permission they have to be ugly.'"

At a dinner-party, where one of the guests was praising Lord Castlereagh as the first minister England had ever seen, Campbell asked his right-hand man whether or not the gentleman who spoke was a Welshman, for he had never heard parallel praise except from the Cambro-Briton, who said he would vote for a particular person to represent his borough because he was "more of a cot almighty than Sir Watkin Wynne himself."

CHAPTER IV.

The Chevalier Pecchio.—Greece and its hopes.—Field flowers and note.—Remarks on Bowles's letter to Roscoe.—Mrs. Baillie's "Martyr."—Lord Holland and Fox.—State of Ireland in 1826.—The poet's politics.—Economical ideas regarding Ireland.—His sensitiveness on paying visits.—The Celtic and Gothic races.—The Lord Rectorship of Glasgow.—Inaugural address and anecdote.—Second election.

THE Chevalier Pecchio was an accomplished Italian, who had been driven into exile by the tyranny of the Austrian government. He formed one of the little circle of foreigners among the poet's acquaintance. He went out to Greece in 1825, in order to fulfil a commission for the Greek deputies in London, in behalf of a cause of which he had ever been the warm advocate. The account of his voyage was not at that moment devoid of interest. Touching events move like cloud-shadows over the grass, and pass away into the general oblivion.

At that moment every honest heart beat in behalf of the Greeks, and rejoiced to find the mother of arts and eloquence elevated once more in the scale of nations, little foreseeing her second degradation under a ridiculous boy-king, sacrificed to the base jealousies of each other by the greater European states. Campbell was all enthusiasm in the Greek cause. He expatiated much on our duties upon the score of intellectual obligation. Pecchio wrote his observations on the country and upon its position in 1825, and his picture of Greece at that time is, perhaps, the best we possess. He met in Greece with Mr. Emerson, now Sir James Emerson Tennant, where they contracted an acquaintance, both returning to England, and both writing an account of what they had seen there. In the article were several letters of my friend Santa Rosa.

Pecchio became a candidate for the professorship of Italian in the London University, but gave up the application on finding it was of very small value. He received afterwards the appointment of master in foreign languages at a Dissenting college near York, where he married a lady of considerable fortune. He ultimately settled at Brighton, where he died. He was of an amiable temper, a warm friend, and an agreeable companion. He was one of the few who

would combat Foscolo in argument during his furious fits of passion, when Campbell was dumb with astonishment; and was the intimate friend of Philip Ugoni, persecuted so cruelly by the Austrian government, an event which made a considerable noise at the time it occurred. There was one remark which Pecchio wrote in a letter, that struck Campbell respecting popular outbreaks, even those for liberty. "Enthusiasm is by nature fleeting; after a time it evaporates, or grows chill; even revenge grows satiated, and the love of glory, like all other passions, becomes enfeebled, languishes, and expires even while the object that kindled it is still menacing its dearest interests."

The poet continued to watch the cause of Greece with the greatest anxiety. He took a deep interest on the subject of Greek education. He made inquiries of Pecchio about the difference between the ancient and the modern tongue, and whether they were not in general much greater than those given by Byron as parallels from St. John's gospel. He seemed at one time as if he thought it possible for the Greeks to return to their pure tongue again through the medium of well-appointed schools, overlooking too much the physical obstacles existing to such a restoration, as was often his mode in considering favourite subjects. In fancy every obstacle was

conquered, the slightest of which would have arrested the poet's efforts had he had to encounter them in reality. He was pleased to find from Pecchio that a school of mutual instruction had been established at Argos, and that the ancient Greek, or the literary Greek, was to be taught in relation with the modern tongue. Two schools were even then established at Athens.

"How mighty is still the name of that little country," said Campbell, speaking of it. "Rome carries no resemblance to what it was in the days of the Cæsars, and after all they are still Greek as they were in the days of Homer, they have risen again. They have much of their old spirit, too, according to our friend Pecchio, who says their names are in sound like those that must have come upon the generations two or three thousand years ago."

With the rest of the empire Campbell had great hopes from the influence of Canning in settling the affairs of Greece. The ancient valour of the people did not seem to be diminished by their long slavery, although slavery might have deprived them of many virtues enjoyed by freemen. He was much affected with one letter of Count Santa Rosa, which Pecchio added to his notes, breathing the integrity of a most excellent and accomplished states-

man, whose zeal was unabated under all difficulties.

"I cannot tell how I was so pleased with Santa Rosa, but among all the illustrious exiles whom the despots of the continent have driven to our shores, I know none to compare with him, and he has fallen! Byron, too, has fallen there, and a great number of able men—something must come of it. How sickening it is to see the great powers looking on without interference out of jealousy of each other."

During the year 1826, the only poetical effort of Campbell was the pretty little poem called "Field Flowers." The last portion of his lectures upon poetry comprised his prose articles. There were one or two instances afforded, also, this year, of that inconsistency, or rather fluctuation, of feeling and opinion which, in certain things, marked the poet's literary career through life. A short, but severe, notice of the Rev. W. L. Bowles' letter to the elder Roscoe he consented should appear in print, or did not object, on my proposing it to him; a ticklish thing. Bowles' letter was entitled "Lessons in Criticism to William Roscoe, Esq., in answer to a Letter to the Rev. W. L. Bowles, on the Character and Poetry of Pope; with further lessons in Criticism to a Quarterly Reviewer, &c." He now forgot his former resolutions about omitting all relative to

the controversy on the "invariable principles," or else perhaps imagined, from the time which had elapsed since, he should escape from the danger of being himself drawn into it again. He was moved, too, in some respect by his friendship for Roscoe, whose early kindness he never forgot, and, as was his custom, exalted that excellent man under every aspect. It was the poet's practice to do this where he felt attachment. His friends were good in all points of view. If Tories, he would say they were excellent for all but their Toryism. If they were enemies, even Whiggery could not preserve for them more than that solitary virtue. But it must be admitted he was sparing both of praises and censures until the latter part of his life, when the latter would sometimes break out in an indiscreet manner. Mr. Bowles' letter well justified the following censure—

"That a clergyman of the church of England, a gentleman of respectable station in society, and a man of letters, should condescend to exhibit to the world his vindictive feelings and angry temper, his love of personality, and his taste for sarcasm, must be a subject of regret to everyone who is anxious for the respectability of our literature. It is, indeed, very painful to see a writer like Mr. Bowles, who has attained a certain degree of reputation, and who, by the exertion of his poetical

talents, has really acquired some claims to be favourably regarded by the public, sullying, in a moment of irritation, the character which he has so long maintained, by the publication of a work as discreditable to himself as it is dishonourable to the literature of the age. Any critical observations upon this unfortunate pamphlet would be obviously misapplied. We must, however, be permitted to observe that, in point of style and taste, it is so unworthy of any man of liberal education, that, had not the angry spirit in which it is written declared the author, we should have had much difficulty in believing that it proceeded from the pen of Mr. Bowles. The parties who are the subject of Mr. Bowles's attack, can, doubtless, only feel regret unmingled with any sentiment approaching to resentment, that they should have been the innocent cause of this unhappy exposure of temper."

I believe, but am not certain, for I have only recollection for a guide, that the notice of Joanna Baillie's "Martyr" was the poet's own. If so, favourite as Mrs. Baillie was with him, his usual idleness prevented his giving a more full and satisfactory account of that pleasing drama. This year, too, I think, he put into my hand a ridiculous publication from the notorious Stockdale, of Harriet Wilson celebrity, complaining he felt unwell, and could not write about it himself in time

for the forthcoming number, a hint for me to undertake it. It was a "Character of C. J. Fox," pretended to be written by the author of "Junius," and given as a specimen of the style of that mysterious personage, to which it had not the remotest resemblance, and was scarcely worthy of notice, but it had come to the poet's private address. He always spoke of Fox as having had a personal knowledge of him after he arrived in London.

"You know Lord Holland," he observed: "now to me, Fox was, and yet was not, like him; in general he resembled him, particularly as to person and temper, with that urbane, attaching, straightforward openness of character so conspicuous in Lord Holland, but in dress, style of speaking, and in their pleasures, the resemblance did not so well hold. No one could know either without becoming attached, but Lord Holland was the better scholar, he had never wantoned in dissipation as Fox had. They were alike in that they never suffered themselves to be discouraged when there was little hope of seeing their own principles triumphant. They had a conviction of the soundness of the principles they supported. He was surprised to see any statesman so meek and simple in his manners as Fox, having been deeply struck with the accounts of his speeches in the newspapers, and calculated on a very dif-

ferent kind of person, a sort of political Goliah. He heard him speak, and was delighted. Though he did not live to see his principles triumph, who could say, if he had not led a vigorous opposition to Pitt's government, how far the last might have gone in rendering the government of this country an arbitrary monarchy ?"

Of Lord Holland, he remarked that he never felt anything like a home out of his own house, but he never left Lord Holland's society without reluctance. He felt free from constraint, and "comfortable," when he visited him, which he could scarcely say of other persons of rank where he had been entertained.

"In truth," said Campbell, "I never see so much downright goodnature in anybody as in Lord Holland; his taste, too, is pure, and his views upon every subject perfectly just;" adding, "he will not suffer his prejudices to cloud his reason for a moment. I wish I could imitate him; and yet he is not passive either. I do not think his imaginative powers equal to his uncle's, but he is wonderfully lucid in all he says, and ever to the point. He is so honest; you feel you can trust him with anything. The Tories do not at all like him, since all he does is from the heart. He opposes his justice to their policy, and he is never sensitive or fearful about anything." With a proper delicacy towards his friend, he never spoke

of Lady Holland disparagingly. She was, however, no favourite with the poet.

The intelligence often received from Ireland, public and private, was correct, clever, and to the purpose. Postages were costly then, and it often happened that the poet and myself had communications written upon the same sheet of paper. Campbell was a strenuous supporter, as already stated, of Catholic Emancipation. A private letter of that time, curious now, said,—

"The Catholic movement *va son train*, even in spite of the Catholic leaders. The better the cause goes on the more mad are its conductors, and what is worse, there is no method in their madness. I did not meet a man in England who did not abuse Shiel. However, this only proves how much slavery degrades, and how necessary emancipation is, to put the Catholics on a level with their age. We are still overrun with fever, and starvation, its parent. I distrust very much the florid accounts of the potato crops; though it is to be believed that some improvement took place in the later portion of them, still the worst remains behind—the total disorganisation of Irish society and the growing distress in the labouring classes. True it is that our revenues increase, but, excepting the excise on spirits, how little do the peasantry contribute to the excess! The fact seems to be, that though agriculture improves

and the export of stock increases, the condition of individuals is not bettered. On the contrary, I feel the average comfort of the people is becoming less. Whatever improvement takes place in agriculture goes to increase rents, and rents only, so as the demand for land far exceeds the supply as it does here, where farming is the only, means of subsistence. How have purely agricultural nations ever thriven? The landlords here are such rogues and such *ignorant* rogues into the bargain!"*

"Ay," said Campbell, "they are rogues not designedly, but involuntarily, from long habit. We are creatures of habit, even unintentionally, in our bodily organs as well as in our mental dispositions. Does not the mouth like to repeat the same sounds, and often without design, almost against the will? My hand, when I was writing just now, went to find the ink where it stood a little while ago, though it is some minutes since I removed it to another part of the table. These landlords are only followers of bad habits, are selfish, destitute of will, and moved by custom in what they do, because it was done before."

"Then the country suffers, because men will

* The new court for the sale of lands in Ireland has since shewn the state of the landed proprietary there, and confirmed the justice of the above remarks.

act like machines, or rather continue to be knaves upon instinct," I would reply.

"I do not say they should not mend their manners; but it is the potato does it all—that cursed potato—men can live so cheap. It is the greatest plague ever sent into a country."

Here we commonly had a very long discussion, the poet supporting the doctrines of a well-known school, while I met his arguments by the assertion that the whole mischief was owing to our artificial state, and our public burdens; that the idea of accommodating nature and her dictates, the state of population and the charities and sympathies of existence to the political expediency of past bad government, was absurd. Then would follow a good-humoured hail-storm of politico-economical arguments, which I generally met by admitting the truth of them in the main, when they did not war with nature, and, as in the case of his countryman, M'Culloch, in regard to Ireland, with indisputable truth. Upon which he would say he feared he must resign me to the "hardness of my own heart."

In these little discussions the poet ever displayed good-humour. If, however, he commenced a serious discussion upon a grave subject, and he was met by joke or *badinage*, he instantly took offence, and when he put on a serious face upon such things, he never did it without earnestness

of intention, for he thought such conduct personally insulting; nor was he much in the wrong in this impression.

He got a little work, I think, about this time, but I know not from what quarter, that set him at once upon his hobby of the origin of the ancient inhabitants of these islands. It was an essay on the physiognomy and physiology of the present English. Upon this treatise he wrote the following remarks:—

"This author combats and completely overthrows that system of national physiology that originated with the insane and impudent Pinkerton, and, we are sorry to add, found a defender in the learned and worthy Dr. M'Culloch—a system which maintained that the Gothic and the Celtic races were originally and generally different, and that this difference has been ever clear and distinct in their physiological, physiognomical, and moral character, neither time nor accident having had power to change it. Having exposed the fallacy of this system, our author proceeds to answer the question, 'How we are to account for the variety of character which we continually observe in the human species?' His answer is, that the difference of physiological character in the human race is altogether the result of external and accidental causes, and not of any original generic variety; and these causes he considers to be com-

prised in climate and habit. Though we cannot implicitly subscribe to all his positions, and, in particular, very much doubt the fact alleged by him, that coal districts almost uniformly exhibit a predominance of black-eyed population—(Glasgow and its neighbourhood, we can assure him, is full of blue-eyed and grey-eyed people)—yet we thank him on the whole for the amusement and information of his discussions."

He asked me what I thought of the theory of coal-black eyes, and I was enabled to gratify his own view of the matter, by citing certain districts, the inhabitants of which made great way against the writer's opinion.

Anything like formality, above all, the idea of being invited out for any other than a social and friendly object, rendered Campbell silent and ill at ease. I know that this was the case at the house of an individual of opposite politics, high in a public office. "They asked me to show me," he observed, afterwards; "I will never dine there again." It was remarked that he preserved great reserve, and disappointed expectation upon that occasion among those who had never seen him before, appearing the reverse of what he really was in a place where he felt himself free. He was not formed by habit or mode of thinking for public life. He shrunk from saying and doing things which men who mingle largely in

public business are unscrupulous about. His feelings were too sensitive, and, it may be added, too full of that integrity which would mar the puny greatness of the leading men of the hour. Intriguing, cringing, flattering, all the arts that elevate to political eminence, he spurned. He kept a prudent forbearance, notwithstanding, in his dealings with many whose conduct he censured, unwilling to make enemies of them. In dealings with traders, on the other hand, he had, in making a bargain, as eager a desire to profit as they had. There might have appeared in all this somewhat of the prudent character of his countrymen, were it not evident, that being exceedingly susceptible in his nature, he would not expose himself to the attacks of others in return, than which nothing more annoyed him. When he saw critical papers that had led to some silly remonstrance, he, in reply, would make futile excuses, not always correct to the letter; but it was anything to escape the apprehension of the nourishment of a hostile feeling towards himself, and to evade the trouble of disputation. I never remember but one instance in which anyone but himself was to be blamed in this respect. He was in Germany, and in a paper which I inserted in bringing out our publication, there was some slight remark about Lord Minto, not of much moment any way, but an allusion to a public transaction.

Campbell received a letter, with a gentle remonstrance from that nobleman, on the subject, upon the score of their old acquaintance. When he told me of it, I said that I well knew how he felt upon such a point, but that he being in Germany, it was impossible for me to know that he had been on terms of acquaintance with his lordship many years before, and that I thought the best way would be to inform the offended party of the circumstance as it really occurred. He did so, and no more was heard of the matter.

During the first six months of 1827 the poet contributed nothing to the press, either prose or poetry. The writer of some observations on Paley, expressing his belief that the doctor had subscribed the church articles without too narrowly examining them, Campbell remarked that it was hard upon the clergy, they were compelled to swear to do and believe so many things neither they nor anybody else could do or believe. None but the clergy here, and the Jesuits abroad, were allowed to swear with reservations that a gentleman dare not make even upon his bare word. The ecclesiastical law was a many-headed hydra, every head ready to devour its brother.

He continually lamented that he wanted a subject to write upon. "Give me a subject and I will get up an article for you," he would often say.

At one time I suggested the modern poets, in continuation of his former topic in the lectures, for I knew he had thought of such a subject. But from that he shrunk as much from a distaste for saying anything about his contemporaries, as from his being tired of his lectures on poetry, upon which, for him, he had dwelt a long time. Would he not, then, take up the defunct English poets, whom he had neglected or only touched upon cursorily in his "Essay," or he might give us specimens of the continental muse. He might, for example, begin with Germany. Singular enough, he stated he should have too much reading to make for such a purpose. He had directed his attention very little to the German poets. He said he could not do justice to German poetry within any reasonable time. It has been seen that to conquer existing difficulties was no part of his disposition,

Soon after his election to the lord rectorship of Glasgow, in November, 1826, so highly flattering to his feelings as coming from his own university, it was proposed to give him a public dinner, which he declined, lest it should be deemed political. His election provided him with a subject, in his "Letters to the Students of Glasgow," of which he published the first in the month of July, 1827. The men opposed to him were men of no mean consideration, namely, Mr. Canning and

Sir Thomas Brisbane. The votes were, for Campbell, 283; Brisbane, 196; Canning, 79. All were put in nomination without the previous knowledge of the parties, or being consulted in the matter, a common, though not a uniform custom.

Campbell went to Scotland, and his inaugural address was delivered in April, 1827, a garbled report of which only appeared in the newspapers. When he reached the college-green on his way to deliver it, the snow lay on the ground, and he found the youths pelting each other with snowballs. That he was just going to deliver a solemn address to the same youth never for a moment crossed his mind. Such an absence of mind, on an occasion of similar importance, so incongruous, pompous doctors or stiff ceremonialists would have it, was not to be palliated, but it was strictly in character. The feeling of his youth came upon him, the spirit of past years animated him. He rushed into the *melée*, and joined in the frolic in his fiftieth year, as if he had been but fifteen. He flung about his snowballs with no inconsiderable dexterity as well as rapidity. Then when the moment for delivering the address was come, the students being summoned, and he proceeding in the van, they entered the hall together. It was impossible to say who most delighted in the scene,

Campbell who had thus recalled a scene of perished years, or the youth, at the vivacity of their new lord rector, whose celebrity and office would seem to inspire formality and the gravest carriage. The learned professors of the institution, no doubt, thought it greatly *infra dig.*—a matter of scandal. There could not be a better picture of the temperament and character of the man, than such an incident, so impulsive and lively, at a moment when gravity was on every other adult visage.

He was a second time unanimously elected lord rector, in the month of November in that same year, so highly were the students pleased with their last choice. On this second occasion the students paid him a spontaneous mark of regard they had not shown to any preceding rector. As soon as the re-election had taken place, all the scholars of the university proceeded in a body, marching in regular procession and in the order of their classes, to the house in which Campbell was staying, that of Mr. Gray, in Claremont Place. A deputation then waited upon the newly-elected lord rector to congratulate him on the unanimity which had prevailed among them in regard to their choice. Campbell threw up the window, and made an animated address to them, which was received with the highest marks of youthful enthusiasm. As soon as it was con-

cluded the great body of the students went away, but a committee of the leaders among them remained to consult him on some steps which were then taking which threatened their right of electing a rector. Campbell recommended a petition to the commissioners, and promised to secure them the use of the great hall of the college in which to hold their meeting for the purpose.

CHAPTER V.

Duties of the lord rector.—Detention of the poet at Glasgow.—Letters to the students.—Complaint of Northcote against Hazlitt—Real nature of the dispute.—Vanity of the painter.—Correspondence on the subject.—Death of the poet's friends.—Visit of Pringle to the poet.—Piron's Epigram.—The Rev. Edward Irving and Banim.

THE office of lord rector, it must be observed, was one which attached to the students alone. That officer was an individual chosen freely by them for the purpose of hearing any grievances they might have of which to complain in regard to the university and matters connected with their education. It was therefore desirable that such an officer should be wholly independent of any influence on the part of those who ruled within the institution. This office is peculiar to the Scotch universities, and exceedingly useful, where any example of the abuse of power would not fail to rally upon its

side all contemporary official authority. The heads of the university, in consequence, seem always to have regarded it with jealousy. A commission being formed under the authority of the government to report upon the universities of Scotland, it was imagined that certain changes might be effected in the lord rector's office that might meet the sinister views of those who were by no means pleased with a supervision of their acts. This had led to apprehensions on the part of the students that of their privilege to choose a guardian of their interests they might be too soon deprived.

Campbell was in Glasgow at the time of his first re-election. I find two notes to myself from that city. The first, dated November 4th, 1827. By these it was evident that he had sustained some kind of indisposition while there:—

"Here I am still detained by the rectorship business, and still more unfortunately confined to my room by a very bad fever of cold. I am so blind that I can hardly read the proof* you have been so good as to send."

Mrs. Campbell sent me a Scotch paper with the full account of the proceedings. The details were little different from those on the poet's first election. She expressed her gratification, as might

* Of his letters to the Glasgow students, then printing by Messrs. Bentley.

be expected, and showed great anxiety about the state of his health.

I sent him an article, from the nature of which I thought it necessary to have his opinion; in reply he wrote: "I fear I shall not be able to get away from Edinburgh till after the 20th," but he did not return for some days after the time thus named. He interested himself greatly on behalf of the students, in the fear of their elective franchise being destroyed, or rendered inefficacious. In truth, his recollections of his youthful days at the university, and his gratified feelings at the reception he experienced, prompted him to remain as long as he could. He made much more of the post than it was worth, out of a little harmless vanity and somewhat of local attachment. He said, when he returned, it seemed as if he had been carried again to his early days, and the long reality intervening from that time had been only a dream. He was for several days after his return continually recurring to the scenes he had witnessed in Glasgow, now and then travelling, in conversation, back to his youth, and mingling with accounts of his recent visit, some bygone scenes of his early life, that had been revived in his recollection.

I remember he told some stories of himself when at the university, but I do not recollect enough of them to place on paper.

Copies of his letters to the students were printed and sent to Glasgow, where he presented them to the students. It would appear, from the following letter, that a proof of one of them, the third, had been sent to Glasgow by a wrong coach, which he, in his absence of mind, supposed came from me. He was not satisfied with it, and begged me to send him the magazine proof, a thing in reality of no use, because, had he used the incorrect proof sent him by the printers, and returned it to them, they would have made all right. He did not reflect upon this simple process, hence the following letter.

"Wednesday night.

"It has not been my fault that you did not get back the proof a day earlier. You sent it off on Sunday; I got it only this morning, Wednesday. I see by the address that it was booked at the White Horse, Fetter Lane, instead of having been sent by the Glasgow mail-coach from the Bull and Mouth.

"I see such lamentable errors in Bentley's press—such as Praxitites for the sculptor Praxiteles, that I am in total despair as to the rest of my letter being printed with anything like decent correctness, and therefore I have to beg that the copies of my letter for the students may not be struck off till I have had a proof of the magazine

copy; though it will of course reach me too late to correct it. May I pray you, therefore, to have forwarded to me a proof by the first mail, taking care that it is the Glasgow mail-coach from the Bull and Mouth."

This letter was characteristic of Campbell's abstraction at times. The printers were excellent at their craft. In a long experience of that patient craft, I never encountered better. Mr. Samuel Bentley was an excellent scholar as well as a man, and attended closely to the proofs himself. In order to save time in conveyance, a proof, not perfectly corrected by the copy, is frequently sent to an author, who has only to mark with his own, the printer's corrections not made, and the end is secured of getting the proof returned in time. Campbell did not reflect upon this, nor how late he almost always was with his manuscript, rendering it necessary for the printer to use every precaution to prevent delay. "Praxitites" was corrected without Campbell's proof, and the sheet printed as it stood in the publication by myself. But his excitability and lack of reflection, that the incorrect proof he had in his hand would naturally be corrected in London, by his own original copy, made him write off as if every thing depended upon his letter.

This want of reflection, this excitability and

mental absence, after his long-continued experience in such matters, was continual. Just after his return, I sent him a note by a special messenger, requesting an immediate reply. I could obtain none. I sent a second time, and could not help smiling at getting the following:—

"Dr. R. I was so terrified on opening the parcel to find a white shirt, that I lost all presence of mind, and did not finish reading your note until I had allowed the boy to go away. I am ashamed to have given you the trouble of sending twice. "Yours, &c.,

"T. C."

To this hour I have no conception what "the white shirt," nor what the "parcel" meant, that made him thus lose his presence of mind. I had written to him for a promised piece of poetry, which I wanted greatly at that moment. The truth was, according to Mrs. Campbell, that he had been up half the night before, reading upon some abstruse subject, and had got it in his mind all the next day, so that what he did was in one of his usual fits of absence, and acting almost instinctively. I should not relate such trifling incidents did they not exhibit, better than can be done in any other way, those traits of personal character which may enable others to form a true estimate of the poet. The "white shirt note"

used often to be a phrase between us for mental abstraction, or any thing incomprehensible.

During 1827, as already mentioned, the poet commenced his letters to the students of Glasgow; he published three of them that year.

The labour of composition was trifling, from his being enabled to draw the materials for them, in a great degree, from his lectures. These letters were designed to concentrate information relative to the more distinguished nations of antiquity. One main object in them was to give a summary of the chief literary epochs, in those nations, which have more essentially influenced human civilisation. He did not intend it should be more than a sketch of the subject, to furnish hints for the future industry of the students. He informed them, that an intimate acquaintance with the subject could only be the result of long reading and research, but expressed a decided opinion, that epitomised views of knowledge were not to be despised on account of their satisfying curiosity too easily. On the contrary, he thought they were highly beneficial, as being calculated to increase the interest felt in the object, and that it would never, as some have supposed, divert any from deeper researches into the epochs of literary history. He gave his authorities, and condensed his matter as much, perhaps, as it was possible to do, without injuring his ultimate aim.

It is possible that some may not deem the letters sufficiently elementary for the early age at which youth enters the Scotch universities, in that respect differing widely from those of England. It would seem in England premature to address boys of twelve or thirteen years of age about the Rosetta stone, for example, without previously informing them of its history, and why such and such inferences were drawn from it, thus presupposing them acquainted with its history, and the discoveries of Young and Champollion; but still these letters are in all respects valuable sources of reference for young students.

Proceeding from the Egyptians to the Persians, the poet touched briefly upon the relics of their literature and art. Next he went on to the Hebrews, and their connexion with the Phœnicians, and from them to his favourite Greece, upon which subject he delighted to dwell, and did dwell at considerable length. Its poetry, history, arts, oratory, philosophy, language, and similar subjects were passed in review, briefly, but adequately to the purpose of forming a key to the study of those different heads in the shape of an outline. As Campbell was greatly attached to Greek studies, and above all to that of the Athenians, he treated all that relates to them with copiousness, and with great correctness of judgment, where he ventured an opinion upon the different schools of Greece, and

the variety of learning taught in each; discriminating them nicely, and commenting upon the connexion of the Greek literati with Egypt, and the obligations of literature and philosophy to its labours. From Greece he proceeded to Rome, and its political experiences, not omitting to draw the moral conclusion, that all iniquitous earthly power tends to its own overthrow. He went back to the derivation of the name of the classic land inhabited by the Romans, and the different ideas entertained of its limits. He proceeded to notice the passage of the Alps by Hannibal, as well as by Cæsar subsequently, and the different geographical appellations and divisions adopted in bounding the neighbouring countries at various times, enumerating the provinces. He gave a succinct detail of Italian history, proceeding rapidly down to its present condition, including the states into which Italy, properly so-called, became divided in the course of ages, commenting on the nature of the governments. These letters were closed somewhat abruptly with the seventh; they were a pleasing testimony of his kind feeling towards the youth of Glasgow, and of his desire to render them all the benefit in his power. Like most of his other literary labours, he seems to have grown fatigued with their execution, though his lectures supplied so much of the material. His dislike to composition, and his proceeding so far as he did

with these letters, exhibits, in the strongest possible point of view, the gratitude he felt for the conduct of the students towards him.

A circumstance indicative of his haste on first impressions, and at the same time his want of reflection, occurred this year, and occasioned much comment. Campbell was surprised at a letter from Northcote, the painter, charging Hazlitt with a breach of confidence wholly unwarrantable, in publishing conversations pretended to be confidential. But no breach of confidence could take place where no pledge was exacted, and the party presumed to be injured, by the disclosure of what was not denied to be true, had been dead sixty-nine years. The whole affair arose from Northcote's vanity and forgetfulness of the consequences of his own acts. The painter wished to stand well in his native county, and to appear there as great a man as possible. I knew him well, and also a brother of his, a watchmaker, and cleverer man, before I knew the poet. Northcote was an excellent relator of anecdotes, and knew how to season them with *sauce piquante* when it suited him. He was a man of very narrow soul, and left all the savings of his life to a rich Devonshire baronet, who was no relation, but bore the same name, in order to leave the impression behind him of such a connexion really existing. He wrote a life of Sir Joshua Reynolds, some Fables, and

a life of Titian, in doing which a great portion of the literary credit was due to Hazlitt. Northcote had no erudition; he had been patronised by Reynolds in early life, as a fellow-countryman. During the interviews of Hazlitt and Northcote, the former strung together amusingly enough the conversations of the artist, and in July, 1826, sent them to the magazine, under the title of "Boswell Redivivus." They were continued till the sixth number, a period of nine months, during which Northcote had read the papers and been delighted with them, because they tickled his petty vanity. Campbell, too had seen them, for I took care, and it was one main secret of our never differing, that nothing involving personality should appear in the publication which he did not see, as he dreaded being involved in any controversy. He saw nothing objectionable in them — how should he about individuals who had been long dead?

Northcote had not foreseen that his anecdotes of old Parson Mudge would make a noise at Plymouth, where, I believe, all Mudge's immediate descendants were defunct. The Rev. Mr. Mudge, of Plymouth, was the same individual who flattered Johnson, and whose sermons Johnson in return took it into his head to praise extravagantly. Mudge was a clever, shrewd man of the world, of humble origin. His nearest

descendants had proved themselves able and honourable men, the last of whom, General Mudge, died, I believe, in 1819 or 1820. Now, no sensible person could have been hurt by the statement of any fact that was not dishonourable relative to an ancestor, and when the characters of men are brought before the world and extolled by others, no matter from what motive, the world has a right to know the real truth about them.

In the present case there was an impress of truth about Northcote's remarks, for, with much of a snarling disposition, he did not lack shrewdness of mind. Among the other things he told Hazlitt, was the circumstance of Sir Joshua Reynolds wishing to reprint "Mudge's Sermons," and asking Northcote to endeavour to procure some particulars of his history. Northcote gave Sir Joshua a manuscript account of Mudge, written by one of his old schoolfellows. "After that," said Northcote, "nothing more was heard of a life." He had run away from his school because the housemaid would not have him. He had slept in a sugar-hogshead in Wapping, and found a half-penny in the street, with which he bought a loaf to prevent him from starving. He was obliged to return home in distress, and afterwards left the dissenters to go over to the church, because the dissenters would not give him some post he wanted. It was said by Northcote, that

Reynolds and his friends were mortified to find that one, whom they had cried up so much, should have been no better in origin. Mudge possessed talent, and much wary plausibility in addition, and personating ultra church notions, recommended himself to Johnson and Reynolds, for both were inclined to those sentiments. "Reynolds," said Northcote, "had a keen eye for nature, and perceived that the manuscript of the schoolfellow was nearer the truth than Johnson's pompous character of Mudge, which, like one of Kneller's portraits, would do for anybody." "Northcote showed me," said Hazlitt, "a print of him, after Sir Joshua, which appeared one of a complete high-priest." His wife, the servant whom he fell in love with, used to say of her husband that he got up and preached that of which he did not believe a word. Northcote stated that his father knew Mudge, and always thought there was a stamp of insincerity about his orthodoxy. Had he been at at Rome, he would have been a cardinal, as he had ambition and ability for anything. He grew indolent at last, preached the same sermons over again, and spent his time playing cards with old ladies. This was the substance of the communication made to Hazlitt, to whom no caution was given not to publish it. Northcote made no complaint about it, nor would he ever have done so, for he was too fond of seeing himself thus re-

flected in print, but for what occurred in the sequel.

The mischievous magazine reached Plymouth, where some of the friends of Mudge still survived. Northcote, who, as already said, had in this respect played the short-sighted part, or perhaps not calculating upon the article producing any such effect at this distance of time, was assailed by letters from his native town, strongly remonstrating with what was not attempted to be denied. Northcote could not escape from declaring himself the father of the anecdotes, but then he could deny the authority to publish, by saying it was only a private communication dishonourably made public by Hazlitt—dishonourably after the publication had gone on, as all the world knew, for many months! Northcote's answer should have been that he did communicate the facts to Hazlitt, who had published them without consulting him on the propriety. So far the painter might have gone honourably, but not a step further. Northcote, however, was not content with accusing Hazlitt to the Plymouth people of a most dishonourable breach of private intercourse in publishing what Northcote had seen, known, and was delighted at his publishing for so many consecutive months, but probably having his qualms lest the Plymouth folk should sagaciously scent the true state of the case, determined to vituperate Hazlitt to Camp-

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bell, in order to get a reply from Campbell which he might employ to strengthen his excuses. This plan succeeded. On getting Northcote's letter, the poet believed that all in it was without subterfuge, and not thinking of the past numbers, believed that, as Northcote stated, Hazlitt had violated a confidential communication. The moment, therefore, he got the note, he replied in the strongest terms of indignation against such conduct on the part of Hazlitt, in a haste, too often his way, quickened, perhaps, by his known dislike to Hazlitt himself.

I did not, as it happened, see the poet for two days after he had received the letter and written the reply. He put Northcote's communication into my hand the moment I entered his house, and said,

"See what Hazlitt has done for us."

I read the letter and laughed.

"Why, have you forgotten that we have been publishing these communications for months, and that Northcote, whose name has been in all, has never complained? He never cautioned Hazlitt, I dare assert, to put in or leave out this or that thing. Northcote, perhaps, overlooked Plymouth, in his delight on seeing himself in print. The country folks have a notion that all Dr. Johnson said must be gospel; we are not all Boswells in London."

"True," said Campbell; "I did not reflect on

that. I got into a passion. Surely a respectable man like Northcote would not write me for any but an honourable purpose, not disingenuously to cover himself in the way you state."

I replied, "My life, but he has."

"Well," said the poet, "it can't be helped. I believed the fault was Hazlitt's. I trust we shall hear no more of it."

Correct, indeed, was my anticipation. Campbell's letter was full of strong expressions of his own indignant feelings at Northcote's complaint, and at the ill-treatment he had received so unexpectedly. He styled it "infernal" in Hazlitt to act in such a way. Northcote, delighted, as I had foreseen, to screen himself at any cost, sent Campbell's letter to Plymouth. In this letter Campbell stated further, that Hazlitt should write no more for the publication, having so wantonly wounded the feelings of a venerable man of genius!

Campbell had an acquaintance with an amiable and excellent family in the West, some connexions of which resided in London; and connected also with that family, I believe only through business, was a Mr. Richard Rosdew, a wine-merchant, stamp-distributor, and banker. The letter of Campbell got to Plymouth, was canvassed there, and Mr. Rosdew getting the poet's address, wrote to him about it, though it is hardly possible to know upon what ground he took up the question.

He was a man wholly unacquainted with literature, and was so ignorant as to suppose that printing Johnson's character of Mudge could put down a conversation and matter-of-fact incident between Reynolds and Northcote, which, amid all, the last did not deny to be correct, and no doubt was so. Northcote wanted to clear himself of willingly making public the secret; Rosdew, to extinguish a positive fact by a quotation from Johnson, who really knew nothing of Mudge's previous history, it is probable, and was prejudiced for and against people very often without reason. "Well," said Campbell, "we can put the letter in the small print, and the matter will end." It did not put an end to it, for a second pertinaciously followed. This Mr. Rosdew weakly imagining that an extract from an opinion of Johnson's could extinguish a positive fact!

Northcote's want of moral courage, and unworthy sacrifice of Hazlitt to save his own want of forecast, and his shrewdness in getting and using a letter from Campbell as he did, mark the man's character exactly. He tried to march out of the scrape by a crooked road. Northcote was not really offended, for he left Hazlitt a hundred pounds in his will.

I remarked to the poet, that Mudge might be what Johnson said of him; that an obscure origin was no dishonour, but rather the reverse;

since the man had elevated himself, and there was nothing brought forward to contradict Northcote's statement, I thought the truth had better have stood.

Campbell said he had been precipitate in his reply, and that the Plymouth people must naturally have thought as he did, that Hazlitt was the party to be censured. I appealed to the former numbers of the same series. If in one case there was a violation of confidence, it was the same in all. Hazlitt was a valuable contributor. The poet said he only intended to prohibit that series of articles, nor did he think his own letter would have been made public. In a little time, Hazlitt's writing in the magazine was resumed, Campbell began to see the case in a right point of view, for I omitted no opportunity of urging it upon him. He knew that Hazlitt and myself were little more than "speaking acquaintance," and that I was disinterested in the part I took.

The true statement cannot be derogatory to the memory of Campbell. His incapacity for judging evil in others was the greater, because he never himself originated it towards them; in fact, the simplicity of his nature, and his inveterate proneness to hasty conclusions, made him give credit upon the instant, acting on the first intention, where others would have reasoned. Hasty and

sensitive, he was too apt, in some circumstances, to give way to prejudices difficult to remove.

The political changes this year put the poet in high spirits. The vacation of office by Lord Liverpool, in consequence of illness, and Canning's accession to power, naturally enlivened the hearts of the liberal party, to be re-acted upon by the death of the minister to whom it had given its disinterested support. Campbell expressed his astonishment that Peel had charged the Catholics with idolatry, and remarked that he thought Peel more a man of the world than to do what he was thus charged with doing, by the Duke of Norfolk, at the Catholic meeting. He regretted Peel's going out of office, as an anti-emancipatist, with the other ministers, for he expressed his hope, that as both Canning and Peel were of the people, if we could not have a Whig ministry, at least a liberal Tory one might govern the country. In the meanwhile he proposed that we should begin to take a political character in one or two stirring articles, but nothing was done more than my giving in the summary something little beyond the milk-and-water colour which had been the previous tone. All hopes, however, on the moderate side were destroyed by the death of Canning. The reign of bigotry was to triumph again for a season.

"How singular were the deaths of Fox and

Canning," said Campbell, "under the same roof, in the same month of the year, at the same age, just after reaching the premiership. We must have a paper about him." This it fell to my lot to write, in the seventh year of the poet's editorial labours.

Flaxman, another friend of Campbell, dropped off this year, in the ripeness of a full age. Campbell declared him the first of sculptors for realising his idea of the Greek antique. Though by no means an amateur in the arts, nor able to discriminate sculptural or pictorial excellence in detail, he had formed certain general ideas from the different collections of sculpture he had seen, which were very near the truth. It was impossible that, with the poet's fine eye, and the natural feeling for the symmetrical and beautiful, which is innate with genius, that a pretty close approximation in idea to perfect beauty of form should not be almost unconsciously acquired, and stamped upon such a mind; yet Campbell was unable to use a pencil in the delineation of the simplest natural object, and this he sometimes lamented, though he said he had tried to draw in his youth. Nor do I ever remember his indicating any comprehension of the science of music, although he was greatly delighted with certain musical pieces when he heard them played, not, perhaps, in accordance with the

choice of the many in the taste of the hour, but in what was better, an accordance with his own feelings. Talma, the French actor, whom he much admired, his friend, Miss Benger, and Gifford of the Quarterly Review, whom, when any one used to censure, he would always defend, were among those whom I remember his speaking of at the close of the year as having been taken off by death, among those he had known. He spoke of such deprivations, not only as painful, but as to him unaccountable, but upon the supposition of our ignorance of the real end of our existence at all. "I am convinced there is no man that knows life well, and remembers all the incidents of his past existence, who would accept it again; we are certainly here to punish precedent sins."

He kept his real feelings very close, his miseries were locked up, as if, with a sort of proud dignity, he thought he should be lowered by any display of the effect they produced communicated to others. He endeavoured, in this respect, to seek a sort of victory over nature itself. But the real fact always came out. His indifference was ever so put on as to be seen through at a glance, or else his customary abstraction became so palpable, that it was necessary to lead the way by ending any conference for business, and talking of passing things.

Overtaking Pringle in the street one day, I

found he was going to the poet's house in Upper Seymour Street West; and bent the same way, we proceeded together. Mrs. Campbell was gone out; it was approaching sunset on a fine June evening, and we agreed to try and get the poet to walk into the park. He would not move a step after dinner, but hunting the sideboard found some wine, which he placed upon the table, and ordering glasses, said that Mrs. Campbell being out, he did not know where the key of his wine was, but he had no doubt she would return before we had emptied the decanter which stood before us. We might let the wine alone if we pleased, but he would not go out for walking's sake, as he had been in town that day. "In fact," he said, addressing Pringle, "if you claim to be my countryman, if you are an honest son of a Scotch daddie, you will leave that Saxon to go by himself, if he is determined to depart, and let us be cozy over this sherry."

"As that is the case," I observed, "I will not leave good company."

We had then much desultory conversation as night drew onwards. The poet, in his most agreeable mood, began by guessing what should be done if the wine was drunk out before Mrs. Campbell's return. In Scotland, he said, that whiskey went further, and was seldom wanting in any house. He told us how he had gone to see

a conceited, pompous countryman, who had given him an invitation to meet two or three friends at dinner, and for his particular honour, he supposed, had placed wine on the table. The party became rather more copious than he expected in their libations, the host more generous and self-sufficient. Miscalculating, he said, "Let us have one bottle more," then calling his servant Maggie, he told her to bring in one bottle more from a particular bin, which he named as the depository of what they had already been drinking.

"Lawk, sir!" replied Maggie, "there's na mare, ye hae drunk out the dozen ye had in this morning, an' ye maun een go to the whiskey."

Pringle insisted this was an old story, and the poet did not get well out of the scrape. Then we had some reflections on the attachment of lawyers to mystification. An aged woman, a grandmother, somewhere in the north, it had been decided for the parochial authorities, was bound to maintain the grandchildren of one of her sons. In such a case a grandmother ought to inherit a grandchild's property. Would the law give it so?

"I imagine not," said Pringle. "Whoever heard of children ever leaving any thing to a grandmother?"

"And rightly not," replied the poet, "unless the fact of the bequest made them wards in Chancery in order to avoid unequal matches. A grandmother with a large fortune would not lie upon

hands in these days, though in second infancy. Fancy the chancellor's eloquence about such a tender ward."

Some one had been endeavouring to translate an epigram of Piron's, and had given the mangled manuscript to Pringle to amend, and through the customary association of ideas it was mentioned and produced. Campbell looked at it, and pointing out several defects, they were remedied by his suggesting alterations. The epigram was a hit at the French Royal Academy.

"The truth told, they've in France a most excellent plan
The authors who pen heavy writings to cure,
In the chair of an R.A. they place the dull man,
Nor sonnet nor madrigal more you endure,
For there he does nothing but doze fast and sure,—
Since to Genius the sleep of that chair is as dead
As to love is the sleep of the conjügal bed."

"Friend Banim accompanied me to Irving's on Sunday, and we had the pleasure of hearing him fall most bitterly on the Papists and the Scarlet Lady," said Pringle.

"Not very pleasant," observed Campbell, "nor very dutiful in the children to abuse the mother—the holy Roman Church is the mother of kirk and tabernacle. What rebellious brats of children she has. Two great churches and a hundred sects of dissenters, all railing at her together. It is Milton's Sin, with her rebellious offspring, calling

their mother bad names, not considering how it affects themselves."

"Why, you have not left the kirk for the Scarlet Lady, I hope, Mr. Campbell?" said Pringle.

"I have not yet publicly renounced it," said Campbell, laughing; "I once was as orthodox as I ought to have been."

"You have not yet heard Irving, he will make a convert of you; every body, high and low, has heard him—all the town runs after him."

"So they will after any novelty, and get tired. It is strange any wise person should call such wild outbreaks of distempered brains religion. People do not want their passions inflamed now by religion to set them against oppresors: they want a more sober, rational faith."

"Irving will tell us we must abandon reason altogether to become true believers."

"In other words, abandon that which makes the only difference between human and animal existence—who made him so much wiser than our old Glasgow clerks, or than we are ourselves?—it is but assumption. You did not leave Africa to become a disciple of this new apostle of Scotland?"

"But he is a wonderfully clever man."

"He is a novelty; he assumes new airs because the old are time-worn, and the multitude love religious change as well as anything else that shifts the scene."

"I grant he is a novelty in the pulpit in countenance and manner. He has no idea of the 'good old way,' and most people run after him as they would after a new show; he is a shrewd preacher, who well understands how to make an impression upon the minds of his hearers."

"It is half the effect of his look, the other half not the effect of sober preaching; people love abuse from the pulpit as well as elsewhere. He seems a divergence from Christianity towards some crude thing of which he has himself no specific idea—he plays monkey tricks and people catch at them."

"You have not heard him, Mr. Campbell; but he is very striking."

"Theatrical, I suppose?"

"I don't know that. He rivets the attention strongly by his personal appearance."

"Ay, dresses the character well, as the people say at the theatre."

"That we should call a profane comparison in Scotland."

"We are the wrong side the Tweed now, and have no fear of the kirk-stool. How is his matter—his language? As to his denunciations, we might make them as glibly and with as good right as he."

"They seem good; his outbreaks produce their effect on the congregation."

"That they would do the more if they were more still out of the way of common pulpits. I have seen his book; it is all miserable affectation and common-place nonsense, couched in the worst style."

"You are demolishing my idol," said Pringle, laughing; "but, in truth, I cannot tell what to make of him, between jest and earnest—what do you think of him?" turning to me, who had sat an idle listener.

I replied I had not heard him preach, but from all accounts there was artifice about him; it might be that of semi-lunacy.

"Fie!" said Campbell, "you are ever an iconoclast—Pringle won't forgive you for your opinion."

"I am no Irvingite, Mr. Campbell," said Pringle, "for it strikes me Irving wants perfect earnestness, he is too much up to his business."

"There," said the poet, "we have caught you at last—you have made concession enough."

Campbell observed that he looked at such outbreaks as were caused by individuals, like Irving, who made a stir in the "religious world," as it was styled, coolly and philosophically. He could not account for the corruptions and changes in the different creeds of faith professed generally in the world. Of all things the essence of a religious belief was immutability of principle, since its end was to place the mind above the changes

of sublunary things upon a fixed object of reliance. All creeds and systems of faith had become so corrupted in time as to bear no resemblance, except in name, to those promulgated by their founders, so far as even to become diametrically opposite to them. In some modern states religion bore little resemblance in its forms, and less in principle, to the clear meaning of the text of the New Testament.

"Hush!" said Pringle, "that is lese-majesty towards ecclesiastical powers and sectaries."

"But it is truth and common sense, notwithstanding," was the reply.

"Aye," said Pringle, "but is it douse to say as much?"

"You won't be a martyr for the truth," said Campbell, "you won't be a Covenanter, I see. You have the discretion of my bonnie countrymen."

This kind of conversation concluded, we had a history of Pringle's adventures at the Cape colony, and some statements little creditable to the colonial government of that day. Nothing could be more vicious than the system pursued in those times, when men with an intellect of a calibre that scarcely qualified them for the business of common huckster, and with notions of the most arbitrary and self-sufficient character, were forced into power by parliamentary interest, not the

unbiassed choice of the minister of the day. Of the occurrences of the Cape in his own experience, Pringle gave some most instructive details.

At such times as these the poet threw off his usual reserve, and becoming joyous and happy, rendered those around him the same. Such periods were, it is true, like his own "angel visits," and therefore perhaps the more welcome. He dismissed, or, perhaps, accident kept out of sight for the moment, everything that was unpleasant and in that way exciting, and small things were sufficient to make him silent and thoughtful. He would now become to one or two friends round the cheerful hearth the pleasantest company that can be conceived in a man of genius. This was by his own fireside and in the domestic comfort of days that were, after a short space of time longer, to pass away from him for ever. He was before long to change the habits of many years, and wander into paths unlike those he formerly trod, amid personal solitude and all kinds of discomfort. He must then have often looked retrospectively, and thought of the past with that regret which the recollection of the threadbare history of human existence, and his own philosophy, could not overcome without great poignancy of feeling. But he kept his sensations to himself more than most other men are able to do. Few were equally sensible how unavailing the exposition of such

feelings is sure to be, and how little of sympathy it really excites in the bosoms of others. In the present instance these recurrences drove the poet out into the world, and ultimately into company, different from that which had been his previous habit—but this is anticipating events.

CHAPTER VI.

The poet indisposed.—Commencement of the illness of Mrs. Campbell.—First appearance of the poet's collected works.—Portraits of the author.—The increasing illness and death of Mrs. Campbell.—The poet's bearing on that occasion.—Presents of his poems to friends.—His rejected works.—The "Dirge of Wallace" and his "Evening Hymn."—Doubtful production.

IN the December of 1827, and the beginning of 1828, the poet was much indisposed, restless, and unable to study or attend to anything. He would fancy now this thing, now that, would afford him relief from an indisposition, the nature of which he could not discriminate himself. I thought he was hypochondriacal; he said it was the liver—the same thing, in fact. He would go out of town for three or four days professedly, and come back after having been absent no more than one. He was well in the society of friends, and put on his

customary liveliness of manner, especially when he fell among them unexpectedly, for it was as if the prospect of any particular object rendered that object repugnant and unenjoyable. He regained a sound state of health again about the end of January, after which he wrote "Navarino," and "Lines on Revisiting a Scotch River." I find the following in a letter under that date from a mutual friend,—"Your account of Campbell's health grieved us much, the real good fellows are too few even to spare one, though that one were less distinguished, less serviceable to the good cause, and every way less valuable than our friend."

As he got round, or nearly about the same time that he resumed his customary occupations, Mrs. Campbell began to complain of slight indisposition, which, though at first not calculated to excite alarm, did not decrease. There were for some time no symptoms in her complaint of any recognized disease, nothing that could enable the medical men to pronounce in a satisfactory manner the particular nature of her malady. At last the appearance of slow decline, a sort of atrophy appeared, but it did not in its earliest stage incapacitate her from seeing her friends. The sources of being seemed to diminish, but without any rapid change or acute suffering. Life grew dim, like the light of evening, mortality drawing

to its term calmly and serenely, and it was on this account, with many accompanying gleams of hope, that the poet's mind, prone to meet any thing rather than uncertainty and suspense, felt the more distress. The lingering and uncertain nature of the disorder keeping him in a fever of anxiety, he soon became wholly unfit for any kind of business. His countenance bore strong marks of his misery. Sometimes he imagined there was less ground to apprehend danger than there was in reality, and then he would give up all as hopeless.

The last time I saw Mrs. Campbell she was thinner and paler than usual, otherwise not much altered. She spoke with hesitation, her face had become attenuated, but she did not, as far as I can recollect, exhibit any pulmonary symptoms, and had no consumptive cough. In conversation, her former good-humoured smile was exchanged for a thoughtful and almost careworn expression. She conversed with a slower utterance, and a languid carriage indicated increasing mischief. Her eyes, and she had fine dark eyes, were unusually clear. After a few weeks, during which she saw no strangers, but merely persons to whose society she had been well accustomed, she retired to her chamber, and was no longer visible to her friends. From day to day, the poet told me, with deep concern, one day that she was

worse and another that she was better, as the illusions of hope were strengthened by flattering appearances. At length he said he had no ground to expect her recovery.

It may be apprehended that this state of suspense to one of the poet's temperament was a more cruel suffering than it would be to another less sensitively formed. He said that he was aware disease and death were the lot of humanity, that the closest ties were continually severed, and that however painful it might be in his case, he could meet it, he hoped, with firmness and resignation; but while he was kept in a state of vacillation between hope and fear, it was hard to bear.

It may naturally be concluded, that he could not attend to any literary business. That and everything else were laid by. He walked half the day up and down his study, not able to compose himself for a moment. It was useless, indeed, to consult him. On asking him an opinion upon any statement you had made but a minute before, he replied as one who had never heard it, like one in complete mental abstraction. It was easy to see that, dispensing altogether with interrupting him was, under the circumstances, the best plan to follow. I called or sent to him almost daily, to inquire after Mrs. Campbell's state, and ask if I could be of any service to him. I found little variation in his own state of mind, or in Mrs.

Campbell's gradual approximation to her end, until at last I heard the spark of life was not likely to last for twenty-four hours longer.

Singularly enough, in the midst of this calamity, the copyright of the "Pleasures of Hope" returned to the author under the new law, at the end of twenty-eight years from the first appearance of the poem. Its author was naturally anxious to have a collected edition of his poems brought out, and had begun to arrange matters for the purpose when this domestic calamity fell upon him. Colburn was to be the publisher. In the existing state of things he found himself incapable of compiling it. He had even forgotten several of his short pieces, that had run the round of the Scotch periodicals a quarter of a century before. I found him with an edition or two of his published works before him, utterly at a loss how to begin,—confused, melancholy, and abstracted. I said that I perceived he was unfit for his task, and if he would let me take it it upon myself I would do it for him. All I requested was his own mark against such pieces, on a list I would make out of them, as he desired to have omitted, or believed were not his own. I took the different editions away with me, consulted our friend Pringle, who furnished me with some early youthful pieces he had copied in Scotland, where they first appeared, and only

existed in manuscript. With a pretty correct list I went to the poet and pencilled off those he wished to appear in the contemplated collection of his works. He had parted with no copyright but that of the "Pleasures of Hope." I could not reason him into the admission of several of his early and acknowledged poems. He did not like them, or they were erroneous, or there was some displeasing phrase that made him reject them. This done, I had no further trouble. He had the dedications struck out, the only alteration of moment he wished to be made, and some of which, I believe, he afterwards capriciously restored.

When I had thus gone over them, I read over the list to him, and he objected to one or two pieces which were in the New Monthly Magazine, certainly not at all up to the mark, and issued there without his name.

"Now," said I, "there are some pieces of yours *not* in our list. The world will undoubtedly add them to future editions of your works, especially when the copyright of these volumes becomes public property. There is the 'Dirge of Wallace,' one of the most beautiful poems I know, though never admitted into your published works; you must let me add that out of my own admiration of it."

He gave a decided negative; "there were inac-

curacies in it: it was only designed for the newspapers."

"Then would it not be better to alter those inaccuracies, which you yourself may perceive?" He said he could not take the trouble, but begged me to omit it. I mentioned several other pieces, one or two attributed to him, he could not tell "whether he had written them or not, they were not worth putting into the volumes." Of these an account will be found presently. Even in the late cheap edition of his works, published in 1839, he introduced none of these poems, though he altered the order in which I had placed the others. He sent me a copy with his name; as from my "Friend, T. Campbell, London, 28th December, 1839," and I collated it with the list I had exhibited to him in 1828, and found additional poems written subsequently, but none of those rejected by him as mentioned above. Sir Walter Scott, I have said before, made him publish "Hohenlinden," but Sir Walter himself could make no more impression upon him in regard to the beautiful "Dirge of Wallace," than I could make upon him, in regard to its introduction into the volume I thus edited.

I took away the list that included the poems of which he sanctioned the appearance, for the printer's guidance, and comparing the new proofs with the old editions, the work was done and published without his being troubled any further. To that

first edition of his collected works is prefixed an engraved portrait of him, from a picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The painting, when taken, was the perfection of resemblance. Perhaps the under lip was a little too thick; but, on the whole, it could not be surpassed. It was the property of his friend Mr. Thompson, near Clithero, in Lancashire. It is now in possession of the Duke of Buccleugh. From the portrait of Lawrence an excellent copy in oil was made, I forget by what artist, but it is the closest copy I ever saw, and was in possession of Mr. Colburn. This portrait by Lawrence was taken when the poet was in full health, as stout as he ever was in person, and the costume and character just that described by Byron, when he was such a spruce-looking personage, in a blue coat and neatly arranged wig. He was about forty years of age. The engraving in the Edition of his poems published by Moxon is a wretched affair, apparently a very bad copy of the engraving from Lawrence, of the date of 1828. Whoever has that plate it should be preserved as the best likeness of the poet, and as being exactly as Byron described him in his best days.

There is a portrait also, nearly a full length, taken about twelve years afterwards, when the poet was between fifty and sixty. If any thing, the portrait is too full and round in face and figure. This portrait has been engraved with singular care

by Mr. Overend Geller, nor has that artist omitted a single grace of his art which can tend to render his work one of high professional value. It is the only full-length portrait of the poet in existence. There is yet a third portrait, which represents him in age, more stricken with years than he showed at the time he sat for it.

I had asked him the fewest number of questions possible, being happy to take a trouble off his mind at such a time; a labour trivial enough in itself, though to him, at the moment, next to impossible to execute. He gave me a note to add to his poem of "Gertrude of Wyoming," out of justice to the family of the Indian chief, Brant, and that I attached to the poem as it now stands, exculpating the chief from any participation in the slaughter at Wyoming. Why he withdrew all the dedications, of which practice he had, for some reason unknown, begun to disapprove, though, in a notice of Dr. Anderson's decease, at a subsequent time, he alluded to the dedication that no longer appeared, he gave no reason. I tried in vain to get him to allow me to place his Greek translations at the end of the first volume. He would not consent, on account of the dates; and they stood as they appear in that edition. Yet, in the cheap edition published in 1839, he changed the order of the poems again, disregarding the dates in which they were written, and

placing "Theodoric" before "Gertrude of Wyoming" and immediately after the "Pleasures of Hope," as though his favourite "Gertrude" was to follow and obliterate any impression of the inferiority produced by reading "Theodoric." I had observed the date of publication in placing the longer poems in the first volume, commencing the second with "O'Connor's Child" and "Lochiel's Warning," next his superb odes, and the remainder as nearly as possible in their order of publication. With this arrangement, and satisfied with the natural order, he expressed himself pleased. The volumes were passed as rapidly as possible through the press, for obvious reasons, as he wished to supersede any chance of the sale of copies of the old editions of the "Pleasures of Hope," and the short poems following it, now the copyright had come back to him.

Not only was he so unhinged as to be unable to bring out his poems himself, but having to decide upon the merit of the poems, for which he had offered a gold medal as a prize to the students at the Glasgow University, he declared he was unequal to the task. He begged me to dine with him, as he had something pressing to say. He then asked whether I would, in conjunction with another friend, decide the matter on his behalf; for the more he endeavoured, the more he was perplexed, that he had not, at such a moment of

anxiety, the power of cool judgment. It was impossible to refuse, and not without considerable attention we came to a decision; and I wrote the result, at the poet's request, to the Principal.

"REV. SIR,

"The alarming illness of Mrs. Campbell, protracted beyond expectation, and the consequent state of solicitude in which it has involved Mr. Campbell, incapacitating him entirely for study, has induced him, being doubtful of his own judgment at such an anxious moment, to call in the aid of two literary gentlemen to examine the prize-poems, to which, from the perturbed state of his mind, he was fearful he might not have given the consideration required. As one of the persons alluded to, he has further requested me to announce to you the decision.

"The poem of the *non-togatus*, beyond all question entitled to the prize, is that denominated 'Petrarch Crowned,' having for a motto

Io veggio del ciel scender l'Aurora;

and

Aspice venturo lactentur at omnia sæclo.

This poem may challenge competition with any prize-poem we have seen of late years from either of the universities.

"There is a second *non-togatus* candidate, 'Reminiscences of Youth,' with the mottos

'Admeritu locorum;'

'There's not a joy the world can give;'

which, though far from equalling the 'Petrarch Crowned' in merit, is entitled to high commendation for passages of simple elegance, and great adherence to truth and nature. The gowned candidates, I regret to state, do not attain an excellence equal to the preceding, making an allowance for the difference of advancement in education.

'Infancy and boyhood;'

with the motto

'Why love we Nature's infant blessing;'

seems to promise best. With many errors and inaccuracies, it has numerous beautiful lines, which promise well. It would not, however, be advisable to suffer it to appear in print as a 'prize production,' while its announcement as above to its author, might stimulate him in his studies, and add fresh zeal after excellence.

"I am, Rev. Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"CYRUS REDDING.

"The Rev. D. Macfarlane,
"The Principal of Glasgow University."

The foregoing letter is important alone, as it illustrates the state of mind in which the poet found himself during his wife's illness. He was anxious about the post he filled, and the welfare of the students more particularly, for he really loved them. It must be considered, also, on the other hand, that towards the university he had a youthful affection, in addition to the present honour, to attach him to the post in which he had been more honoured than any predecessor.

To return to his domestic affliction; Mrs. Campbell became worse. I merely called to ask how matters stood, anticipating the melancholy event that was rapidly approaching, but whenever I could, rather avoiding a sight of Campbell, for I knew his wish was to be left to himself. I had missed calling for two days, when, early in the morning, I received the following note, blotted, and evidently written in a very perturbed state of mind, dated Saturday, May 10, 1828:—

"Mrs. Campbell expired yesterday, at 5 P.M.

"Unable as I am to stir out, I should be greatly obliged to you if you could favour me with a visit *now*."

I immediately went to him, and found him in his drawing-room, walking rapidly to and fro, haggard, pale, greatly agitated, having evidently not been in bed for the night. He addressed me in accents almost inarticulate with emotion. "Ah!

my friend, poor Mrs. Campbell being no more, there is something decisive at last. I do not feel half so wretched now as I felt before. The worst is past now, both with her and myself. These are strange dispensations in human life, and to what demonstrated end!"

The impression on my mind was that he had been regarding his own immediate loss in a general view, endeavouring to reconcile the inevitable doom of mortality with some great controlling power acting with latent ends, for he added, directly afterwards, "There must be a God, that is evident: there must be an all-powerful, inscrutable God."

Here he was silent for a few minutes, still walking about the room, more rapidly than at first, as if he wished to collect himself, in order to converse. He said that Mrs. Campbell had expired gently, apparently without pain, as if nature, unable longer to sustain herself, had gone calmly to sleep. The conversation seemed to restore somewhat of his composure, although it was evident he was endeavouring, with no small effort, to suppress the feelings which agitated him. He spoke of his loss as that which nothing could ever supply. From that time, or from a few days afterwards, it seemed to me as if he endeavoured to conquer his regret by stifling everything that recalled his wife in conversation, or as if he courted

oblivion, to obliterate what his reason told him it was so unavailing to regret.

He told me he had sent for me the first of any of his friends, because he felt under obligations to me arising out of existing circumstances, and his utter inability to do what I had undertaken to do for him regarding his poems. I begged him not to talk of such a trifling matter, which indeed it really was, though so formidable to him in his state of mind, and I requested to be informed if I could do anything further for him. He said he did not recollect anything, upon which I requested he would send to me in Upper Berkeley Street, if he did, and that without any hesitation. He said he would do so. I added, that otherwise I should not see him for a day or two, as he must have certain painful duties to attend to, that still I should be happy to be of any service, but I thought of being absent a day from home, and would time it accordingly.

He observed that he was pretty sure he should not need my assistance, thanking me in a manner that would seem as if he was really under some heavy obligation to me. On rising to go away, he seemed to recollect himself, and said there was one matter pressed upon him at the moment, which I should confer a favour upon him if I would execute, should I be going towards the city: that of course he could not go out himself,

and but for that one thing he had not the slightest need of assistance. It was to see the proper person in the city, in the parish of St. Mary Axe, in order that a vault existing there, belonging to her family, might be opened for his wife's remains. I promised to execute his commission, sending the parish-clerk to his house, as I thought that official might not know, without further explanation, whereabouts in the church the locality alluded to might be.

I did not visit him again until the funeral was over. It was a private one, and I was out of town when it took place. Nor did I go into Seymour Street for a day or two subsequently to the foregoing interview. It is always painful to be in the midst of scenes where, without being of the slightest service, one cannot do otherwise than recall painful and useless recollections. For many years the poet's fireside and house had been as familiar to me as my own. The uniform cheerfulness and hospitality of Mrs. Campbell, her conversation, confined to the news of the hour, always lively, her tea-table without her presence, her vacant chair, that inexpressible lack of something which long custom has made to us almost second nature, these things gave the poet's home a melancholy colouring, which it was never my inclination to contemplate willingly, even under circumstances far less touching to the feel-

ings. The sternest philosophy cannot boast of being proof against such sensations, they being a part of that nature which, though useless, reason cannot obliterate.

When I next saw the poet he was composed, and much more himself than he had been before. It was evident that the anticipation of his loss had more unnerved him than the melancholy event itself. The departure of life having extinguished hope, his mind seemed to reconcile itself easier to an inevitable necessity than to endure the cruel alternations that preceded it.

Mrs. Campbell, when I knew her at first, and, indeed, down to her last illness, was good-looking, of the lesser class of women in make, of a neat and symmetrical figure, more so than any of her sisters, most of whom I met at one time or another. She must have been very pretty early in life. Her complexion was pale, with dark hair and eyes. She spoke with a little of the Scotch *patois*, and her conversation was social, yet lady-like. She made no pretension to literary taste. Her age at her decease I do not recollect, but she was several years younger than her husband.

It was many weeks before things in the way of business resumed their ordinary course, or he could resume his studies. In the meanwhile his poems made their appearance in a collected form, for the first time, preceded by his engraved por-

trait after Lawrence. He was pleased with the aspect of the volumes, and the first thing he did in return for my taking the editorship of them out of his hands during his affliction, was to send me a copy, with the following letter written on the blank leaves at the commencement, which I may be excused for transcribing :—

"My dear Sir,

"I have sent copies of this edition to several persons whose friendship or friendly attention has touched me during my latest calamity. I send this copy to you as a memorial of my sense of *your kindness* and of my high esteem for you, not founded merely on the experience of your friendship during my *last trial*, but with a full remembrance of its value on former occasions. It is now getting on to eight years since we have been co-editors, and I believe no man has ever had occasion to congratulate himself on being more fortunate in a literary partnership than

"Your very sincere friend,

"T. CAMPBELL.

"To C. Redding, Esq."

While on the subject of his first collected poems, it may not be improper to notice those which he rejected in the volumes to which I have alluded as published at this time. His lines "To the Jewess at Altona," and those "To Matilda Sinclair," afterwards Mrs. Campbell, have already

been given. As a guide to some future edition of his works, when all the poems ascertained to be his own shall be collected, to prevent attributing to him pieces of which he was not the author, it will be proper to point them out. It was a singular and humiliating proof of the decay of the poet's power and judgment in the last six or seven years of his life, that he should have written and published such lines as he put forth in 1842, under the title of the "Massacre of Glencoe," which cannot be read without wishing their utter suppression, and that he should reject such beautiful lines as those to the Altona Jewess; even those to Matilda Sinclair, which, though not of his best, are so greatly superior; also his magnificent "Dirge of Wallace," one of his best things, now only to be found in books of fugitive poetry and the periodicals of past days! Regarding this poem, I could get, as I have said, no satisfactory reason for the rejection. "It was inaccurate." I replied, I could not discern the inaccuracy. "It was unsatisfactory to himself." So are often an author's best works—"you will most assuredly have it some day added to your other works?" He did not care, he would not take it —he disliked it. Of course, I gave way, pained at his determination. I told Pringle of it, who lamented the circumstance equally with myself. "Why, my dear sir," said this excellent man,

"I have been repeating it in my mind this twenty years, whenever Wallace has come into my thoughts—he never wrote a finer thing, and so thinks Sir Walter Scott; and so, too, thinks Professor Wilson and friends in Scotland."

Even after the first collected edition, I again urged upon him the propriety of taking it. When he sent me the half-crown edition of 1839, I found it omitted, and remarked it to him, and I received the same reply as he gave me eleven years before. I, therefore, give it here with the titles of others, to be a guide to those who may bring out his works hereafter. I do not believe I have omitted enumerating any piece of value, as Pringle assisted me in searching out what he had written, or was supposed to have written, and he had possession of some, beginning from the poet's early years, though many of his youthful verses shew no promise of his future excellence. I have given the titles of most, and omitted only one or two in the "New Monthly," that no one but myself can know to be his, as he suppressed his name, and they were not among his better things. They will be found in the newspapers and periodicals of the time, by careful research, and amount in all to about a dozen, including what I here give in full.

The following is the "Dirge of Wallace," to which his antipathy was so unaccountable. This

poem furnishes an example of inconsistencies in the poet that were irreconcilable with his sound literary judgment and clear reasoning. It can only be accounted for by a prejudice at first generated through hurried impulse and the extraordinary haste in which he sometimes came to a conclusion, and which, even when erroneous, he could not be got to retract. It seemed as if he held that the first must be the unalterable impression—that it was a point of honour it should be so. Sometimes, as in the affair of Northcote and Hazlitt, he might, at length, be convinced of his erroneous view of a case concerning others; but it was not possible in what regarded his own works, though it is true one could not, without rudeness, be equally persevering in attempting to work out a change of opinion. Here the world's suffrage must be against the poet.

THE DIRGE OF WALLACE.

They lighted a taper at dead of night,
And chanted their holiest hymn;
But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright,
Her eye was all sleepless and dim,
And the lady of Elderslie wept for her lord,
When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,
When her curtain had shook of its own accord;
And the raven had flapp'd at her window-board,
To tell of her warrior's doom!

"Now sing ye the death-song, and loudly pray
For the soul of my knight so dear:

And call me a widow this wretched day,
Since the warning of God is here!
For nightmare rides on my strangled sleep:—
The lord of my bosom is doomed to die:
His valorous heart they have wounded deep;
And the blood-red tears shall his country weep
For Wallace of Elderslie!"

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour
Ere the loud matin bell was rung,
That a trumpet of death on an English tower
Had the dirge of her champion sung!
When his dungeon-light looked dim and red
On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,
No anthem was sung at his holy death-bed,
No weeping there was when his bosom bled,
And his heart was rent in twain!

O, it was not thus when his oaken spear
Was true to that knight forlorn,
And hosts of a thousand were scatter'd like deer
At the blast of the hunter's horn;
When he strode on the wreck of each well-fought field
With the yellow-haired chiefs of his native land;
For his lance was not shivered on helmet or shield,
And the sword that seem'd fit for Archangel to wield,
Was light in his terrible hand!

Yet bleeding and bound, though the Wallace wight
For his long-loved country die,
The bugle ne'er sang to a braver knight
Than Wallace of Elderslie!
But the day of his glory shall never depart,
His head unentomb'd shall with glory be palm'd,
From its blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start—
Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,
A nobler was never embalm'd!

The lines he composed to the tune of "the "Evening Hymn," in early life, he would, above all things, have omitted. They are pleasing, but he said they were no better than a Christmas Carol. The reader may judge :—

"When Jordan hush'd his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill,
When Bethel's shepherds through the night,
Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry light—
Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring on the raptured soul!
Then swift to every startled eye
New streams of glory lit the sky!
Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour
Her spirits on the midnight hour,
On wheels of light and wings of flame,
The glorious hosts to Zion came,
High heaven with songs of triumph rang,
While thus they smote their harps and sang :—

O Zion, lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh,
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign!

See Mercy from her golden urn
Pour a rich stream to them that mourn,
Behold she binds with tender care
The bleeding bosom of despair!

He comes, he cheers the trembling heart,
Night and her shadows pale depart—
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the flowers of Eden bloom!

O Zion, lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh,
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign!

This was written in Scotland after the "Pleasures of Hope," and first printed in one of the Scotch periodicals, as were "Lines to the Queen of France," written in 1793. He also wrote then and subsequently "The Choice of Paris," "Trafalgar," "Lines on the State of Greece, 1827," "Lines on James II. of Scotland, at Flodden," "Three Scotch Beauties — Jemima, Rose, and Elinore;" song, "When Love first came to Earth;" song, "My Mind to me a Kingdom is;" song, "O Cherub Content!" "The Friars of Dijon," "The Spanish Patriot's Song," have been printed in publications of the time, but did not figure in his collected works, and were all written before 1830. He appeared to think that what he himself sanctioned would alone pass for his own to posterity. Alas! how contrary to experience, and, therefore, how proper to guard against its fruits, lest strange and unworthy children should be fathered upon honest men!

There cannot be anything more of note that escaped my researches in 1828, with Pringle's assistance, except boyish verses scattered among

juvenile friendships, some, perhaps, utterly forgotten. The following lines, purporting to be written "in honour of the old Scotch legion, which returned with many blind from Egypt," has been given to me as a production of Campbell's, since his decease. It must have been written, in that case, subsequent to the "Pleasures of Hope," and before all his other more celebrated works. I can form no idea of its authenticity. If the lines are Campbell's, they give little promise of the resplendency that burst forth subsequently in his glorious and immortal odes. The author of that noble Ode of "Hohenlinden," which he so much undervalued, and which is so truly fine, is not here visible in a single line. On the other hand, it must be remembered how unequal the poet was in his compositions, and further, what is enough to tame any poet, except Moore, who measured his ground accordingly, they purport to have been written for music in place of music for them. Among modern musicians, "Hohenlinden," that would have excited the old composers, would, to quote Byron, "prove a Mont St. Jean" to modern musicians, from its lack of that namby-pambyism which makes a merit of giving up melody and meaning to difficult digital execution. Doubting still of their authenticity, I give them as they were received. If Campbell's, these must have been written

about 1801. The reader must judge for himself:—

"Sons of chiefs, renown'd in story,
Ye whose fame is heard afar,
Ye who rush'd to death or glory,
Welcome from the toils of war,
When from conquest late assembling
Madly armed the frantic Gaul,
Europe for her empire trembling
Doubted where the storm might fall;
Britain from her sea-girt station,
Guarded by her native oak,
Heard the threat with indignation,
Well prepared to meet the stroke.
But the foe, her thunder fearing,
Fled her naval arm before,
And far distant widely steering,
Seized the famed Egyptian shore.
There in vain his boasted legions
Vow'd to keep the wide domain;
Eager for the torrid regions,
See Britannia ploughs the main!
Ye whose sons of old opposing,
Checked the haughty Roman band,
In the shock of battle closing,
Freed the Caledonian land:
You, our guardian genius naming,
To the toils of combat bred,
Chase to hurl her vengeance flaming
On the foe's devoted head!
Methinks old Ossian, from his station,
On the skirts of yonder cloud,
Eyes his race with exultation:
Hark! the hero speaks aloud—

'Sons of chiefs renowned in story,
Ye whose fame is heard afar,
Ye who rush'd to death or glory,
Welcome from the toils of war!'"

The inclination for poetical composition came upon Campbell only at rare intervals, depending much upon the direction of his mind to analogous subjects. He was never, like Byron, in the habit of keeping poetry perpetually before him, nor of composing verses in his mind, at all times, in bed and up, "in and out of the bath," as the noble poet states was his case. I always imagined there must be an exciting cause when he wrote, a vagrant fancy, that broke in upon his peculiar mind, and drew him towards poetical compositions, since his studies for so many years were continually directed to different subjects, most of them the reverse of poetical ones. He was a true poet, and yet did not make an idol of poetry; go when I would into his study I found metaphysics, German criticism, or history before him. He loved to plunge into speculative reading, and he would oftener talk of Dugald Stewart than of any of his country's poets, save Burns, which was singular when the studied character of his own verse is considered.

CHAPTER VII.

Remarks respecting Hazlitt and Scott.—Later contributors to the magazine.—Effect of his domestic bereavement on the poet's mode of living.—University prizes.—Third election of Campbell to the lord rectorship.—Sir Walter Scott's good feeling.

CAMPBELL stated that Hazlitt had been the means of increasing the irritation of John Scott, and consequently been one cause of his going out with Mr. Christie. I am inclined to think, that though Campbell, in stating the circumstance, did so with the belief that Hazlitt said what he did with a mischievous design, which so far may have been tinctured with prejudice in the inference, yet that the circumstance itself is probable. After the death of the poet the point was questioned by an anonymous writer. Hazlitt showed a peculiar taunting humour at times, and did not reflect in what light his words, any more than his actions, might be

viewed. Campbell, perhaps from prejudice, attributed malice where there was no more than the simple expression of a feeling sometimes operating, without looking to consequences. Scott's mind was sufficiently excited, and though I only knew Scott from meeting him at a dinner-table occasionally, he appeared to me a man who rather wished to stand well with the many than with the few, one whose inclination and mode of thinking led him to feel poignantly from the mental strife between reason and usage. He was not a man to be a martyr in any cause, and was one whom I never liked. It is possible I may misjudge him, but my idea of his character was not wholly unsupported by collateral evidence. I well remember the substance of Campbell's remark. I ever laboured to retain Hazlitt for our publication, and in the course of one of our conversations the poet said, speaking of Hazlitt's disregard of the feelings of others, "There was Scott, Hazlitt was one means of his going out in that foolish affair, by adding to his mental uneasiness through his michievous remarks." He said that, in substance, the remark of Hazlitt was:—

"I don't pretend to uphold the principles upon which you act, I don't hold the notions you profess to hold. I would neither give nor accept a challenge. I can make no boast of physical courage. I am sure I have not moral courage

for such a purpose; but *you* hold the opinions of the world upon the subject; to me it would be nothing, but for *you* to pass over such a matter is a different thing; for me I am nothing, I do not pretend to think as you and the world do."

I am positive that the above is a fair statement of the substance and meaning of what Campbell said, when informing me that Hazlitt had contributed to the mental uneasiness of Scott, and thus stimulating him to send the challenge.

To return—the poet's domestic loss and the new situation in which he found himself placed, burthened with the cares of a household, to direct which he was one of the least competent persons imaginable, at first unhinged a little the temperament that it required no great amount of power to throw out of its equilibrium. Mrs. Campbell's death was a fearful break-up of the poet's domestic comforts. Never had a wife more consulted and more happily administered, in the circle of home, those numberless little comforts, many of small moment separately, which in the aggregate grow into the necessities of every-day existence to such a man as the poet. Her house was a model of neatness and propriety, order and a well-regulated economy were always before her steps. If, as poets are said to do, the husband moved in an eccentric path, if he were negligent of order, the negligence was compensated by the

ruling spirit of the household. The poet's study, which he daily disordered, strewed inexcusably with books and papers, negligent in all manner of ways, was sure to be restored to perfect neatness at the first intermission in his seclusion, and yet nothing belonging to his literary labours was displaced, for with that care Mrs. Campbell burthened herself. Never did a man sustain a greater loss when she was taken from him, and he felt this to the heart's core but too soon.

After her loss he kept up his household as before, and with much that continually reminded him of the deprivation he had sustained but too keenly, endeavoured to fill up the void he thus experienced with those aids to which, in the common course of such deprivations, man is wont to apply. Solitary and painful hours he passed at first, but calamity sooner or later preys upon itself. He called reason to his aid; he combatted sometimes, it appeared to me too artificially, that despondency to which one of his disposition may be supposed liable. "I must bend to the necessity," he observed, "to that manifestion of human helplessness before which others have bent, and some must every day bend, and thus court reconciliation to what I cannot alter."

I have omitted mentioning Mrs. Siddons among the earlier visitors at the poet's house. Campbell felt towards her a degree of respect which origi-

nated I imagine in the effect her acting had produced upon his mind, for there was no conversation of the great actress that at all partook of the poet's congenial studies. While there was nothing about this great actress that could be styled genius, she possessed a judgment that never erred as regarded her profession. Her imposing person, and a manner in unison with the stateliness of the tragic muse, her excellence, the result of a consentaneousness of appearance, with sound judgment, and careful study, rather than the spontaneity of genius, marked by a more sustained and uniform character than is commonly the case in the profession, made her still more acceptable to the poet. She trod her path over the highest table land at a uniform elevation; and this kind of sustained character was calculated to fix a man of the poet's temperament, much more than one who exhibited in excellence and the reverse those startling inequalities which have characterised many celebrated names.

"You have just missed Mrs. Siddons," Mrs. Campbell would remark, on my calling in just after that great actress had left the house.

Then the poet would speak of her as one of the most admirably endowed women that ever existed, closing with, "but *you* don't think so highly of this extraordinary woman. You do

not give a fair measure of justice to my observations."

I should reply in substance that I could never forget the effect she produced upon my feelings the first time I saw her; that her bearing in some of her characters would remain a vivid image in my memory as long as I lived.

"And yet you do not think her a wonderful woman; you told Mrs. Campbell that you thought her heavy in society, that she showed no ability, nothing above the common in social intercourse."

"I did say so. The *prestige* of the great actress is connected with her profession; she is a woman of good bearing, lady-like, imposing from her fine person and from association, but in society exhibiting plain good sense, nothing more."

"That is always the way," the poet would reply, "where people are great by study; she is not flashy enough for you; you want to see her a Madam de Staël."

"On the contrary, no one ever struck me, electrified me, as she did upon the stage; nothing could surpass her. But in society it is different. I cannot retract my opinion."

"I do not think as you do; she is great every where. I won't admit a word to her dispraise."

"She is one of his idols," Mrs. Campbell would observe.

"She wants no worshippers," interposed the

poet; "she can spare one. Redding shall not play the iconoclast here."

"But your argument is, that the greatest of actresses is equally great in everything."

"I won't admit her want of excellence in any thing. She is an old friend of mine."

"But that is no argument. Lawrence is a good painter, but that does not give him a claim to be a good mathematician."

"Hush! you won't admire her as I do; as she deserves to be; I see that."

"On the contrary, I reverence her as an actress. I never saw, nor can conceive, any thing finer."

"Then you must admit that, in society, she is an extraordinary woman."

"With the prestige of her celebrity, one cannot look upon her otherwise; abstracted from that impression, she is no way extraordinary, to my seeming."

"You will admit nothing. She is an excellent friend of mine, and if I cannot convert you, why, you must continue wrong-headed. I won't hear a word against such a friend; she is a wonderful woman."

He would adroitly skip the faults of his friends, refuse to admit their defects, or gloss them over in the most specious way, while towards those to

whom he had an antipathy, he was not sparing in his censure.

Mrs. Siddons, in "the sear and yellow leaf" of existence, seemed sensible of pleasure at hearing the effect her acting had once produced on the minds of others. She exhibited undisguised satisfaction at my describing how I felt when I first saw her play *Lady Macbeth*, and how my youthful mind (I was but twenty years old when I first saw her) was affected by her delineation of the character. She was now in her seventy-first year. The satisfaction expressed in her countenance was like a momentary sunbreak over a gloomy winter landscape, speedily darkened again by the contrast of the present with the past; at least, so I fancied, as, while I was observing it, thought glanced upon the melancholy and irresistible course of human destiny. Her last evening at the poet's was in Scotland-yard, the year of her decease, where I was invited to meet her, Lockhart, and one or two others of the friends of that time, at an evening party.

Scarcely had the termination of the year 1828 approached than Campbell received an intimation that it was the intention of a large body of the students of the Glasgow University to propose him a third time for the Lord Rectorship, and he proceeded to Scotland in November. So highly pleased were the students at the conduct of their lord rector,

that during his first year's office they had presented him with a piece of silver plate. They had perceived that Campbell was still susceptible of those juvenile feelings which he had formerly experienced at the same seminary; that with the simplicity of manners and playfulness which adhered to him, when he returned to the scene of his early instruction, he partook in their youthful bias, and that as far as he might, he became again what he had been when he had it in his power to exhibit his feelings with propriety. In youth as in maturer years, nature acknowledges sympathy, often when unconscious of making a return. The students seem to have been thus affected, but not so many of the professors; this easy carriage was not after the example of their formal bearing. A feeling of distaste towards the poet was soon strongly exhibited by some of them. Moreover, Campbell professed Whiggism, and they Toryism, and Scotch Toryism, too, which generally meant in spirit something very far beneath the bearing of English Toryism.

A supper was given to a party of fifty students, at the house of a gentleman in Glasgow, to which the poet was invited. One of the party, after a brief and eloquent address to the poet said—"Permit me, my lord rector, to present you with a small testimony of our regard; the expression

indeed is feeble, but the impression is indelibly fixed in our hearts."

The piece of silver plate, a cup, was then presented, bearing the following inscription,—

To
THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.,
Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow,
From a few of his Constituents,
Appreciating his worth and admiring his genius.
In frata dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbræ
Lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.
1827.

Campbell made an animated reply, and the evening was passed in a social manner, and greatly to the poet's satisfaction. The attention of the students on that occasion he spoke of subsequently as giving birth to the most gratifying feelings he had ever experienced. In acknowledging how much he thus felt pleased, he almost involuntarily interwove remembrances of his youthful hours passed there. He recurred to incidents long passed, that showed how they affected his mind, but I do not remember that I ever heard him wish for their return. Perhaps, like Johnson, he had no desire to live the same life over again—who that reflects can have such a wish?

The expiration of his second year of office was now approaching. He was in London, having no idea that the students would propose him

a third time. The election took place on the 14th of November. The "four nations," as they are styled, for the election does not take place by a majority of votes in the university, but by a majority in the four nations into which the university is divided; namely, Glottiana, Rothseyana, Transforthana, and Londoniana. The four nations had to choose between four candidates: Campbell, Lord John Campbell, Sir Walter Scott, and Lord John Russell. The professors had made themselves extremely active among all the students whom they could influence in favour of a Tory candidate; of any one, in fact, but the poet, who, besides his political sentiments, had become a great favourite in the university, which could hardly fail of arousing a feeling of jealousy among the officials. The office of rector is one, in its nature antagonistic to the professors, being instituted to defend the rights of the students, and to hear and redress their complaints, if well founded. There is a good deal of the tyrant's spirit in the nature of schoolmasters and professors. The exercise of unquestioned power over a schoolboy, generates a feeling of antipathy towards ought that may imply, however remotely, the righteousness of the petty absolutism. Thus, even in a small sphere, custom makes the least power sensitive to the seeming of contravention.

The election came on; but before that event it was thought advantageous by the professors that the partisans of Lord John Campbell and Sir Walter Scott should coalesce. The opposite party perceiving this policy to be good, followed the example. The university then voted,—for Campbell: Glottiana, 130; Rothseyana, 75; Transforthana, 30; Londoniana, 28. For Scott: Glottiana, 90; Rothseyana, 36; Transforthana, 31; Londoniana, 43. Though Campbell had 263 votes to 200, the voting was even; two nations voting for each candidate. But the nation Transforthana had carried it by a casting vote in favour of Sir Walter Scott. That vote should have been the casting vote of the last lord rector, Campbell himself, who was in London at the time. In default of the lord rector himself not being present, then the casting vote was, according to the rules, to be given by the preceding lord rector; but here the same difficulty occurred. A party of the professors, on this difficulty occurring, hit upon a miserable expedient to further their own selfish views, unsupported by the rules or laws of the university. They called out of his sick-bed the individual whom Campbell had previously appointed his own vice-rector, and made him vote against his nominator. Not an edifying example either of fidelity to his nominator or of high feeling for the imitation of the youth of the university,

upon the part of the deputy. The professor of law in the university at once declared against the validity of the vice-rector's right to vote for such a purpose. The majority of sixty-three on the part of Campbell over Scott produced a considerable sensation among the students, who felt how ungracious it was that, seeing the spirit of the university thus declaring in favour of Campbell, the professors should endeavour to obtain an advantage over that majority by a miserable subterfuge.

Sir Walter Scott, on hearing of this event and the circumstances, with that magnanimous and good tone of feeling which was a part of his nature, wrote by return of post, declining the honour thus proffered, and the students wrote off to Campbell in London, conjuring him to come down to them immediately. I was not in town, but the same day he wrote me the following letter, putting all he left behind of every nature into my hands, and giving me due authority over his son.

"10, Seymour Street West,
18th of November, 1828.

"My dear Friend,—Being obliged to depart suddenly for Scotland, and to leave behind me my son, with some apprehension on my part as to the state of his mind, I request of you to have the kindness to act for the best in my absence, and to

consider yourself empowered to do whatever you think fit for his advantage.

"I remain, yours very truly,

"T. CAMPBELL.

"To C. Redding, Esq., London."

He could not have been at Glasgow more than a day or two, for he omitted the day of the month in his letter, before I got from him a communication, dated Glasgow, November, 1828:—

"I forgot to request of your kindness to let any letter that may have come to my house, come to the care of William Gray, Esq., Claremont Place, Glasgow, as well as to drop me a single word to say how Thomas is going on.

"The professors here have been put to consternation by Scott's refusal of their illegal offer of the rectorship, and by my arrival; but they are rallying all the slaves among the students—alas! too numerous a body—to appoint a new rival candidate, and to abuse me soul and body.

"My friends among the lads, however, still show pluck, and promise me that if I will not desert them, they will not desert me. The election must soon take place. I will send you a copy of my speech, which must be short; believe me," &c., &c.

I find also the following communication, dated Glasgow, December 8, 1828:—

"I send you a copy of the speech I made here at my installation. I am setting out for Edinburgh this evening, and expect to be in London on Saturday night.

"With a thousand thanks for your attention to my son."

CHAPTER VIII.

Inaugural address.—Political feelings of the poet.—Death of the poet's friend, Dugald Stewart.—Banim's verses.—Lord Dillon and the symposium.—Characteristic abstractions.—Dinner parties.—Cavaliers and Roundheads.—Prizes distributed at Glasgow.—A breakfast in Seymour Street.—The Bishop of Toronto.—Sir Robert Peel.

THE poet, upon his arrival at Glasgow, promised the students anew that he would abide by them and fill the rectorship, if, on due consideration, they could find no one more likely to unite their suffrages, who satisfied them better. A new election took place, and Campbell was voted lord rector by a larger majority of the students than before, and by three out of the four nations.

On the 5th of December, 1828, at three o'clock, no exclusion of the public happening, a great assemblage of persons took place at the Hall, and when the doors were thrown open, the building,

galleries and all, was filled to an overflow. For some time a noise and uproar prevailed, which were silenced by the principal. The oath being administered to the new lord rector, and having signed it, he addressed the students to the following effect:—

"GENTLEMEN,—It is an understood conventional propriety among all civilised elective bodies, than when the tumult of election has subsided, there should be an amnesty proclaimed as to past hostile feeling, and an abstinence observed, on the one side, from all hostile language, and, on the other, from any ungentlemanlike expression of discontent. I come not to break up any such amnesty. I am not capable of degrading myself on this bench by an insidious insinuation against any man's motives or conduct. You, in the free exercise of your elective franchise, had a more than ordinary right to be divided in your opinions; and this division would have been to me, if I needed it, only a fresh incentive to my desire of making you all my constituents in your hearts, by the faithful performance of my duty. But contrary to what would otherwise be my wish, I shall be obliged, for a few moments, to speak of myself; for there are some circumstances respecting my motives and conduct in the present affair that may be unknown to, or misapprehended by many individuals in this assembly. It may not be gene-

rally known, that, before I suffered myself to be proposed for this high mark of your favour, I had ascertained the entire improbability of Lord John Russell's being able to accept of your rectorship, if it had been offered to him. It is also a fact, that I knew not a single popular name, except this nobleman's, that was likely to have divided your suffrages, at the time when I received and answered a first letter, from a large portion of the students, asking me to say explicitly, whether, in the event of being elected, I would come and take the oath for the third and last time. Now, a twelvemonth had not elapsed since, in the eye of day, and with emotions as justifiable as they were fervid and sincere, I had declared to the assembled students of Glasgow, assembled, not at my bidding, but by their own spontaneous enthusiasm, that whilst I lived, I should never forget the manifestations of their attachment, or refuse them any proof of my interest in their welfare, within the small compass of my power. And now, when they tender me a token of their regard, that was palpably meant to be the last of its kind,—and now that they urge their token on my acceptance, by my sympathy in their own interests,—I ask, in the name of consistency and warmheartedness, what was the most natural and proper answer I should send? That I was in bad health, I could not say; that it was impossible for me to come, I could not

say; that it would be inconvenient for me to come, I disdained to say. For I should thus have shown myself a friend weighing the duty of friendship like a light or suspected coin in the little scale of my own convenience. Truly enough, indeed, I might have pleaded my apology for not coming, that I had already shown some proofs of my good-will in having come last year, merely from anxiety to say a few good words in your behalf to the commissioners—a journey that cost me my health, and literally put my life itself into peril. But the business between us now, was not a matter of sentimental argumentation, but a practical question, whether I should fulfil your wishes, and attempt to serve, what you at least considered to be your interests. And if I had spoken of my former services, the simplest youth among you would have had a right to ask, 'If our rector's zeal last year was so ardent, what has become of it now? and if he could come to us in sickness, why can he not come to us in health?' Besides, all your shrewder students know, as well as I know, that, not from any fault or indolence of mine, but from absolute necessity, and from due caution not to moot certain points prematurely, I had, all but the journey in bad health, a comparatively easy and placid rectorship; but that a crisis was now coming, likely to render the rectorship of this year both a trying and a

troublesome post. By what honourable tie was I then bound to insist on leaving that post against your general wish, just at the time when it might be feared that it would become a little more irksome? Was I to have sailed with you all smiles and affection through the calm, but the moment the water was a little ruffled, was I to show my romantic interest in you by resolutely going on shore and shuddering at the prospect of keeping you company for another year? Was I to send you a fine declaration, forsooth, that my soul and zeal were still yours as much as ever; but to let it out after all, that my zeal was of a delicate constitution, that it could not brook any agitation, and that it would catch its death of cold on the first exposure to the slightest breath of censorious opposition? No! I thought it more like a man to answer, that, if elected, I should regard it as my bounden duty to come. And if I had sent you any other answer, you might have been generally satisfied with me, but I should never have been satisfied with myself. I should never have ceased to have a secret misgiving, that I had tainted some young and ingenuous mind among you with a suspicion, that when men speak fervently of their attachment to any public cause, they are not to be literally understood as meaning all that they say. I should not have been satisfied that I had acted up to my declarations. By-and-

bye came a letter, putting these declarations to the proof, and invoking me, by all my past regard for the students, to come to them immediately. This letter still came from a majority of them. And you, honourable young men, even you have offered me—for I am bound to think you honourable—let me remind your candour, that still, when I came, I coupled my promise of abiding by my friends with the offer of withdrawing and supporting any other man who could be found to unite more of your suffrages. But from a contested election I could not fly without abandoning my friends and my faith, and all pretensions to moral courage; and without setting an example to trustlessness and cowardice before a university resorted to by the youth of England and of Ireland, and filled with the young hearts of my native land. I, therefore, return you my best thanks for this appointment, as a token of your confidence and regard. But if I were to thank you for the pageantry and publicity of the office, I should record a sentiment to which my heart is at this moment an utter and disdainful stranger. For, supposing, what is anything but the case, that in the present circumstances of my life, I was much alive to vain-glorious feeling, still your rectorship, honourable as it is—if I had been without an affectionate interest in my native university—would have been but a sorry bribe to my

most selfish calculations. And if I had gone on these, I should not have had the honour of now addressing you. But I had no selfish or ignoble motives. And for your accrediting this assertion, I palter not with suspicions—I appeal to whatever is honourable in your bosoms—and I demand belief.

"No, gentlemen, I come to you in a frame of mind not indeed crushed, though chastened by calamity, but still in a frame of mind little coveting any new sprig for my mere vanity to be interwoven with this crape. Gentleman, unavoidable circumstances have robbed me of the lingua that would have been necessary for addressing you in a worthy manner, on certain of those points connected with your studies, on which your rectors have, for some time past, felt it their duty or their privilege to address you. But I have not forgotten one pleasing privilege of office, which is that of adding to the prizes that may contribute to excite your emulation and to exercise your industry. I propose to offer two silver medals, to be competed for only by the gown students, for the best exercises in Latin and Greek verse, on subjects that shall be speedily announced. I propose also to give two gold medals, to be competed for only by ungowned students, and graduates, whether gowned or not, on two subjects, which, though not intrinsically improper for the consideration of younger minds,

might yet, as subjects of composition, distract them from more immediately important pursuits. The first gold medal which I propose is for the best English essay on 'The Evils of Intolerance towards those who differ from us in Religion.' I use this circuitous phrase from disliking to couple the epithet *religious* with that spirit of intolerance which, reversing the sublime aim of all religion, bows down the mind from its celestial aspiration to the anxieties of this world; like the Indian fig-tree, which, after bearing its head loftily in the sky, turns down again its branches from the sunshine of heaven to be blended and buried in the dirt of earth. Another gold medal shall be given for the best English essay on 'The Comparative importance of Scientific and Classical Instruction in the General Education of Mankind.'

"Now, let no candidate imagine that I shall favour any essay on this subject, on account of the side which he takes as to this or that opinion in the comparative estimate, for I shall decide merely by the display of talent. In my own opinion, the importance of science is paramount; but this idea from an unscientific man, and thus hastily thrown out and unargued, will not, of course, affect you, still less I hope will it cause you to suspect that I would depreciate the beautifying and exalting influences of classic learning. No! For in looking down through the furthest

imaginable vistas of futurity, I cannot picture to myself any intelligent future age in which classical erudition shall not hold a high and glorious niche in the grand temple of human knowledge.

"I have nothing further to add, than to beg you to return assiduously to your studies; and that if any feuds have sprung up among you in consequence of this election, you will bury them all in generous oblivion."

He returned to London in tolerable health, and began to talk much on politics. He contended, on the accession of the Peel and Wellington administration that there was a want of sound public opinion in the country. Speaking of the aspect of public affairs to a friend, whose transcript of his words is before me, he says:—

"Your feelings on the aspect of affairs are precisely my own. It is not that the Tories are in power again, that might be, but it is vexatious because it proves the lamentable want of a sound public opinion, and the corruption of the influential part of the English population. The Tories may go out, but that does not cure the evil. Reform must come some day, and that not a distant one. Wellington's bayonets cannot create wealth, but may do much towards knocking it down. At our time of life, we can expect to see no revival frem enforced revolution and all the misery it brings before it brings good. I think we all overlook one

important thing in human affairs, and not an inconsiderable one. We have counted too much on the increasing intelligence of society, without recollecting that besides intellect there must be *will* to move onward, to produce great ameliorations in social life. It is to be feared matters are so arranged that the volitions of the dishonest few are and will ever be more concentrated, and therefore more operative than those of the many, and that, as of old, to those that have will be given. I do not say that the liberal party have acted over well, it has shown division in itself. Each man seems to seek his own good, and forget that the good of the public is identified with it, if it be lawful good."

He had no high opinion of Huskisson, who made some noise at that moment in a Liverpool speech, though he admitted that his financial views augured well. At the inveterate imbecility of Lord Goderich the poet indulged in many a joke, and it must be owned that time has strengthened the legality of a deeper derision than the poet ever commanded towards such a minister. As the Catholic question gained ground the poet's spirit seemed to get up.

"If we cannot have political let us have religious liberty; it is something, at least, for our thoughts to be free."

But it was only in the society of his particular

friends that he spoke so freely upon political topics. As a Whig he never once wavered in his sentiments, but grew more liberal, as all, in place of a few of the Whigs ought then to have grown. He was, however, quite vociferous at the attack made by the Duke of Wellington upon Sir Edward Codrington for fighting the Battle of Navarino. The duke and his ministry styled it an "untoward event." He said it was untoward, because it was honest and straightforward, and because it prevented years more of that sneaking, intriguing, lying diplomacy by which the Holy Alliance powers would, out of their mutual jealousy, damage the freedom of Greece, if they could not wholly prevent it.

Campbell, staunch as he was to sound political principles, was too earnest and warm for a politician. His views were liberal, high-minded, and sound, but he would have been a poor statesman from these very virtues. He would never yield a valid principle, while he would not have had patience to work it out by that sure and slow process which alone ensures success; by that wearisome waste of effort, of language, of time and muscle, which must be made a sacrifice to render current any one of the simplest truths that the cultivated mind finds self-evident. Was it worth the pains? No, said Campbell, for if the people having learned the alphabet will not

proceed to words themselves, there are only two classes that will take the pains for them, the fools and the ambitious, and one or the other have always been rulers; the first ever blundering, and the last making the public a stepping-stone. To consume a series of years in convincing the Lords and Commons that two and two do not make seven, is a humiliating task for a prime minister, let his principles be what they may, and that is the whole history of the matter. In truth, the poet would have made a sorry public man; his want of application to business and his impatience under restraint, as well as his scorn of the formal and pedantic, even where form and pedantry are, from usage, indispensable, he could never have surmounted.

The repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts in the same year, and Lord Eldon's opposition to that repeal, made Campbell one day laughingly remark of that narrow-minded and bigoted old man, that what he was in law he could not judge, but out of it he was an old woman. His solitary warning to the Lords against the repeal reminded him of the warning of the witch of Endor, without its veracity.

Just then political feeling ran high. The poet expressed his astonishment that Peel should deny the claims of the Catholics to emancipation either upon the score of justice or policy. Peel was partly a favourite with the poet.

About a month after the death of Mrs. Campbell, he lost an old friend, for whom he ever expressed the greatest regard, one of his earliest friends too, Dugald Stewart, to whose "Philosophy of the Human Mind" he had made frequent references to myself. The professor retained his high mental qualities to the last, having at seventy-five written a preface that exhibited an increase of mental power, a contrast of an opposite nature to the poet's own conformation, and, looking at what a few years were to bring about, another of the many striking proofs of human frailty and blindness to the future. When Campbell noted the brilliant mind of his friend shining like the noon-day sun to the last, how little could he have foreseen the decay of his own genius so long before the like age.

Banim just then sent me some verses from Sevenoaks, which the poet did not like, I could not conceive why, and I gave them to Pringle for his little annual—"The Friendship's Offering." The subject was a touching one. I give it here from his own letter. "They," the lines, "were at least earnestly felt and conceived. Last summer, after going down to Hastings, Mrs. Banim and I took a walk along the path at the bottom of Cart Hill, and passing the little churchyard, which you may recollect, we caught a glance of the headstone of an old friend, who had just died in the

town, and whom we knew a few months before. Young, beautiful, and good, after the first feeling came the remarkable question—'Yes, here lies poor Bessy—before her time—yet what has she lost?' and that answer, thus made, it was that suggested my verses."

The poet's objection was not to the verses, but the subject. The truth was, he did not like to see any thing about lost friends, as it recalled to his mind what had just happened. Few Parisians went to see the catacombs of Paris when they were open to the public, from something of a similar sentiment. Yet this year the poet wrote "The Death-boat of Heligoland," a subject sombre enough. He published it anonymously in the Magazine.

Viscount Dillon, a great friend of Campbell's, launched an epic poem, in twelve books, in 1828; the metre, blank verse, was recommended by Campbell. It had been a work of three years. There were excellent points about Lord Dillon; he was kind, gentlemanly, hospitable, with a handsome person. In company highly agreeable, though given to engross a full share of conversation. In his poem he imitated some of the inversions of language in Milton and others of the great poet's peculiarities, but not with success. The noble viscount, however, erred sometimes on the score of metaphorical propriety. I remember a

figure of his which compared the flight of a female apparition through the sky to a rocket—

> "Rapid as rocket rushing with a hiss
> She cleaves the sky."

Some passages were effective and poetical.

Lord Dillon patronised a young lady as a poetess, and mentioned her in the highest terms to Campbell, to whom she was, it subsequently appeared, to dedicate her volume. His lordship had talked of her for nearly two years, and one day said, "She is a wonderful girl—she is the girl to start for the Derby." Some time after, the poet asked if she had not "bolted," as he had heard nothing more of her at the winning-post. The volume at last appeared, with lines indicative of an elegant, well-informed mind.

At the poet's this amiable but somewhat enthusiastic nobleman used to get into conversations of a considerable length, until Campbell either got impatient, or lapsed into one of his abstractions, and became lost to all that was said. In the meantime I was generally conversing with Mrs. Campbell. Lord Dillon would turn and address me, on perceiving Campbell's inattention. It was impossible not to attend to one who was really so kind a man, and of such thorough good manners, although, as a French writer says, "it was difficult to get a comma into the discourse." On many subjects, particularly in relation to Ireland,

he was full of information. He had made himself well acquainted with Italy, where he said he had lived several years for less than a thousand a year in order to economise, and could get teachers for his children, keep a carriage, horses, and a town and country house for that sum.

At the house of R——n at Paddington, a warm conversation ensued about some Roman antiquities, volubly enunciated by Lord Dillon. Campbell, who felt the call of appetite, saw the dinner set in the next room, and the discussion going on while the guests were seating themselves. Fancying a turkey under one of the covers he said, "Gentlemen, let us leave Rome for Turkey." When the cover was taken off, the dish exhibited a goose. "We can't leave the Capitol, you see," said our host. "No," said Campbell, "every one to his friends—*dulce domum.*"

Dillon, Campbell, and one or two others, used to meet at dinner at this friend's house near Maida Hill, when the pleasantness and conviviality of the after-dinner-hour were the most agreeable I ever remember. The table was strictly a "conversable table," never less than the Graces nor more than the Muses sitting down to it. In general there were no more than six. Here all kinds of subjects were freely discussed—poetry, philosophy, economy, politics, and sometimes religion, but nothing in the way of disputation, all being in a strain of

sober inquiry or illustration, carried on in good humour. There was none of that affectation of wit, that intention to exhibit which too frequently in those days consumed time to no purpose; none of that Sisyphean labor which, toiling for smartness and levity, falls back from over-effort. The poet and the peer both came into the world in 1777, and were within a month or two of the same age. Lord Dillon had a seat out of Ireland—Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, where he dealt out a generous hospitality.

In 1829, the poet had become somewhat more reconciled to his domestic misfortune. He now went into society frequently and saw company at home. He had not lost any portion of his old abstractive habit, however, for Pringle had been circulating a paper soliciting a subscription for an unfortunate youth named Henry Scott. A copy was put into Campbell's hand for the purpose of mentioning the subject at a dinner where he was to be in the chair. When the cloth was removed, the poet had forgotten the paper and all about the subscription for which Pringle had been solicitous. In fact, Campbell had mislaid it at home. Pringle complained to me; "You should have kept the paper yourself," I observed, "and having prepared Campbell for the expectation of it beforehand, have gone and given it to him at the proper moment; it was eight chances out of ten otherwise that he would lose it."

"Impossible!" said Pringle; "a charity matter, too?"

With his habitual absence of mind, as I told that excellent and kind man, he would have lost an exchequer bill in the same way, the last property he had in the world.

Pringle then sent him a note, recalling the circumstance of his inattention, which the world would have declared was unpardonable neglect, disregard of charitable feelings, and the like. Campbell instantly replied:—

"I was guilty of a sad oversight in neglecting to circulate the paper which you gave me, and now, by some fatality, I have mislaid it for the present, though I shall seek for it, and I think to a certainty I shall find it.

"In the meantime I enclose 3*l.* as the only atonement I can offer you for the behoof of the poor fellow in whom you are so humanely interested. With much regard, and respect, &c."

This was but a repetition of the poet's old way. I never heard that the paper was discovered; the chances are, that it was never heard of again.

I think it was the time he last came up from Scotland that I crossed him in the street just as he was entering his own house, wearied and dusty. I went in with him for a few minutes, when putting his hand into all his pockets, he exclaimed, "I have not lost them, surely; I had a hundred

pounds and more just now." He searched, but searched in vain, coat, pockets, and all. He had just been set down in the White-horse Yard, Fetter Lane, and remarked that he was positive he had the notes there.

"Did he know the numbers?"

"No." He set off to the inn again, but he never heard any thing more of his notes. He pulled them out perhaps, and dropped them in the coach in which he left the inn. I found he had brought them loose in his pocket, such was his careless way. Even when he wished to place any thing at home in security, he generally put it in some place that when he wanted it he had forgotten. He soon forgot in the present case the loss of his money, economist as he affected at times to be.

He passed the first three months of the year in London, in tolerable health, resuming as near an approach as he could make to his old domestic life, though it was easily seen that his efforts were far from successful. There are so many little things demanding female supervision in the economy of a household, that are certain to be neglected under male superintendence, and above all under the superintendence of one so "helpless" as the poet was, to use Mrs. Campbell's word, that the want of her who had for so many years filled up the void now become wider in the poet's ex-

istence, was every day more and more visible. On the loss of Mrs. Campbell he had to begin a new course of life, without adaptation for the change, or experience to direct him how to make the best of it. It is with many like the severance of life itself to be thus torn away from past habits to form new ones. Confidence in self may do much to retrieve such a state of things, but it will as often lead wide of the mark as it will steer successfully, while in any case there are no more than partial restoratives, since the memory of past things, like antique coins, gaining additional value from the green rust of time, is quite sufficient to prevent the present from yielding satisfaction.

He decked his table with fresh plate, gave dinners, occasionally, as if he wished to seek in society at home the removal of that desolateness of feeling which it was impossible he should not experience. His table had seldom more than six, including himself and son, or eight at most. I never recollect to have met more. His dinners were frugal and well served, there was nothing extraneous; all was in good taste, too, at this time, for he had not yet betaken himself to those changes of domicile nor that disregard of comfort which he afterwards fell into as he drew more towards his last years. I well remember his giving

dinners in the month of January in this year, on account of circumstances occurring peculiarly characteristic.

In April this year Campbell took a journey into Scotland again, although he had been down three months before. The object was to distribute the prizes which it has been already seen, from his address to the students of Glasgow, it was his intention to give them for certain essays upon subjects he had designated. He reached Glasgow on the 6th of April, from the following communication which I still have in my possession, stating, as was too frequently the case where business was to be transacted under his arrangement, that some error had taken place :—

"I arrived here this morning, when I learnt to my mortification that the prize exercises for my medals had been sent to London. They must have come to Seymour Street this morning. Will you have the goodness, my dear friend, to get them sent off immediately to me per mail, addressed to me Wm. Gray, Esq., Claremont Place, Glasgow. With best remembrances, I remain, &c. (though with a wretched steel-pen)."

He was occupied until the 17th of the month in Glasgow, about the affairs of the university, during which time he adjudged the prizes for the different essays which had been sent to London for his decision, under the idea that he would not

have gone down to Scotland for that purpose. His zeal in his office and his attachment to the place of his instruction and of his much-cherished youthful recollections, would not permit him to remain absent on such an occasion as the above letter shows.

On the 17th of the same month, he was still in Glasgow, for he wrote from thence under that date.

"After a good deal of discussion, I have brought my rectorial matters to a settlement, and am now on the point of leaving this place for Edinburgh, from whence, on Monday next, the 20th, I shall embark for London. I am bringing with me one of the students, whom I have invited to stop a month with me in town. I long to tell you all my adventures here."

The first notice I had of his return was a note to the following effect, undated:—

"I have returned sooner than I expected, last night, and am here at your service at as early an hour as you like to come to-day. I have an apology to make to you, which I *must* make verbally.

"P.S.—By an early hour, I mean five or so. I am going out at two. Perhaps you will have the goodness to say whether you will come at five or later."

To what the apology related I have now no recollection. I went over and dined. The poet was in excellent spirits, and entered into a detail

of his journey and of the high gratification he felt at his reception in the third year of his rectorship. He spoke of the piece of plate he had received as a memento of the most agreeable recollections of his life, and said that he never felt so strongly before the impression made from bygone years. That he knew it was a delusion of the past which conferred upon them their present value, but that he could hardly overcome by reason the fallacy of their superior worth over existing objects. That as he might not again visit Scotland, he had taken a silent leave of the places to which he had been most attached in early life. I rather wondered this had given no occasion for the use of his pen. In the former year he had published his "Lines on Revisiting a Scottish River," after his return from Glasgow, but now, perhaps, his feelings were too deep to find a vent this way. I remember he dwelt, even with pathos, upon recollections of his early life, as I never heard him do before, for he was exceedingly reserved about all that related to his personal feelings, as if he would fain have it thought he was indifferent to that which most affected mankind in general. He spoke of calling upon some friends in Edinburgh, and of Professor Wilson, who was not at home when he came through. He spoke of Sir Walter Scott, and of hearing that he was not in as good health as every body wished;

of the continued changes he observed in the Scottish capital, to which he expressed a great attachment, and wound up all by remarking that he thought the locality of a vast city like London had this recommendation in its favour, that it made personal changes less visible, and buried in its perpetual round of bustle and anxiety, the acuteness of those feelings which in the country, from their causes being continually present, were sure to be prolonged to no good end. What did it matter, we ran the same inevitable round towards age, less perceptibly in London than in the country; here

Tempora labunter, tacitisque senescimus annis,

it was some consideration not to have the continued observation of it before our eyes.

I remarked that he had left the poetical for the philosophical mood, which was rather a strange thing with him.

"My good friend," he replied, "a poet is a philosopher; the world won't think so, because his lessons are not delivered according to the conventional ideas of the philosopher's language. The difference is, that the poet gives the same lessons over sparkling wine, that the dry philosopher gives without even a glass of water to moisten his mouth."

In the spring of this year, as before, Campbell

gave, now and then, breakfast-parties to ten or a dozen literary friends. I cannot recollect whether it was this year or the preceding that, at one of these parties, he played me a trick, which he enjoyed, and to which as late as 1839 he referred in a mode which showed that though his bodily strength had began to exhibit, in no slight degree, symptoms of that decay which year by year became more visible, his memory had not quite failed him. I remember Washington Irving, Thomas Pringle, Leigh Hunt, Generals Lallemand and Pépe, Sir C. Morgan, H. Smith, Lord Dillon, Dr. Strachan, Archdeacon of Canada, afterwards Bishop, and others, were present. I did not then know that the doctor was an archdeacon, or of the church of England, but supposed he was a clergyman of the church of Scotland. Campbell, perceiving this, slily ran me deep into my error. The church of England came upon the carpet, in consequence of an allusion to some flagrant circumstances that had occurred in the cloth about that time in relation to cases of great looseness of morals in certain church clergymen. I forget now what they were, nor does it matter, as it merely set the subject going. I began to dilate upon the greater care exercised in respect to moral character in choosing clergymen in Scotland than in England —addressing myself now and then to Dr. Strachan directly. Thence I proceeded to other points, in

which I conceived the church of Scotland had an advantage over that of England. Campbell now and then said something to me in a low tone, for no other end save to prolong the deception I was under. At length I paid the church of Scotland so many compliments, as being more simple in form. I do not know whether I did not speak of apostolic fishermen and purple thrones and mitres being irreconcileable to primitive Christianity. I fairly galled the good archdeacon, who soon withdrew solus to the drawing-room. Campbell could contain no longer. He stated to all present that Dr. Strachan was of the church of England, archdeacon of Toronto, in Canada, a very good man, and an old friend of his.

"You have done your own business now," said Campbell to me.

"Why, I saw you did not disapprove of what I said."

"Oh no," he replied, "the doctor is very good-natured, and to punish one of the orthodox who put faith in prelacy is a virtue in the eyes of a John Knoxer, as of course I am."

I felt annoyed; I would not willingly give any one offence, and feared I had hurt the archdeacon's feelings.

Catholic Emancipation was at this time the engrossing topic of conversation. The conduct of the Duke of Wellington in yielding to the neces-

sity of the measure, obtained more than one eulogium from the poet.

"See here," said Campbell, showing me a letter from Ireland, in the month of January or February, "there will be serious work, I fear; Peel, says ———, is the greatest ignoramus or unaccountable that ever lived. He wrote to the lord-lieutenant, Lord Anglesey, a school-boy letter, most insolent and overbearing, and attributed his recall to his correspondence with Dr. Curtis, though that correspondence was not published till after the recall had arrived here—this is too bad even for Candor 'himself.'"

"Soft and fair," said the poet, "parliament is but just opened. If Peel opposes the measure, it will still be carried. I cannot believe he will hold out in opposition."

Some very severe remarks upon Sir Robert Peel's conduct, then Mr. Peel, in afterwards giving his late assent to that measure, were made in the poet's hearing. It was contended that he had sacrificed his principles, forsaken his friends, and, for the sake of place, cast a stain upon his reputation. Campbell, whose political tenets had never varied through life, and, therefore, might be supposed more likely than individuals of looser political principles to join in the censures thus unsparingly dealt out, on the contrary, vindicated the conduct of Peel. He insisted that there was

no reason to suppose one, who was independent in fortune, and allied to a powerful party for so long a period as Peel had been, would change his opinion without a conviction that he was acting for the public benefit, giving way not to any alteration effected in his own previous prejudices, but to the consideration that those prejudices, placed in competition with a great public advantage, must not be suffered to contravene its operations. Our honest convictions were not dependent upon our will, nor should they be upon our party feeling, and to restrain their effects because they opposed our wishes or attachments, might become those who never acted from honest conviction at all, but could not so operate with those who had better constituted minds, and more enlarged ideas. Peel might have been given to look too little in advance of the moment in judging of a great public question, but when the moment came that he saw the advantage of a conduct opposite to that he had before pursued, and with boldness and honesty gave it his support—though at a late period, comparatively—he did not merit censure, but praise. He, Campbell, would not allow that motive was in such a case to be impugned in the precipitate manner in which it had been. He thought the great preponderance of evidence was in Peel's favour, and he would not suffer the predilections of Whig or

Tory to mingle with the examination of the causes of such a change in the minister. He knew, because it was openly shown by the reasons they gave, that bigotry in religion, and a want of right reasoning, were the main springs of the opposition made to complete emancipation—to the removal of every sort of restraint that existed connected with opinion, whether with "Jew or Greek." Actions, not opinions, were the true objects of legal restraint, because the one was dependent upon volition, and the other was not—the one concerned man, was tangible and visible, the other arraigned mental and unseen agencies. The advancement of knowledge caused the growing conviction of this truth. It was operating in all civilised countries. It was rather hard upon a British minister to censure him for becoming a party to a state of things that, sooner or later, would be inevitable. Peel had nothing to fear from the reproach that he differed from narrow-minded friends, and incurred their censures for insuring a great benefit to his country. For his, Campbell's, part, he should ever feel happy at the change in Peel's opinions, and concede to him heartfelt thanks for the act, as well as esteem the sacrifice he had made of party, as one made for the public benefit.

Whenever he heard the minister attacked for changing his sentiments, he used similar argu-

ments, insisting, too, that Peel was not bound to go out of office unless a majority of the House of Commons were against him. He was rather constrained to remain in place for the purpose of carrying the measure of Emancipation. Because he had once thought as his friends did, he ought not to suffer the good intended, to be marred for the sake of party. The alteration in Peel's policy had been from wrong to right principles, he had not acted as some had done, and gone over from right to wrong, sacrificing liberal and enlarged to narrow and selfish views. Peel, in advocating Emancipation, had done nothing of this kind, and was entitled to be judged fairly on that particular measure, by the good the change in his sentiments would confer upon the community, and not by Whig or Tory partialities. Thus the poet showed nothing of the spirit of party upon this question. Again and again I heard him allude to it almost in the same terms. There can be no doubt that he spoke from his own conviction of the injustice of Peel giving up to party cabal the completion of a measure then deemed necessary for the peace of Ireland, as well as being essential to the freedom of the citizen. Campbell did not deny that Peel's former party might complain, but that was not a point of moment where a public benefit was in question. Peel's want of foresight might be a constitutional failing; foresight had been denied

to many characters of eminence—it was wanting in numberless instances in the transactions of persons in ordinary life, and might be wanting in a statesman as well as in any other individual who might possess other qualifications for office. If so, it was a misfortune, not a crime, and despite the misfortune the good had been done, the true sense of the thing had become visible in time to effect what was wanted.

It was singular that Campbell thus strenuously defended this statesman in those days upon the very point on which, since he has been deceased, the same statesman exhibited more striking lapses. It was singular, too, that a Whig so zealous as Campbell should become Peel's champion, when, by so many of all parties, his conduct was placed on the list of unquestionable equivocations.

CHAPTER IX.

Contributions of the poet, 1829.—Catholic emancipation.—Deaths of old friends.—Barry St. Leger.—Remarks on Flaxman's lectures.—Dulwich project and disappointment.—Mackintosh and Lawrence.—Appearance of Moore's Byron.—Letter to Moore regarding Byron.—Defence of Lord Byron.—Remarks on the defence.—Removal to Scotland Yard.—Rooted dislike of the poet to honorary titles.—Madame Roland's philosophy commended.

THE literary contributions of the poet in 1829, in poetry, were the songs beginning, "When Love first came to Earth," "Lines to Julia Macdonald," the accomplished daughter of the adjutant-general, and "Verses on the departure of the Emigrants," to be found in the edition of his works in octavo, 1839, and "On Shakspeare's Sonnets," in prose. This year, in September, Campbell left Seymour Street for a house in Middle Scotland Yard, Whitehall.

Catholic emancipation still engrossed much of

the public attention. The Duke of Wellington, evidently unable to bring about what he thought so desirable, owing to the bigotry of many of his Tory friends, had thought it best to temporise for a season. The jealousy of the high church party was uncontrollable. The welfare of the community, even that of the crown itself, appeared to that party a thing of no moment. The duke accordingly wrote a letter to Dr. Curtis in Ireland, which, although sound in policy, bore a remarkable contrast as to correctness of language and argument to that of the Marquis of Anglesey on the same subject, respecting which Peel had made the blunder of attributing the recall of Lord Anglesey to a letter that had no existence until afterwards. This showed the want of a "stepping out together" at head-quarters. The duke's letter contained a bull. His grace recommended burying the question in oblivion for a time, and discussing its difficulty. This caused a remark from the poet, and no little merriment at a party, where some insisted that the sense was perfectly clear. The poet said that "oblivion," with the word "buried" attached, seemed to imply irrecoverable forgetfulness; but this was hypercritical, especially towards the great soldier, who did not think much of language. Besides, it was a colloquial phrase in every society. As

to the bull, it belonged to the duke's own side of the channel, and the meaning was clear.

"But it is a bull notwithstanding."

"I do not deny it," said the poet, "but the intention is clear, there could be little doubt about the meaning."

"Nor is there," remarked some one present, "about the answer of the Irishman who, when asked whether his sister-in-law had been brought to bed of a boy or a girl, replied, 'By my sowl I do not know whether I am an uncle or an aunt.'"

What then was language as to its end, but the communication of the intention or wishes of another; that achieved, it was enough for the duke, though it was an exception, in the present instance, to his general lucidness, and "no mistake" manner.

"Besides," said the poet, "he is so pestered with Orange Protestants in Ireland, and bigots of all sorts in England, that I have no doubt he is more in perplexity than he was at Waterloo. Used to command and to have it all his own way at the head of an army, the virulent and intemperate opposition of his friends must annoy him; but if men will keep bad company they must expect to pay the penalty. The duke still clings to those on whose fidelity and narrow-mindedness he has so long placed reliance."

This year died Henry Mathews, who had succeeded Sir Harding Giffard on the judicial Bench in Ceylon, where he fully realised every expectation entertained regarding him. Another friend, Francis Barry Boyle St. Leger, at the close of this year, aged thirty, departed from the world. His father had been a leading Whig, and a friend of Lord Guildford in Ireland. He was educated at Rugby, and went out to India at seventeen, when, not liking the service, he returned home, entered of the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar only three years before his decease. He was the author of "Gilbert Earle." He died of repeated attacks of epilepsy. He was personally known to few persons, but his attainments were considerable, his attachments warm, his conversation highly agreeable, with qualities of the class that are certain to make strong friends.

The first literary effort of the poet in 1830, was his remarks on the lectures of Flaxman, the sculptor, which had been just before published. I have already stated, that the poet always felt and expressed a high admiration for Flaxman's works. They in some measure met his preconceived ideas of Grecian form, that is, his own notions of what they once were in the reality, rather than any data of their excellence drawn from his own acquaintance with the details of the art,

for in art he was book-learned alone. He touched upon the small ceremony of the Edinburgh Review in treating on Flaxman's lectures, and proceeded, with judgment, to vindicate the high rank the sculptor undoubtedly held in art, not only in the opinion of eminent artists in England, but upon the continent, an opinion which has gained ground since the decease both of the sculptor and his eulogist. Some of his remarks, however, were not in that perfect sobriety of language and simile which in preceding times had marked his prose style, and seemed to lead towards the change, which in the biography of a player in Mrs. Siddons' memoirs,—a most untoward subject for him,—was exhibited yet more remarkably afterwards. "The flow of didactic language, constructed for the tread of sober ideas perilously shaken by the tramp of impassioned enthusiasm," is a strained metaphor. "Orgies in style," or drunken feasts in style, is not happy, and to "new mint the ore of opinion" is different indeed from the classical beauty of phraseology in his own lectures, and essay on poetry, as ore cannot be new minted, because if once minted it ceases to be ore, while ore standing for metal was too latitudinarian for his prose. When, however, he had to censure or blame, he seemed prone to have recourse to this kind of phrase, as may be remarked in his letter to Moore respecting Byron. He

censured the critic who wrote in the Edinburgh Review, with much justice. His efforts to defend Flaxman were generous and just. He felt what he wrote. The classic severity of the sculptor, and the purity of his taste, were allied to the poet's own feelings in his best days, those feelings in some respects that led to his defence of Pope against Bowles.

There could not be a doubt that Campbell preferred the composite excellence in art to any natural copy existence. The ideal was his elysium. I would not be sure that his frequent abstractions were not mental occupations upon better things than he could find among the realities of life; castle buildings, that, like the images of a kaleidoscope, displayed themselves in his sensorium, even as he walked London streets, and beguiled their sameness and noise. One of such a disposition would prefer the Venus or Apollo Belvidere, composed of a union of perfect parts, to the merely human, natural, but still transcendant merit of the Elgin sculptures. Learned in what concerned Greece, and in art book-learned, rather than learned from the actual observation and study of the antique figure, still the poet's notions of art were high and worthy, and he had the advantage of the reviewer in the argument, who displayed no great intimacy with his subject, or

else was careless about hazarding remarks that fully justify such a suspicion.

The poet, in his remarks on the Edinburgh Review, censured that work further for its reprobation of Flaxman's doctrine that an acquaintance with anatomy was of the highest consequence to the sculptor. This led to a suspicion that the article in the Edinburgh was written by some friend of Chantry, who disparaged anatomical knowledge because he possessed little or none himself. It is one thing, however, to obtain an ephemeral celebrity, which accident may contribute to obtain for individuals of mediocre ability in art or literature, and to work out that enduring fame which is co-existent with the works themselves in all times and countries. The artist who labours for all time feels that truth alone is the basis on which he must build up a name, and no flimsy resource for effect, no evasion of an essential contributing to excellence can be practised with any defect in this great and laudable object. A slight observation of nature is not enough. Flaxman desired the artist not to be content with a slight view of nature externally, but to carry his views into her internal organisation. Flaxman was as well known in other countries as his own, a rare thing indeed with English sculptors. His severity of style, and purity of

design, heralded him everywhere. The poet, it is easily seen, was a partisan of Flaxman's opinion, for while he had himself no knowledge of the details of the art, he well knew how to defend principles which were coincident with his own ideas.

This notice of Flaxman's lectures, or rather, of the Edinburgh Review, upon them, was published on the 1st of January, 1830. It was remarkable on another account, as having been read to the President of the Royal Academy just before he expired.

On the 8th of January, 1830, Campbell, who had fixed (after several former attempts had failed) to go with me to Dulwich, set out for that purpose. We were to walk down and dine at the College, where I had never dined, and he was to introduce me. Continually talked about and delayed upon some excuse or another, we set off down Regent Street about eleven o'clock in the forenoon; the poet in high spirits, talking of the many times he had been entertained there, of the kindness of the brethren, and of the valuable collection of pictures of Sir Francis Bourgeois. It might be thought that—actually on foot, and a mile passed upon our pedestrian exploit—there could have been no baulk to our design, but the College I was never destined to see

with him. We had reached the Quadrant, when, about half way through the southern colonnade, for it had not then been defaced by a barbarian destruction, we met Sir James Mackintosh. I first saw him, and said, "Here comes Sir James Mackintosh, looking very ill."

On meeting, Sir James said, "What a melancholy affair this is."

"What?" said Campbell. "What do you mean —any news this morning?"

"Have you not heard?" replied Mackintosh, with the impress of much feeling. "Poor Lawrence is dead,—he expired last night."

Campbell was thunderstruck, and maintained a dead silence for a minute or more, and then exclaimed, "Dead? Why, it was but an evening ago that I saw him."

"It is all over now," said Mackintosh; "he died last night—early in the evening; the immediate cause of his death remains to be explained."

Campbell seemed to feel deeply,—"Another old friend is gone," he observed; "a man who will be missed, indeed."

"It was a very unexpected event," remarked Sir James, and soon after bade us good morning, and passed on.

"Yes," said I, "and Mackintosh will be the next, he looks so ill."

"He has not looked well for some time," said

Campbell, "and this matter has, no doubt, had its effect upon him. We must not go to Dulwich to-day; we must put it off. We must go and learn more about poor Lawrence. My company will be a burthen to-day." So ended the promenade to Dulwich.

My remark was verified; Sir James soon followed the mutual friend to the tomb.

The poet attended the funeral of Lawrence, on the 21st of January, in St. Paul's Cathedral, I think in Sir Francis Freeling's carriage.

The task of writing the life of Lawrence was confined to Campbell, who entrusted it to the hands of another, dreading the weight of labour it involved, and exercising, in truth, no surveillance over its execution, after affecting to shut himself up from the world, that he might apply to the labour with greater effect.

It was during the spring of this year that the first volume of "Moore's Life of Byron" made its appearance. This was a subject which, upon many accounts, it would have been difficult for a reviewer to notice, who was not aware of Campbell's peculiar feeling upon the subject, and the apprehension he had about touching on any of his personal relations with individuals that might lead him into contention. I had informed him that the work was out, that a notice of it was preparing, which it would be necessary to consider. Could

not such a remarkable work be taken up in the large print, as it was a subject of general conversation, and ought we not to place it there? To the reasonableness of this he appeared, at first, as usual, to be inclined to let me do as I liked, but he altered his mind, and on the following day wrote me a note, of which this is an extract:—

"I have altered my mind with respect to the larger and fuller review of 'Lord Byron's Life,' not from caprice, but for reasons which I will personally explain to you, and which I think your judgment, waiving some utilitarian arguments in compliance with certain delicate relations which I hold both with respect to Lady Byron and Moore, you will, on the whole, approve of."

The consequence of this note was, that I stopped it, and had a notice of the work composed in the small print, and a proof sent to Campbell, who was fastidious about it, and added a letter he had addressed to Moore upon the subject a little before. This letter related to a passage in "Moore's Life of Byron," which was to the following effect, in the words of Byron himself:—

"Campbell last night seemed a little nettled at something or other—I know not what. We were standing in the ante-saloon, when Lord H. (Holland) brought out of the other room a vessel of some composition similar to that which is used in catholic churches, and seeing us, he exclaimed,

'Here is some incense for you.' Campbell answered—'Carry it to Lord Byron, he is used to it.' Now this comes of 'bearing no brother near the throne.' I, who have no throne, nor wish to have one *now*, whatever I may have done, am at perfect peace with all the poetical fraternity, or, at least, if I dislike any, it is not poetically, but personally.

"Surely the field of thought is infinite; what does it signify who is before or behind in a race where there is no goal? The 'temple of fame' is like that of the Persians—the universe; our altar the tops of mountains. I should be equally content with Mount Caucasus, or mount anything, and those who like it may have Mount Blanc or Chimborazo, without my envy of their elevation."

The letter which Campbell wrote to Moore was attached to the notice—a notice evidently too short and superficial for a work of such importance. I remarked this in substance to Campbell. The letter was as follows:—

"My dear Moore.—A thousand thanks to you for the kind things which you have said of me in your 'Life of Lord Byron,'—but forgive me for animadverting to what his lordship says of me at page 463 of your first volume. It is not every day that one is mentioned in such joint pages as those of Moore and Byron.

"Lord Byron there states, that one evening at Lord Holland's I was nettled at something, and the whole passage, if believed, leaves it to infer that I was angry, envious, and ill-mannered. Now I have never envied Lord Byron, but, on the contrary, rejoiced in his fame; in the first place, from a sense of justice, and in the next place, because, as a poetical writer, he was my beneficent friend. I never was nettled in Lord Holland's house, as Lord and Lady Holland can witness; and on the evening to which Lord Byron alludes, I said, '*carry all your incense to Lord Byron,*' in the most perfect spirit of good humour. I remember the evening most distinctly, one of the happiest evenings of my life; and, if Lord Byron imagined me for a moment displeased, it only shows me, that, with all his transcendent powers, he was one of the most fanciful of human beings. I by no means impeach his veracity—but I see from this case that he was subject to strange illusions.

"What feeling but that of kindness could I have towards Lord Byron? He was always affectionate to me both in his writings and in personal interviews; how strange that he should misunderstand my manner on the occasion alluded to; and what temptation could I have to show myself pettish and envious before my inestimable friend Lord Holland. The whole scene as described by

Lord Byron is a phantom of his own imagination. Ah, my dear Moore! if we had him back again how easily could we settle these matters! But I have detained you too long, and begging pardon for all my egotism, I remain,

"My dear Moore,

"Your obliged and faithful friend,

"T. CAMPBELL.

"Middle Scotland-yard, Whitehall, Feb. 18, 1830."

I objected to two lines that I thought might be misconstrued. He admitted the justice of the observation, and they were struck out. I then expected he would make some mention of the note to myself as doing away with the first arrangement respecting the review. He began by saying that there were reasons why for the moment the short notice of the book should suffice. He thought my idea of a full review of Moore's work, into which there might be introduced what he had to say about Byron's conjugal differences, would not be enough for the object he had in view as regarded Lady Byron. That it was true conviction might perhaps be wrought out better in the side way (as I had urged) than in one that seemed put together for the purpose, but that the fact was, there were some remarks from Lady Byron herself, and that a more elaborate review could not include them. That he had since I saw him, determined to make some observations of his own

on the matter in a separate article, and that he had in consequence altered his mind, which he said I could not but think him right in doing. He then put me in possession of the facts which had been communicated to him, and again asked whether I did not agree that no review could include them. I replied in the affirmative, and added, "nor any article either." I had, in reality, fears about the ground he would take, because, in several instances, I had found him an injudicious friend, and he could not state all, for that was impossible. His zeal, and the sincerity of his advocacy, led him in this case as in others, to overlook what belonged to sound policy, operating continually against the end he endeavoured to work out with the best intentions. I remarked to him that public appeals in similar differences had seldom been productive of benefit. That the world would say Lord Byron was now beyond the power of replying to anything that might be advanced by Lady Byron; that for the real merit of the matter, the same world did not care a jot—that if it could have its sneer at one side or the other, or at both, in such cases it was well pleased, and that in similar cases the female was always the hardest treated by it. Campbell then put it as a question whether, the statement he made to me being correct, Lady Byron had not been ill-treated? To which it was impossible not to assent; for, however un-

fitted Lord and Lady Byron might have been for each other in respect to temper and disposition, the point at issue turned upon nothing of the kind.

"Then," said Campbell, "if you admit that, and Lady Byron be right, ought not I to disregard all other considerations?"

"Undoubtedly, if the matter be considered logically," I replied; "but sound policy is another thing in an affair that does not imperiously press for discussion."

He then spoke of Dr. Lushington's opinion, and I remarked that the case was not altered one way or the other before the public by any legal opinion, that we often saw what absurdities were promulgated by ecclesiastical courts, and even those of common law, in cases involving conjugal disputes, when witnesses were put on their words to prove the quantum of conjugal affection existing between parties up to a certain day or hour. That the public had a sentiment of the absurdity of professional opinions in analogous cases of individual feeling, and that what might be law might not be right nor rightful. People formed their own opinions, uninfluenced by that in which they justly had very little faith.

Campbell still persisted he was right, and became chivalrous in the matter. Knowing him so well, my next apprehension was for the mode in which he would set about his task. He had talked

to and consulted me, as it was easy to see, with a foregone resolution. He was determined to be a champion-at-arms, though without practised weapons, and with reservations of which he could not make use. The manuscript of the article, which I have preserved as a relic, more than ever satisfied me with what I had said, and with the correctness of the view I had taken of the character of the championship.

There was nothing resembling the style of this article in all that he had written before. If it were considered spontaneous and uncalled-for, that was a matter of taste resting with himself, it was the *ex cathedrâ* manner in which it was dictated that excited so much animadversion. It dealt in assertion, it controverted Moore in a mode the most strange and *outré* possible. It disproved nothing that Lady Byron, the better authority, had not disproved before by her own assertions, supported by Dr. Lushington's opinion. It bore the character rather of replicatory spleen against Moore, a stranger as he then was to Campbell's information, a thing Campbell did not intend, than a defence of Lady Bryon. The language, compared to Campbell's former simple and pure English, was inflated and verbose. He spoke almost in boast of his own courage, as if that had been called in question, or was ever likely to be in a similar affair. His phrases were anything

but those of Campbell, "planting the *tic douloureux* of domestic suffering in a weak woman's bosom;" to "dirty and puddle the holy water of acknowledgment." "A blue stocking of chilblained learning," "keeping off sentimental mummeries from the hallowed precincts of a widow's character," to "poach for the pathetic," were phrases that would have been vainly sought previously to this ill-judged defence in the writings of any other literary man in England save Campbell himself. One of those impulses under which the poet sometimes did singular things, moved him to undertake a defence that defended nothing, and to make assertions that could go no way in settling the point at issue. He said he had not read the work he attacked, or affected not to have done so:—

"I have not read it in your book, for I hate to wade through it; but they tell me, that you have not only warily depreciated Lady Byron, but that you have described a lady that would have suited him (Lord B). If this be true, it is the unkindest cut of all—to hold up a florid description of a woman suitable to Lord Byron, as if in mockery over the forlorn flower of virtue that was drooping in the solitude of sorrow."

As if he would have burlesqued the pathetic, and make use of that burlesque as argument. He wished to have it credited that he disregarded

the censures of the press upon this affair, and that it was complimentary. This was affectation, he felt them keenly. Lady Byron was not a very old friend, and the latest he made were generally for a time the best with him, and the best defended, especially if they tickled his vanity.

To an old friend like Moore, this defence must have had a very singular appearance, an aspect incomprehensible. It is difficult to image what Campbell thought when he sat down to write in a mode so utterly at variance with his former habits. Had he reasoned that he could communicate no more than Lady Byron had done, he would have seen that he really left the matter as it stood before; but he was moved, as usual, by feeling rather than by reason or policy. In truth, the poet did not possess that versatility of talent which he imagined he did possess. What he did thus badly, was done with good-heartedness and in good faith, but the execution never equalled the virtue of the motive, and, as usual, he was always seen to a disadvantage when off his beaten track. This injudicious championship of Lady Byron did him great mischief, not on account of the subject, which any one, partial to standing well in the esteem of the fair sex, might have undertaken with or without the charge of injudiciousness, as the case happened, but from the discovery it operated, that Campbell had less judgment and talent

as an advocate than was presupposed; that he was unable to make the best of a cause, and that he buried the purity of his literary taste in the zeal of overheated advocacy. Had he not undertaken such a task, he might still have had conceded to him the credit of possessing the requisite ability. Had he advanced the cause he undertook, this might have compensated for the manner in which it had been effected.

The publications thus sent into the world not only surprised his friends, but seemed to unsettle the poet himself for a considerable period afterwards. He appeared as if he could talk of no other subject. But this was his way when any particular thing had occupied his attention for a time. He visited much more than he had done previously, and expressed himself upon every occasion like a warm partisan who overleaps discretion on an all-engrossing topic. The singular way in which he dealt with Moore, in a style between censure and something akin to sneering, which was not at all intended, nor discovered by himself to carry that complexion, was not the least curious thing. There was a species of egotism used, which repelling hypothetical accusations of himself, placed Campbell, his motives, and his feelings prominently forward in the matter, instead of making the defence of the lady's cause and its concomitant grounds the end and scope of all.

Moore must have felt astonished when he perused the article for the first time, while its eccentricity and peculiar deviation from a particular and cautious discretion which until then had appeared a conspicuous quality in the writer, must have surprised him still more.

Moore had done what every biographer does, he had relied with the regard of a friend, in the present case, upon the statements made by Byron. Under such circumstances, and without any light but from the documents he possessed, he had written upon the best authority within his reach. It was rather out of the way to treat him in any other mode than with mild expostulation in the first place, and then to enter calmly into an explanation of what there was to be said on the opposite side of the question. This ought to have been done in place of what really was done, and in a way more worthy of a long-professed friendship, upon which all the while Campbell himself never dreamed of trenching. However, it is satisfactory to know that an old friendship was not severed, and that both the one and the other met some time afterwards on terms of customary cordiality.

I have no aim but that of truth in this statement. It is impossible that I could promulgate one unkind sentiment in relation to a celebrated man with whom a long intercourse only served to

make the balance of esteem greatly preponderate. The best course is that of impartiality; such statements should be made with right feeling, because indifferent persons are interested in their correctness. I do not derogate from the poet's worth by relating an instance of the overflow of his zeal somewhat hurriedly carried into effect. It is no test of kindness to the memory of departed individuals, to proclaim them faultless in the front of the acknowledged compact by which man is linked to his nature—the compact of a common imperfection. Lady Byron, after all, was only anxious, and naturally so, to exculpate her father and mother from Lord Byron's censures, and she attempted to do no more than this. But this was not enough for Campbell, who wildly undertook the task which the lady had expressly stated she had not undertaken. He championed her particular cause, and left it much as he found it, although there could not be two opinions about her having justice upon her side, among those who knew the whole circumstances, of which Moore was at the moment, as the rest of the world is still, in utter ignorance.

The last year of Campbell's Lord Rectorship at Glasgow had expired at the close of 1829. I do not find that he visited Scotland at the conclusion of his official duties there, but conclude he did not, because I cannot find any letter or note from

him dated from Scotland, or indeed out of London, for the entire year. He appeared more sociable, and fonder of company at such seasons, than usual; as the particular humour came upon him, he devoted his time to study as irregularly, but his studies were on dry, abstract subjects, not calculated for the foundation of any work of public interest.

This year, before he moved his residence, he deemed it necessary to place his son under the care of Dr. Matthew Allen, at Epping. The youth's own consciousness of some kind of surveillance being exercised over him, was all that was necessary. To a stranger rational enough, on some points well-informed, young Campbell was an agreeable, chatty companion. There was nothing fatuitous in his look, and in society his conduct was exceedingly correct. At times he was flighty when in the domestic circle, and appeared to view the restraint of his father upon his actions in gloomy meditation, so his father felt, and in consequence fancied what perhaps had no real existence. The poet still lamented to myself that he should never be able to make any thing of him, there being no change after so many years of observation. But he had still kept him in his house, not liking his absence from his own care, until at last he could not longer bear the way in which his son's eyes sometimes became fixed upon him when

he was alone, as if he meditated mischief. I remember calling and finding Mrs. Campbell alone one evening. On asking for the poet, she replied, "He is gone out, Tom was looking at his father just now in a way he could not bear. Though he expected you, he is gone out—he is ruffled in his feelings." The idea, foundationless no doubt, was painful to one of the father's sensitiveness. "I am going to send Tom to the care of Dr. Allen," he observed to me; "I can bear it no longer." The resolution was the more painful on account of the mild nature of the complaint, which would seem scarcely to have required removal to such an establishment, with a superficial observer. "What can I do? I cannot leave my home without some watch being kept over him in my absence; and when I am present he becomes a subject of painful contemplation." No affection could be stronger towards a child than that of Campbell towards his son. Young Thomas was accordingly sent to the house of Dr. Allen, where he remained fourteen years and upwards. His father used to go occasionally and see him, and I have known the son walk into town with Dr. Allen, and call upon his father. On such an occasion, Dr. Allen told me once, upon my asking for him on visiting the establishment, that he was gone into the forest, where he had been planning roads and scheming improvements. That he spent almost

all his time in the open air if the weather was fine. "He comes in regularly to dinner at two o'clock," said the doctor.

There was much of feeling displayed by Campbell on this parting occasion, and perhaps I have been wrong in charging upon his wonted restlessness of temper his removal to Scotland Yard from Upper Seymour Street. He had been put to considerable expense by the alterations and additions he had made to his house, and had altered his library just before Mrs. Campbell's death. It is probable he felt at last much more gloomy than he liked to confess, in a residence where he had so much to remind him of the past. There he was now left to meditate on the loss he had sustained by the vicissitudes of life, and to suffer the more, because what he suffered was in vain. Certain it is that I imagined there was a good deal going on in his mind at the time, from observing a more than usual absence and inattention to business; but he let fall nothing that could afford a clue as to what was the real fact. Several wild reports were afloat regarding his motives, but he was ever restless as to his residences on leaving Sydenham. He had lodgings in Margaret Street, and in Foley Place only. Upon going to 10 Upper Seymour Street West, he gave up his house at Sydenham, but had he possessed it, he would hardly have returned there.

Some talkers would fain have ascribed to him an affair of the heart as the cause, but the poet knew better than to be caught at Lord Brougham's "eleventh hour." There was a reserve, too, about him, that seemed to make it a matter of pride that he would bear even his grievances alone. He kept his mind in its own solitude, and would not suffer the precincts to be violated by one particle of that sympathy which others might communicate; the most philosophical, if not the most natural way of meeting the strokes of misfortune.

He had been reading the Life of Madame Roland, and highly commended, as a source of consolation under misfortunes, that passage in which this remarkable lady spoke of resistance to them —a resistance which she so nobly exemplified on the scaffold. "We must look to ourselves for consolation, not to extraneous assistance," said Campbell. This seemed to me a clue to his feelings. A reference to the works of Madame Roland has enabled me to recover the passage to which he alluded, as it recurred to memory at once on seeing it.

"Dans toutes les peines que j'ai essuyée la plus vive impression de douleur est presque aussitôt accompagnée de l'ambition d'opposer mes forces au mal dont je suis l'objet, et de la surmonter ou par le bien que je fais à d'autres, ou par l'augmentation de mon propre courage.

Ainsi la malheur peut me poursuivre et non m'accable: les tyrans peuvent me persecuter; mais m'avilir? Jamais, jamais!"

This sentiment the poet thought worthy of a great mind of antiquity—and that it was the finer from being the doctrine of one who acted up to her high-minded convictions, and proved the value of her own philosophy.

When anything that touched his poetical works was alluded to in his presence, it was obvious how anxious he still was lest what might be even casually dropped should tend to their depreciation. Yet nothing of this was expressed in words, nor need it have been to one who knew the poet so well as myself.

"You are not the first Campbell that has written upon Hope," said Pringle; "you had a predecessor, a Dr. Campbell, too, who wrote on the same subject in 1784."

"Indeed!" and the poet seemed to prick up his ears.

"I do not think you will find his rivalry very formidable. He only wrote three stanzas upon the subject. One of them invokes Hope as follows:—

'My beating bosom is a well-wrought cage,
Whence thou, sweet goldfinch, never shalt elope;
Thy music all my sorrows can assuage,
So soft the songs of sweet-deluding Hope.'"

Campbell smiled himself out of an expression of feature that, at first, indicated alarmed sensibility; he feared that something like a borrowed thought, or line, had been detected, at least, so I imagined. Then, as to *Doctor* Campbell, he had a dislike beyond example of being so denominated; it was his most particular aversion. Mrs. Campbell used to say it was his detestation—"Don't call him doctor, anything else." When the remark was now made, that he was Doctor Campbell too, he looked grave on Pringle, and said he was LL.D., but no friend of his would ever call him so. This was pride, honest pride; he felt that so dog-cheap an honour bestowed on anybody for almost anything, was no mark of merit on the owner's part, and was not worth a plain name that had worked out its own celebrity. No one can deny but that the poet was right; the continued abuse in the bestowal of these titles renders them of no value whatever—genius is ever its own better and more durable distinction.

In a desultory conversation at this time, regarding his poetry, I remarked that I remembered the "Pleasures of Hope," from boyhood with delight, and that Coleridge and the "Lakers," in attacking it, had no more justice on their side, than they would have had in attacking Pope and Goldsmith, for example, or any of

those among our poets whose works had stood the test of time, through care and correctness in composition. I remarked that the new school had done some good in removing certain shackles that confined the poetical licence, perhaps too strictly, but that its disciples were not content with this. They might as well deprecate the perfect finish of a chronometer as of a poem, and yet they cried down the Augustan age as one destitute of worth, Dryden and Pope going for nothing in their reckoning.

This seemed to please Campbell, especially when I added that I had acquired nearly the whole of his poem by heart before I was twenty years of age, little thinking we should ever be personally acquainted. I remarked, too, that even then, being pretty well versed in natural history, I had discovered his introduction of tigers to the shores of Lake Erie, and hyænas to South America, exclusively Asiatic and African animals, that it should have been jaguars. "Yes," said the poet, "but the Yankees call them tigers."

There is another point too, which I remember struck me, and does still, as being obscure, and yet in sound really noble. He enquired to what I alluded. I replied to the pilot:—

"Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world!"

"To what part of the passage do you object?"

I replied, "To making Andes a giant and in the singular number. It was a plural Spanish word. *Los Andes*, the Andes—as Cotopaxi, Chimborazo, and a hundred others—

'Giants of the Western Star.'

Again, the giant

'Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world.'

Is not this defective? Mountains are not 'enthroned' in clouds: they are 'crowned with clouds,' as Shakespear's—'cloud-capped towers.' A mountain throned on a cloud would be a false image. If the line stood for example, the giants—

'Look, with their crown of clouds, o'er half the world,'

it would explain what I intended to convey."

Campbell replied, "There was some ground for what I remarked in the confusion of the metaphor, but it had stood through so many editions, it would not do to alter it now."

Knowing his tenacity about his poems, and his inveterate hostility to altering anything of his own that had been published for a considerable time, I said no more. His hostility to Hazlitt for detecting a borrowed line came to my remembrance. What Johnson said of Pope, notwithstanding, came to my recollection as well, when speaking of that poet's works:—"His parental attention never

abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed." Campbell seemed, his works being launched, to have had no more care about them. Composing with labour, and correcting reluctantly, while he felt the necessity, he toiled as he would toil about an irksome task, that was to try his temper, and test his perspicuity, and be conscious, after all, that it would still be imperfect. If the public received his labours satisfactorily for a succession of years, and a few blots had passed muster, it was better to let them alone than involve himself in a task he abhorred. His numerous errors in his "Specimens of the Poets," trivial enough, he would not rectify on a new edition; and while he continually spoke and wrote of the fatigue and the labour of correcting his prose productions, he would often shuffle them off upon me to correct for him, under the guise of a friendly act for his relief. As to fame, while he had Pope's "voracity" for it, he had an inveterate dislike to pay the purchase-money. He laboured in his study hour after hour, without the enthusiasm that stimulated his earlier years. Now walking up and down, concocting a sentence, he would step up to the table and write it down, and then, displeased with it, read it aloud, and be dissatisfied with it after all, abandoning his task *invitâ Minervâ*, to return to it again at a more auspicious moment.

The compositions of Campbell were exceedingly uneven in merit. One day, a proof of the piece of poetry, entitled "The Deathboat of Heligoland," before alluded to, came to me, and I could not at first conceive how it got into the printer's hand, until the poet stated he had sent it. These lines, ineffective, and the point obscure, were as follow:—

THE DEATHBOAT OF HELIGOLAND.

"Can restlessness reach the cold sepulchred head?
Ay, the quick have their sleep-walkers, so have the dead!
There are brains, though they moulder, that dream in the tomb,
And that, maddening, forehear the last trumpet of doom,
Till their corses start, sheeted, to revel on earth,
Making horror more deep by the semblance of mirth.
By the glare of new-lighted volcanoes they dance,
Or at midsea appal the chill'd mariner's glance;
Such, I wot, was the band of cadaverous smile,
Seen ploughing the night-surge of Heligo's isle.
The foam of the Baltic had sparkled like fire,
And the red moon look'd down with an aspect of ire,—
But her beams on a sudden grew sick-like and grey,
And the mews that had slept chang'd and shriek'd far away,
And the buoys and the beacons extinguished their light,
As the boat of the stony-eyed dead came in sight,
High bounding from billow to billow, each form
Had a shroud like a plaid flying loose to the storm.
With an oar in each pulseless and icy-cold hand,
Fast they plough'd by the lee shore of Heligoland,
Such breakers as boat of the living ne'er cross'd,
Now surf-sunk for minutes, again they uptoss'd,
And with livid lips shouted reply o'er the flood
To the challenging watchman, that curdled his blood—

'We are dead—we are bound from our graves to the West—
First to Hecla, and then to ——; unmeet the rest
For man's ear.' The old abbey-bell thundered its clang,
And their eyes gleamed with phosphorous light as it rang—
Ere they vanish'd, they stopped, and gazed, silently grim,
Till the eye could define them, garb, feature and limb.

Now, who were these roamers? Of gallows or wheel
Bore they marks, or the mangling anatomist's steel?
No; by magistrate's chains 'mid these grave-clothes you saw,
They were fellows too proud to have perished by law;
But a ribbon, that hung where a rope should have been,
'Twas the badge of their faction, its hue was not green—
Showed them men who had trampled, and tortured, and driven
To rebellion the fairest isle breathed on by heaven—
Men, whose heirs would yet finish the tyrannous task,
If the truth and the time had not dragg'd off their mask.
They parted, but not till the sight might discern
A scutcheon distinct at their pinnace's stern,
Where letters emblazoned, in blood-coloured flame,
Named their faction—*I blot not my page with its name!*"

Campbell wrote with great slowness, and when he had completed his work, and was still displeased with what he had done, would re-write the whole, which re-writing was often not equal to the first copy. In his youth he struck out a line in bed at night, or during a walk in the open air; but this was rarely, indeed, the case in middle life. He went to composition as to a task, and toiled along, and thus continually delayed his copy in consequence, being forced to close abruptly, having de-

layed his alterations, and sometimes not having begun, until the time when he should leave off. In his later life, when he had lost much of that self-respect which once ruled his transactions with booksellers, and had come to lend his name, or put together works not at all contributing to his reputation, during the last eight or nine years of his life, he was no longer ruled by his old solicitude for refining and sending forth his works as immaculate as he was when pressed by pecuniary circumstances, thus reversing the natural course of things, and, with age and independence, getting less regardful of correctness and originality, at the time when he had it in his power to secure them, free of anxiety about the cares of the day.

CHAPTER X.

Remarks on Shakspeare's Sonnets.—Observations on the French poets.—The poet abandons his editorship.—Conduct on his retirement.—Defence of the classics.—Personal appearance.—List of his contributions.—Character of reviews. — The poet's critique on Byron's "Werner."—Polish Society.

BARRON FIELD, had written some remarks upon the sonnets of Shakspeare. Campbell could not agree with him in his views of these much-debated productions and set about controverting them. Sometimes he would suffer opinions at war with his own to be promulgated out of pure indolence, at others he would kindle, take up his pen, get one third through a reply, or criticism, and then fling away all he had begun. In the present instance he completed his article and published it, but he did not publish the article on account of which he wrote, and therefore the public had at the time no means of estimating

the justice of his observations. The charge made was, that Field imagined he had discovered in Shakspeare's Sonnets a clue to the whole history of the life of the poet. The mistake, Campbell argued, was not new, but originated with one of the most acute and brilliant spirits of the age, Augustus William Schlegel, in his dramatic lectures. He there declared that these sonnets paint most unequivocally the actual situation and sentiments of the poet. This opinion Campbell controverted. He made the remarks upon the sonnets by Field a mere peg upon which to hang up and tear to pieces the hypothesis of Schlegel. He proceeded to examine the sonnets that bore more immediately upon the private life of the poet, and the notions of Dr. Drake and others regarding them. He pointed out, with some acuteness, the inconsistencies of this commentator and the supporters of that opinion. Upon the question of the sonnets, at the moment when Shakspeare was occupying the attention of clubs and societies, that rather seek for autographs and hunt for material relics, than search out through the labyrinthian windings of his wonderful poetry, their involutions of beauty, or place the glow of "colours dipt in heaven," in new and gorgeous lights, in order to show more of Nature's truths in connection with such a state of things, it may not be irrelevant to quote some of Campbell's own words.

"I have said that the addition which these sonnets afford to our knowledge of Shakspeare, is insignificant as an index to his biography, and I shall not feel the assertion falsified, though I should see persons of more ingenuity than I can pretend to, eliciting many brilliant conjectures from their contents. I can only say that I have outlived all taste for conjectural biographies, and that the truths brought to view by these effusions seem to me to be neither numerous nor momentous. We learn from them that Shakspeare had a friend to whom he was devotedly attached (the nature of his language to that friend I shall by and by consider), and a poetical mistress, who, not satisfied with inroads on the poet's heart, carried her conquests even to that of his friend, and made Shakspeare sonnetise on his jealousy of too much tenderness subsisting between them. It appears, however, that he never broke with his friend on this account, so that his love-passion must have been a humbler sort of lodger in his heart, that could put up without either the whole or the best of its apartments. Other casual moods of his mind are expressed with an air of sincerity, which I deny not to be interesting as insulated records of his feelings, though I still refuse them the character of new or indicative importance to his history. He speaks to his friend, in certain passages, with extreme modesty as to his own poeti-

cal merit, and alludes with an admiration which is beautifully unenvious, to some other poet of the time, who had won the favour of his friend. He writes on one or two occasions in apparent dejection, under the frowns of fortune, and in one sonnet distinctly laments being obliged to live by the vocation of a player. If there be any other interesting allusions in these sonnets to his personal circumstances, it is from want of memory that I have unintentionally omitted them."

Campbell's judgment on this question in his better days, must not be confounded with his work on Shakspeare, at a later period. The above much-debated question can have nothing further nor better said of it than is said in these observations, by one who was a poet himself, and therefore a judge of a poet's feelings and objects.

As might be conjectured from the character of his poem of "Gertrude," and his natural bearing in regard to the master passion, Campbell was distinguished more for the tender than the ardent. There was no ardour in his delineations of love, all was gentle and subdued. He once asked me which of the French poets I preferred. I replied Corneille, but that I was not fond of French poetry. Racine, he observed was his favourite, and there were some passages in his tragedies which were of unequalled tenderness and yet perfectly natural. I did not dispute that

fact, but I preferred a writer who was a little more uneven, and the French too perhaps on that account, preferred Corneille. One got tired of tranquil beauty—cloyed as with luscious food which lacked seasoning or piquancy.

"I know that is the case with people in general," replied the poet, "but Racine is so sweet while not wanting in strength that I give him the preference."

I observed that I had an advantage over him in one respect, I had seen Talma in Orestes and Duchenois acting together in his pieces. I had seen the latter in Hermione. Still there was a want of power in the language and sentiment. They did not affect me, as the works of some other dramatic writers did.

He observed that the tenderness of Racine was unequalled even in Shakspeare. He supposed that I objected to the lack of excitement and want of strength which were abundantly compensated in his view by the perfection of that in which other writers were deficient, and in which Corneille, who in some respects soared higher, could not equal his rival. In his view there was something peculiarly graceful in the drama of Racine. Did I object to his regularity and adherence to the rules of the classic drama as understood in France?

I replied not at all—that I could not set myself

up as a judge, and spoke only of the impression Racine produced on my own mind regardless of dramatic law in the French sense so strictly regulated, or of Shakspeare so out of all stop-watch criticism."

"I do not speak critically—Racine and even Metastasio are most grateful to my feelings."

"But is not the last tame?"

"I do not know how it is," replied the poet, "but I prefer the calm beauties which I find in such writers beyond those which are more exciting."

"I should not have thought that from the writer of 'Hohenlinden.'"

"That was a sudden thing, brief, thrown off as it were by accident when the spirit moved—a moment of intoxication felt by us all at times."

"Now I can comprehend your preference for Racine," I observed, "when such verses as 'Hohenlinden' are the exception."

It was singular that Campbell should have shown such a preference for the French poets, while I never heard him exalt in any way the poets of Germany. At the same time he would plunge over head and ears into Teutonic metaphysics. This was, perhaps, owing to his early study of the Scotch metaphysicians, who are an incubus on a poet, and restrain his flight from the earth. An educated Scotchman is rarely light and easy in what he does.

Of Göthe, Lessing or Schiller, I never heard a word, but of Kant more than enough. The Scotch in such studies, especially those educated in the universities, are, like their preachers, for ever ready to divide a speech or a sermon into a couple of dozen heads and to subdivide each into as many more. Their men of genius too exhibit symptoms of a kind of oxidation which dims the polish of the poetic product, and stiffens that which should be lithe. Those who have read some of Campbell's prose will discover what is meant, and readily credit that the source of its derivation is not from the inspiration of the muse, but from the mode in which Calvinistic syllogisms have been inculcated from the days of John Knox to the late preacher Irving. Campbell bore the taint in common with his countrymen, only much ameliorated by circumstances and the poetic spirit. It has the evil of shutting up the muse's wings—or sewing them up as housewives sew up those of some kinds of poultry, so that their flight shall be hampered. Here Burns had an advantage over many of his countrymen, in that he never chopped their favourite logic, in a native university, but stood alone, his muse a chartered libertine.

During the year 1829, and beginning of 1830, the New Monthly had sustained the loss of many of its earlier and more valuable contributors. Some who had greatly aided in raising

the work to its high eminence had been taken away by death. It was striking to see how considerable was the number of names that had disappeared in this way. Others had ceased to aid the publication, in consequence of the temptation held out by pecuniary offers made to them as novel writers. This was a more lucrative employment in those days, and one much more facile of execution. A magazine requires a continual change of subject, and consequently a large and various stock of information to qualify an habitual contributor. The articles must be concise in order to occupy as small a space as possible, and this to such a degree that there is frequently not sufficient development for many important subjects that therefore must be excluded. The novel admits of the diffuse treatment of a single prime incident, out of which collateral events flow naturally. Every writer knows the difference between following up one imaginary subject through a single or through successive volumes, continually aided by the association of ideas, and on the other hand, having to write in a narrow compass, upon a hundred topics, each wholly different. Nothing is so easy as to write, and nothing is so difficult as to write to the purpose, whatever common place people may think of the matter.

It was not less singular than true, that while several of the old writers made good novelists,

such novel writers as became contributors to the publication, with the exception of Theodore Hook, whose versatility of talent was unequalled, although in learned acquirements he never soared high, did not equal those who had aided in conferring its early reputation upon the work. The publisher, whose prejudices were not unnaturally in favour of a monetary conclusion, based upon the specious aspect of the case, thought differently. About this time the publication was inundated with articles of a class that ran out their tether and left no impress on the reader's mind either of novelty or information. A sickly taste for excitement began to be cherished by the "trade," which has latently or openly influenced to a ruinous extent the national literature. It did not foresee the inevitable re-action when the game could no longer be played. This change, intermingled with diffuseness and want of that solid interest which to be lasting, must be of sterling value, caused the work to assume in some degree an altered character. To this must be added the practice then introduced, still more injurious, of making a double profit of works purchased in manuscript for circulating library people, after being published wholly or partially in periodicals. It was penny wise and pound foolish.

Hazlitt, one of the best writers in periodicals of the day, died this year. If a love of the better

literature of the country should revive in England, Hazlitt will be more highly estimated than he has yet been, and more liberally judged.

Campbell, whose inertness made him incapable of acting with vigour under any circumstances, as usual still left things to take their course. True he observed, authors of high success in one department of literature are not often so in another. Of which truth he might himself have been quoted as an example. The consequence was that the stream flowed as it listed. Papers written by what may be styled "trade" writers were continually inserted in consequence, and in 1830 the practice was carried to a considerable extent. These papers were generally anonymous, and had therefore to rest upon innate merit for their effect with the public. The result was, that they made no way. Had the authors' names been affixed, the public would perhaps have thought them excellent, and the author's name not the quality of the writing, might have decided their merit.

There were writers of considerable popularity whose contributions were inserted that were as meritorious as any they had produced. This was not their fault. A literary reputation had been too frequently made for those who would never have possessed one otherwise, by means of newspaper paragraphs; and good and bad being confounded, the public never ceased to judge thus

artificially, the abstract question of merit being a matter either too troublesome for the application of its judgment, or out of the sphere of its ability.

When interest in the conduct of a work flags, and there is a feeling that the customary time and labour are hopelessly bestowed upon it under the consciousness of a wrong system, it generates a feeling of indifference in the management. The poet had long shown this state of mind, for with him it had been the natural course of things after the novelty of the excitement had subsided, even within the first year of the editorship. Under circumstances similar to these, the work proceeded through the best part of 1830, or until the October number, when the present narrator's connection with it ceased, and in December Campbell resigned his ten years' editorship.*

* Campbell had gone on with little or none of the troubles of the publication for nearly ten years. All at once he had it flung upon his own shoulders, and an incident occurred which I have given elsewhere. The poet is said to have stated his resignation to have taken place because "it was impossible to continue editor without interminable scrapes and a law-suit now and then." It was strange then that he could be editor for nearly ten years without any scrapes or law-suits? The truth was, I should not have let the poet's attack on Sheldrake appear, for he had only told the truth about Glennie. I should have reasoned with him upon its violence, and he would have withdrawn it. Singular enough there were two Sheldrakes, and

"I could not go on comfortably as we did formerly," said the poet, when he had quitted.

Glennie* had blundered, mistaking one for the other. When I returned to the publisher the articles in my hand, on quitting my post, I think for the October number, there was one for which Colburn had pressed me, being "about Lord Byron." I called on Campbell with it in my pocket, for Byron was a subject I did not like to pass myself. It was the last time, and I gave up the paper to the publisher with other MSS :—

"'Going to see Campbell I had put it in my pocket. The article had nothing objectionable except that it reflected in some degree on a Dr. Glennie, a Dulwich schoolmaster, whom Campbell happened to know, but in his careless way not recalling the acquaintanceship, paid no attention to the fact. When the article appeared, this Glennie wrote to Campbell, and as the poet thundered against Hazlitt, without reflection in Northcote's affair, so he attacked Sheldrake. The latter threatened an action for libel. Campbell then inserted a species of apology, making the matter a 'mistake.' I did not see the apology till some time afterwards. I thought I had had quite enough of the work. 'Moore's Life of Byron,' p. 44, Vol. i. chancing to cross me, I found Sheldrake had stated nothing but the truth and that Glennie had really committed the error of taking one man for another.'—*Redding's Recollections*," Vol. ii. When Campbell found himself in a scrape he made any excuse to get out of it. It would have taken a new actor in the editorial drama a good while to know the poet's way without the fate of Dubois. Nothing would have induced me to go back, and Campbell, when he resigned, would not return without me. He wrote me that when Colburn and Co. sent and offered him terms to return, 'I refused the Editorship principally because I could not have you for my coadjutor.'"—*Private Letter.*

"And as to the state finances?"

"Devil take the finances. It is something to be free, if a man has but a shirt and carpet-bag. Don't damp our jubilee?"

In this way the poet joked, and I believe felt, in giving up his editorship, almost without labour, and 500*l.* a year, as if he had really flung off a burthen equal to the Old Man of the Mountain. We dined together the same day, and he inquired what was to be done now we were both out of Mr. Colburn's Paradise. He was never in better spirits than he was that day over his wine. Did I not think he could travel about with an electrical machine, and turn lecturer to Lord Brougham's mechanical corps? I replied how will you tramp with the machine on your back—you can neither ride nor drive.

"True," said the poet, "I must learn how to manage the instrument."

"You have thrown philosophy in my teeth of old," I observed, "and now it must stand you in some stead—you had better take a magic lantern."

"I never thought of that," he replied, "there would be less call upon the mind that way, and in consequence, in the way of the world, much more profit. Then we could have our old friends painted on the glasses, and in spite of Colburn, we might 'publish them.' This, ladies and gen-

tlemen, is the head of Horace Smith, who wrote the addresses of all the poets, and this is friend C——, who could never write his own address in a plain hand, much less the addresses of other people."

"Goldsmith travelled with his flute."

"Yes, but the magic lantern would be a more complex thing, and people would have a higher opinion of an optical illusion. The black art always had a majority of admirers.

"Yes, I see the Sieur Campbell posted in large letters at the corners of the streets, a new Katerfelto conjuring for his bread."

"Then," he said, "I could make ballads but not set them nor sing them—that I cannot do like Moore."

When the man of the world would have been thinking of profit and loss, and have merged his hilarity in sulkiness about future gains to the same amount, the poet was as lively as a child let out of school. It is true, for a poet he was still independent, but he thought only of the present, and of his imaginary, rather than his real, emancipation. He talked of a visit to the Continent and of numerous literary projects he had conceived, which never had an existence out of the "ideal" of that moment. Then wandering from this to other topics he almost got out of humour, because I said, after all, the classical authors bequeathed by

antiquity had contributed little or nothing to the existing spirit of freedom; for, until the shackles of priestcraft were broken, civil liberty made no progress, and that in this country, at least, the vices, or properly the crimes, of Henry VIII. had aided the reformers, and effected as much as they had done themselves in bringing it about. That for fifteen hundred years the priests and people had possessed the classic authors, at least, such of the people as could understand them, and no sensible effect had been produced. The ground upon which the poet argued on the reverse side is forgotten, but the impression is, that he referred almost wholly to Greece and her history, "elevating and heroic as it was," to show the error, though I did not question the institutions of Greece being great and free, but their effect on the intervening ages from the decadence of Rome to recent times. He asked whether the classics had produced no effect in Italy during the middle ages, whether their action was not seen in the works of the Italian writers. He was surprised at my having so unfounded, so absurd a notion. I observed that works, such as those of Petrarch and Dante, showed no more than the reflection of their own enlarged minds, indignant at corruption, and that the Italians did not seem to have learned anything from them conducive to civil liberty in our sense of the term. With all great

minds, these Italian men of genius were indignant at tyranny. It could not be perceived how the classics produced an effect here, separate from natural causes and events under their own eyes.

"You will not be convinced of anything," said the poet; "your philosophy is stoical. You are incredulous. You have no value for the noblest specimens of human character the world has produced. You have your own hard notions about all."

"Pardon me. There was no assault made upon the glorious characters of antiquity. Let us keep to the point, whether the works of the classic authors left to us contributed anything of moment to the public liberty of modern times."

Here the poet, as was his custom, no longer argued, but asserted that the classics had greatly contributed to spread civil freedom; that it could not be otherwise, because they advocated it—that I loved paradox, and had not reflected enough upon the subject."

"My dear fellow," said he, "the classic writers left to us devoured their foster-fathers, the monks, those fat rascals to whom we are indebted for them, they destroyed the monkery that preserved them, and that was doing much for freedom."

"I thought common-sense and Martin Luther did more."

"Poh!" said he, "it was here monk against

monk, and the monk Luther had the liberal side,—he was the 'radical' of his day. Don't promulgate your notions about the classics, it is blasphemy."

The poet was now in his fifty-second year, and was still like what Byron described him ten years before, as already quoted. Every article of dress was neatly adjusted upon his compact, well-made figure, which, though under the middle size, was not so much so as to impress the beholder with diminutiveness. His wig, fabricated to simulate the natural hair, most exactly fitted a head which had been bald from early youth. His features were good, and stamped with a certain acuteness; his lips thin, and perturbed upon any mental emotion; his eyes grey, and finely expressive of the genius he possessed, often speaking the language of his mind, particularly in the social circle, when he felt perfectly at home; his manner varied, on common occasions it was easy and agreeable, sometimes silent and pensive, but in general lively. He was at certain times fond of vivacious conversation among friends; still, with much latent pride, and considerable self-respect, a trifle intervening, some trivial *contretemps*, would throw him back upon himself in a moment, and then he would drop into reserve and silence in conversation, before strangers, and many, indeed, of his friends, when he could rarely be drawn into giving an opinion upon anything.

Galt had just got into some difference with Sir J. C. Hobhouse in regard to Lord Byron, where he was in the wrong. In the course of the discussion, Campbell strangely chose to append to a letter from Galt the excuse, such as it was, for the appearance of what was after all true, in the paper, regarding Dr. Glennie. The poet had a prejudice against Galt. Some articles written by the latter needing explanation, Galt came to the present writer, in Berners Street, rather than call upon his countryman. Galt had made current, wholly without foundation, that Campbell had first published "The Pleasures of Hope" by subscription, and had re-asserted it.*

Sir J. C. Hobhouse's accusation was a similar instance of Galt's misrepresentation, respecting himself and Byron. I did not much like Galt, and as I left the publication while the dispute was going on, and our interviews were strictly confined to business, so they quietly terminated.

This, or the preceding year, Campbell lost his sister, Elizabeth, in Edinburgh.

In the September number of the last year of his editorship, the poet wrote a review of Hughs' "Travels in Greece and Albania." Here he got upon his old and favourite theme. On reading it, the supposition of its being the production of the author of the letter to Moore about Byron, or

* See ante, Vol. i. p. 31.

even of the review of Flaxman's "Lectures," would hardly be indulged. Here there was no controversy, no censure of others, which, when the poet attempted, was certain to lead him into a style dissimilar from his own, as already remarked. Here he expatiated upon a favourite subject, assisted by the light thrown upon his own knowledge through the observations of the traveller. When he had written in former times a paper or two for the "Edinburgh Review," Jeffrey used to complain of his laziness, as he well might have done. What those papers were cannot now be known. They were, probably, on subjects analogous to the present, upon which he was at home. The relations of the traveller enabled him to picture in his imagination, if not more correctly, perhaps more vividly, the scenes on which he delighted to dwell. He alluded to the temples of Agrigentum with evident predilection; he lingered over the ruins of Syracuse with melancholy retrospections, passed briefly over the republic of the Seven Islands, and entered the Peloponnesus, full of the remembrance of his youthful studies, and pleased to recur again to the sites of ancient cities, the crumbling wrecks of Doric temples, and the ruins of Cyclopean architecture. This was the most elaborate review that Campbell wrote during the whole period of his editorship, and he extended it through two num-

bers, feeling, perhaps, there was a necessity for his amplitude, and that what has already been remarked about the state of the publication as to its contributions, seemed to call for something from his hands more in quantity than he had been in the habit of presenting in its pages.

In the December of the same year he wrote his last contribution. It was entitled "Thoughts and Facts respecting the Civilization of Africa." His muse had been silent, as if anticipating the change. The colonization of Africa was a favourite subject with him. He adverted in it to Algiers, which he had at the moment little idea of visiting four years afterwards, and perhaps it led the way to his desire for seeing that country. He took his text from a publication of Jules Planat, upon the regeneration of Egypt. In this paper he somewhat overvalued the influence of the French with Mohammed Ali, miscalculating their policy, which had shown itself adverse to the conciliation of the inhabitants whenever they attempted settlements. But Campbell was the sanguine friend of freedom in all he put forth, and if his zeal were too lively at times, it was never misdirected. His heart always beat with the generous and the just. He never compromised with right policy, and even the excesses of an honest spirit are outpourings hallowed by the good.

It may be well to enumerate the contributions

of the poet to the work of which he undertook the editorship. It must be added that all the old contributors, as Talford, the Smiths, and others, quitted the work at the same time. Some of the poet's contributions were no more than twelve or fourteen lines in length. In 1821, "Lectures I. and II. on Poetry," "Lines on the Rainbow," "The Lover to his Mistress on her Birthday," "The Maid's Remonstrance," "Absence," "The Friars of Dijon," "The Brave Roland," translation of the "Song of Hybrias. In 1822, "The Devil and the Nuns," "Lectures on Poetry," "The Spectre-boat," two short Songs, "Reflections on Plum Pudding." 1823. "The Last Man," "Stanzas to the Memory of the Spanish Patriots," "Lines on Admiral Campbell," "Spanish Patriots' Song." 1824. "Reullura," "The Ritter Bann," "A Dream." 1825. "Suggestions respecting a London University," stanzas, "Hallowed Ground," "Lectures on Poetry," "Remarks on the London University." 1826. "Lecture on Poetry," "Field Flowers." 1827. "Lecture on Poetry." 1828. "Letters to the Glasgow Students," "Lines on the Battle of Navarino," "Lines to E. L. Bulwer," "Heligoland Deathboat." 1829. "Lines on the Departure of the Emigrants for New South Wales," "Remarks on the Sonnets of Shakspeare," "Song," "Lines to Julia M——," with a copy of his Poems. 1830. "Review of Hugh's Travels," "On the Civilization of Africa,"

"Remarks on Flaxman," "On Moore's Life of Byron, and Defence of Lady Byron." These, and a few small print critiques—when a friend sent him a book, together with a review of Milton's work, discovered in the State Paper Office, and one of Las Casas' Memoirs—comprise the whole of the editor's contributions of moment, for ten years, save a short letter to Brandt, the son of the Indian chief, noticed in "Gertrude of Wyoming."

The poet having refused to return to the work he had edited, his refusal roused the ire of the proprietor, who exhibited his spleen in language by no means becoming. Campbell, though grossly ill-treated, did not seem to resent it as he would have done in his better days; or perhaps the reflection that he was under some pecuniary obligations still to Colburn and Co. restrained him. I quote the "Athenæum," which made some just and impartial remarks upon the subject. The offensive matter was on a commentary upon the poet's successor. "Has he yet to learn that every literary man is a gentleman, until he has done something to forfeit the name, and the rank and respect which attach to it? That *something*, indeed, is a fine and subtle thing—subtle and fine according to the delicacy of men's minds. For ourselves, we should have feared to accept the editorship of the New Monthly, after the 'few words with the public' on the retirement of Mr.

Campbell; when the proprietor in a familiar mood gossipped on the subject, observing, 'Whether we take a new bookbinder or porter on our establishment, or reject one for returning, too redolent of Meux or Barclay, is, we apprehend, a matter of infinitely small importance. Should we ship off a lazy official, or other person paid for doing nothing, we take it for granted that no comet with a fiery tail could set fire to our establishment." What a trading, huxtering, mercenary, insolent, sordid specimen of money-grubbing sensibility towards an eminent man of genius!

Most of his short criticisms, given to me by himself, and noticed in the double-column pages, were hurriedly and loosely executed, so that his own neat hand was scarcely to be recognised in them. His manuscript was good or bad, according to the humour of the moment. When he lost a particular friend, he would now and then give out a few lines of his own regarding him, to be introduced into the obituary. This did not occur half-a-dozen times. He did not take the least interest in the articles inserted in the small print relative to distinguished characters of the hour who had become deceased. It is doubtful if he ever read them, unless his attention was directed to them, his natural indolence getting the better of his curiosity.

There was one excellence in the New Monthly

which had it been observed in all publications of the same kind, and even in newspapers would be highly advantageous to readers in general, in the way of forming a correct judgment of the contents of books. The reviews and notices which were of moment were placed in the hands of individuals acquainted with the subjects treated upon. The ignorance displayed in criticism on technical books and those works of the nature of which it is necessary for the reviewer to have some information has become so palpable, that criticisms now really so called are only "notices," the last name being substituted, it is presumed, to evade the charge of ignorance of the subject, against the writers. Raw youths from Scotland or Ireland often make those notices with a spice of commendation or censure to a trade "order." Works on Northern and Western Africa were reviewed by James Grey Jackson, who had resided in Morocco for sixteen years, and was then known as "Morocco Jackson." He was profoundly learned in the Arabic tongue, and perfect master of the characters and customs of the different nations in that part of Africa. J. B. Frazer, too, the well-known traveller and accomplished novelist, generally called "Himalaya Frazer," was a most valuable reviewer, and Talfourd, the late judge. Depping, Beyle, and Sismondi were continental associates, writers who understood,

far better than the assumptive English sent out to be the correspondents of modern publications, the social lives of the people about whom they wrote.

Before taking leave of the editorship it may not be amiss to state that Campbell wrote a critique *incog.* upon Byron's "Werner," founded, it will be remembered, on one of Miss Lee's "Canterbury Tales." Byron's avowal of having borrowed from them, will be borne in mind.

Campbell was of opinion Byron had added little either to the merit or invention displayed in the story of "Werner." He animadverted on the different fates of Miss Lee and Byron, in regard to the public—the fates of Cæsar with a temple, and Pompey without a tomb. As to the story of "Werner," to quote his own words, "It is in many respects so fine a story, that if the public has not had the good taste to know it already, they scarcely deserve the complaisance of its being now told to them, even in order to gratify their just interest in a work of Lord Byron. While we pronounce it, on the whole, a striking and fine story, we nevertheless cannot pretend to be blind to the peculiarity of taste and genius which it evinces. Lord Byron conveys in his preface, and we are fully inclined to believe him, that it may be said to contain the germ of much that he has written since perusing the story, and before he dramatised it. It guides us to see

where Lord Byron formed his taste. His genius he got from nature; but his taste has been partly kindled and partly clouded by his early perusal of fictions such as this. There is power, and there is pathos, no doubt, in the story; but there are gross and extravagant improbabilities, and there is a propensity to force upon our sympathy events and characters, which, if admitted to be probable, harrow our feelings to a painful excess. A youth of twenty is, taken all in all, the prominent figure in the plot. He meets us first in the company of parents who are inexpressibly interesting. He rescues a mother from grief, and a father from shame. All the while, he appears (at the expence of a good deal of probability, no doubt) consummately cool and experienced beyond his years, like one of those men, who, as Voltaire said, "seem to be born with experience." But let such improbability pass, for thus far the illusion of the story is not unpleasant. But when the interest of the plot has been wound up to the highest, Miss Lee has so determined, and Lord Byron has followed her example, that this youth—Miss Lee calls him Conrad, Lord Byron Ulric—shall turn out to be the most accomplished and cool villain that ever broke the heart of parents. He saves the life of a man by a signal act of intrepidity; yet, after we have loved and admired him in the fourth act, we find

that he has been the cool assassin of the same individual whom he had previously rescued at the risk of his life. The same youth of twenty determines also on assassinating another being, who had once offered to relieve his father with money, when on the point of famishing, and who had been wrongfully accused, both of their murder, in consequence of a theft committed by the villain's own father, and of a murder which turns out to have been committed by the villain himself.

"This tragedy of Lord Byron is in some respects a less pleasing production than the story of Miss Lee. She softens the transition of characters in prose details, which, prolix as his lordship is in particulars, he cannot so well graduate in blank verse. Miss Lee brings forward Josephine, their common heroine, more fully towards the close of the catastrophe, than Lord Byron does, and by her mild and amiable character, considerably softens the pain of our compassion. It may be asked what Lord Byron has added to Miss Lee's materials? Certainly, in many passages, a good deal of beautiful poetical language and imagery —nothing, however, to the creation of character, except one young woman, Ida—and nothing, upon the whole, to the pleasurable interest of the story. It is with no irreverence for Lord Byron's genius, but in justice to Miss Lee, to say that she appears to be sometimes more interesting in her

mere narrative than his lordship in his dramatic dialogue. But we hold it equally just to allow that his depth of feeling, and fervid powers of expression have illustrated one or two of the fine situations with an effect like the increased sunshine on a glorious landscape. To show how much his lordship has followed his professed original, we subjoin the following pages of his and Miss Lee's, in juxtaposition."

Campbell then quoted the "Canterbury Tales," vol. iv. p. 186—"German's Tale"—and Miss Lee's "Conrad" (Lord Byron's "Ulric") and compared the passage in Lord Byron's tragedy, beginning: "Ulric, before you dare despise your father," to—"You turn aside. I did so." See Byron's "Werner."

One of the passages of Miss Lee's original, on which Byron improved, quoted by Campbell, alluded to the festival in Prague, which Ida, speaking, thus describes:—

"——— never have I dreamed
Of aught so beautiful—the flowers; the boughs;
The banners; and the nobles and the knights;
The gems; the robes; the plumes; the happy faces;
The coursers and the incense; and the sun
Streaming through the stained windows—even the tombs
Which look'd so calm; and the celestial hymns,
Which seemed as if they rather came from heaven
Than mounted there; the bursting organ's peal,
Rolling on high like an harmonious thunder;
The white robes, and the lifted eyes; the world

At peace, and all at peace with one another—
Oh! my sweet mother!"

Criticisms or notices of Byron's works as they appeared, were written generally by myself, or others. Campbell wrote only the above, on "Werner," and, until now, that he did so was unknown except to myself. I have given it, because it is a copy of his feeling towards Byron—free from petty jealousy; and towards Miss Lee, whom he knew, and what he has stated carries the stamp of truth. I have also printed it, because Byron and Campbell belong to posterity in the time when true poetry will revive.

From the period when the poet left the New Monthly Magazine he survived fourteen years, which were perhaps as eventful as any portion of his life, for they saw him still a widower and they included a period in which great changes took place in his habits as well as bodily health.

He joined a society of the friends of Poland, planned by Mr. Bach. There were many motives which urged him to be hearty in this cause. Mr. Bach, who was honorary secretary to that society, said that he had seen the poet cry like a child, when drawing up some of the papers in behalf of that despoiled people. In the chambers still occupied by this gentleman, there is an attic to which the poet used to steal for the purposes of study, out of all chance of intrusion. In this

room too is a marble tablet affixed by his warm-hearted friend, Bach, recording the circumstance, which the owner of the house has promised shall be a fixture. Here he began the "Life of Mrs. Siddons."

The committee rooms were at the Sussex Chambers, Duke Street, St. James's, and no one could be more ardent than Campbell was in the Polish cause—it was almost a mania. When Prince Czartorisky, and the old Polish poet, Niemcevitz, came to this country, exiles, Campbell had been one of the first to call upon them. Afterwards, hastening back to the Literary Union, he proposed a private dinner to both exiles, and about twenty friends set down their names. The invitation was given by Campbell personally, and accepted. He then became busy in preparing for the occasion, when he received a message from the Prince, declining the honour if it could be in any way construed into a political matter. It was a curious trait in Campbell's character, that he shirked anything he thought difficult or troublesome, or anything which forced him to make a request to set a crooked affair right, while he grasped at the credit of what hardly belonged to him. He therefore came to me—

"You are one going to meet the prince?"

"Yes."

"I am afraid he will not come—he has written to say he cannot join us, if the dinner can be construed into a political one. Had you not better see him at once. I wish you would go and talk to him upon the subject."

"I have had no introduction to him yet."

"No matter, go in all our names, persuade him that the party is really a private one, of only about twenty in number."

He urged me so much, and made such excuses about himself, that I consented to go to Holles Street, where the Prince was lodging, and talk to him on the point, I found him alone, and after a little conversation, assuring him that we had nothing political in our constitution as a body, he finally agreed to come and dine. The Prince, a much younger man then, was of a very superior carriage, every way worthy his noble house. He spoke with clearness of enunciation, his manner was pleasing yet dignified. When I left him I could not help thinking of the old caricature of the Polish cow; and asking Campbell if he recollected it, he replied in the negative, when I observed he ought to refresh his memory with reading in relation to the period of the infamous partition, and the doings of those who ruled Europe by "the right divine to govern wrong." I told him the story, and he made good use of it. Under Louis XV. in France, while Russia, Prussia and Austria,

were struggling about which of the three crowned felons should have the larger share of the "swag," as petty thieves call their plunder, Louis, who had married the daughter of Stanislaus, was represented as vainly pulling at the cow's tail (a cow was the arms of Poland) and receiving in his hands something not very cleanly. The poet at first looked serious, as considering whether he should not rebuke a tale so light upon a subject so absorbent of his feelings, and then began to laugh at the drollery of the idea. I had a decanter of wine and water placed for him, fearing he would pass the bottle with the rest, which was too much for him when in the chair; for though he could not bear much wine, he would drink on heedlessly at dinner-parties, and not reflect upon what he was taking. I often made the steward repeat the same thing whenever he was chairman at our dinners, for he loved wine. I never saw one so soon affected by it, but he did not drink it except in company.

Mr. Hunter Gordon engaged to act gratuitously as a working secretary to the Polish committee, and being somewhat lax in his duties, Campbell, who was certainly a little fast on the Polish subject, was forced to do his work. In consequence, having received an invitation to dinner he replied:—

"31, Upper Eaton Street.

"'My dear and worthy friend,' as Chancellor Bach would say, you must excuse me for not dining with you to-day, for I am engaged in drawing up our manifesto, and in doing other work, that more properly belongs to that long, grinning mountain cat—your friend G——,

(Here there was an attempt at drawing a cat, more like a crocodile.)

"Give my best love to your wife,

"and believe me

"Yours affectionately,

"T. CAMPBELL."

This was written in one of his playful humours.

At another time he asked me to sound Prince Cimitilli as to whether he would ask the Duke of Sussex to place his name on the list of members of the Literary Union. I objected, that as he himself would that day at dinner, meet the Prince, he was more fitted to ask the question than I was, a simple individual. No, he hoped I would do it. He gave me reasons why he should not do it. I then said I would undertake it. When the dessert came on, the poet, on the name of a party being mentioned, whom he did not like, began to censure him in a most violent manner, before persons, some of whom would infallibly carry off the vituperation to the party censured. I had no means of preferring the

request unheard by others, but the next day, calling upon the Prince, I mentioned Campbell's request, that as he, the Prince, was intimate with the Duke of Sussex, would he propose it to his Royal Highness? Prince Cimitelli replied, "Did you not hear at the dinner-table yesterday how Mr. Campbell abused ———, now there was one dined with us, who will carry all that was said to the party whom Mr. Campbell censured, and from him it will reach the Duke's ear. How then can I make such a request, when I can anticipate the notice which will be taken of the circumstance, by the Duke, with whom the party is a great favourite. No, I must stand excused from such a request—why is Mr. Campbell so imprudent?"

When I told Campbell the result, he replied all he had said at the table was true, and it could not be helped. Any one but the poet would have been conscious of such a result, if he had reflected. However it may appear, I am convinced that the cause was that *mauvaise honte* he had never quite shaken off from his youth upwards, for he was not always easy about requests to great people.

Another of his peculiarities was pleading poverty when not called for by circumstances. No one ever pleaded it more when it was real, it became a common thing with him when groundless,

In Mrs. Campbell's lifetime, she managed his money affairs with excellent economy. After her death he would throw away pounds one day, and the next grudge sixpences, and all by fits and starts. We had taken a cab, for which I paid a shilling. "It is no matter," I observed, "you can pay for me next time we go out together." He actually wanted me to ask the bookseller at the shop where we stopped for sixpence to pay myself, as the bibliopolist owed him sixpence. It need scarcely be said I did no such thing. At another time he saw me in low spirits, and kindly supposing want of money the cause, he added, "I can give you some, for I have two or three hundred pounds in hand." I thanked him, and assured him I had no such want. Such were singularities arising from his impulsive character. Thus fitful was he upon almost all points, ever running to opposite extremes. Even in speaking of the literary works of a writer with disdain at one time, he would commend them at another. It was just the same in his dealings with acquaintances. His censures severe on some individual to-day, it would be found were forgotten, and the abused party would be met at his table a week or two afterwards. His friend Williams complained to me bitterly of his accepting an arbitration in a matter of some consequence, making him, with great pains, well acquainted with all the circum-

stances, and then, not being able to get him to attend more than once or twice, and at the second meeting forgetting all that had taken place about the affair, and the state of the question altogether. Williams did not know the poet as well as I did, or he was the last man he would have selected for an arbitrator—one thing continually pushing that which preceded it quite out of the poet's head, as I had often experienced

CHAPTER XI.

Literary Union Club.—Letter of "Omnipresence Montgomery" to Campbell.—Memoir of Mackintosh.—"Metropolitan" undertaken.—Leaves his house in Scotland Yard.—Visits Hastings.—Anecdote of his kind-heartedness.—Campbell's contributions to the "Metropolitan."—The Magazine purchased by Captain Marryat.—Life of Mrs. Siddons.—The Association of the Friends of Poland.

THE Literary Union Club has been alluded to. It was among his numerous idealities as easy of execution, to form a body of individuals who should meet upon the common foundation of an interest in literature. The shapes of things entered the poet's mind in great variety, but he could not work them out. He was the schemer, but not the practical man. The idea of the Literary Union was put forward at his house in Upper Seymour Street, in 1829-30. Among those who took a part in its origin were the late Sir George Ducket, Sir Francis Freeling, Sir Gore Ousley, Dr. Henderson, W. A. Mackinnon, Jno. Martin, the artist, and others. Having missed a

meeting, the poet sent me the next day the following letter:—

"My dear Sir,—An anonymous member of our committee has sent me the accompanying correction of our memorandum. The wording of such a paper is devilishly difficult and delicate. On reconsidering, I sincerely hope whether you have made the printer throw off copies or not, to have the following for the standing list of our five paragraphs."

(Here they follow, and are now immaterial. The object which the poet had in view, and which was not carried out, for the club became in the end an ordinary London West End club of seven or eight hundred members—that object was developed, additionally, in the latter part of the letter, and is somewhat novel in idea).

"The members of this society having increased with a rapidity exceeding the most sanguine expectations of its first proposers, their committee now think it time to develope certain characteristic objects by which they conceive that the Literary Union might be advantageously distinguished from ordinary clubs, but which it might have been premature to have propounded until it had been ascertained to what numerical strength the society was likely to attain, and how many individuals of decidedly literary and scientific acquirements it might have to reckon

among its members. The committee now conceive that it would be expedient to invite such members as may have leisure for the production of original papers on subjects of art, science, or literature, to favour the society with their communications. They think that in the event of any such paper or papers being voluntarily offered by any member of the society, a committee selected from the whole body of members should be appointed to inspect such paper or papers, and empowered to decide whether they should be received for public reading in the society, and in the event of their being received, that a meeting of all the members, or of as many as can be received into one room, should be opened in the Union Club House, and after the reading of the papers, that a conversation should be held on the subject of each paper.

"The committee are further of opinion that as such contributions are to be perfectly spontaneous, and as many literary and scientific men who might otherwise be competent and willing to afford them, may, nevertheless, be unable to do so from their occupations, the supply of such papers cannot be expected to be constant and numerous. The committee therefore think, as intelligence has been received of many intelligent and public-spirited individuals in the provincial towns of the empire being disposed to organise societies in

their respective towns, on the plan of the London Literary Union, that in the event of the formation of such societies being accomplished, and composed of respectable persons, an intercourse should be established between the London Literary Union and those provincial unions, and that such a transmission of original papers on subjects of art, science, and literature, should be agreed upon, as may enable all the productions of the combined Britannic Literary Union to be at the service of each society for reading and discussion.

"The committee are also of opinion that the London Literary Union should make an agreement with the other societies, which shall be thus established, to admit a certain small number—the future regulations to be subsequently considered—of the members of the branch clubs to be free of the London Literary Club during their residence in London. The number of such admissible honorary members (or delegate, if it should seem proper so to denominate them) the committee think ought not to exceed five per cent. of each provincial club to which they belong, so that, supposing ten provincial literary unions to exist over Britain and Ireland, the rooms of the London club would only be crowded by fifty additional visitants. A power of rejecting any objectionable individual from coming in this re-

presentative shape from the country clubs the committee think ought to be vested in the governing committee of the L. L. Union, and that a certificate of every provincial honorary visitant's character should precede his claim to admittance. But the committee think that the London Union has little danger to apprehend from the chance of improper visitants being thus sent to the Parent Club. The provincial clubs would be interested in sending us their most respectable members.

"It is evident that every precaution adopted by the London L. Union for keeping out improper visitants from connected clubs must be left to the adoption of the provincial societies, and that the privileges of every portion of the projected confederation must be made perfectly reciprocal, and as equal as regulations can make them.

"A place for general conference in the centre of England might be fixed upon for the meeting of delegates from all the L. Unions if their harmony could not be organised by correspondence. But whether such a central meeting of delegates from the unions might be necessary or not for general management, yet still the committee think that the assembly of representatives from so many literary and scientific bodies in the centre of the kingdom, and the distribution of prizes for essays of preeminent merit, would be an inspiring spec-

tacle—bringing England nearer than she is in resemblance to ancient Greece."

There is some wildness in the foregoing scheme, which, being modified, finally formed the groundwork of the club. The committee and members, after several preliminary meetings at the British Coffee House, moved into Waterloo Place, taking possession of the house once occupied by the "Athenæum." On the 21st of April, 1831, Campbell read a paper on the "Geography of the Ancients," but no one followed it up.

The club being got into full working, the committee met weekly, the poet in the chair, and it was curious to observe, after a few meetings had aken place, and the novelty was worn off, how restless he would become. While business was transacting, he would talk politics or sport idle jokes. "Come, Mr. Chairman," a member of the committee would say, "I have a pressing call elsewhere at another committee-room; I can only afford an hour—let us stick to business, for I must walk off." For a few minutes all would go on well, and then there would be a fresh outbreak, about something, or in fact anything, but the business in hand. The poet's restlessness was incurable, and the business of the hour was gone through in despite of it, as seven out of twenty members, who yet survive, can bear witness. The business of such committees is strictly secret, yet

there were two instances of things getting known, for which it is to be feared he was blameable, who never reflected on consequences at the times, when over a glass of wine, he heedlessly let out his tale to some "good-natured friend." One of the members of the committee was Mr. Smirnove, the son of the chaplain to the Russian embassy, himself a Russian diplomatic secretary, and very gentlemanly man. The elder Smirnove had been an old acquaintance of the poet, and had been dead some years. In the committee Smirnove objected to a certain Pole, who was a candidate, and he was not elected. The Pole heard of it, and demanded of the committee by letter, if it was the fact, that Smirnove, the Russian, had objected to him. Before any reply was made, I called on Smirnove in Wigmore Street, and told him what had occurred, we knew not how. "Oh, never mind, I don't care if he knows I objected to him—let him know it." This reply got wind, and Smirnove was horsewhipped by the Pole—but how did the Pole know it? The Russian government removed Smirnove to a still higher situation on the continent than he held here, in which he died. In the second case, the Literary Union was forming, and the committee had to elect a hundred members from the list, as the nucleus of the club, which was to elect all the future candidates. Campbell was not present at the com-

mittee meeting that day. Among other names, that of "Omnipresence Montgomery," as he was generally called, was announced as desirous of being a member. As the committee only selected a given number of members, to form the nucleus of the club, and constitute a sufficient body to choose by ballot—I remarked, that the applicant just named, was reported, truly or falsely, no matter, to have added to his real name of Gomery, the letters which gave him the same name as Montgomery of Sheffield, and people, as both published poetry, mistook one for the other. That as such things had been said, was it not better to leave him to be chosen by the ballot? The club could then act as it felt inclined, because it was a *Literary* club. The name was left for the ballot accordingly, and was never put up.*

* The following letter was in consequence written by Montgomery to the poet, in which, after the writer had requested Campbell's acceptance of a copy of one of his works just published, and declared he did *not* send it for a notice in the magazine, he proceeded—not alluding to the addition to his name on which the matter had turned:—

"You will not like me the less for being candid. A few plain words then. I cannot but feel that you have not treated me with that common generosity which ought to be the characteristic of every refined mind. I never courted your favour, nor feared your criticisms; but was it possible for me not to notice the strange fact, that while the most frivolous and ephemeral publications of the day had their quantum of New Monthly comments bestowed upon them, not a word was condescendingly devoted to any

He expressed apprehensions to his friends of being answerable as a trustee for the Literary

work of mine? If you thought my poems trash, you might have said so; but to allow them during your editorship to be passed by with affected neglect, excited more observations among literary men than I choose to repeat. However, there were those, both in my own country and abroad, that treated me in a far nobler manner.

"While I am thus venting a manly, but not ill-tempered statement, I must add another proof of your feelings, which reached me from *one who was present*—though at the time, I knew too well what was due to myself to notice it. When one of the committee proposed me as a member for the 'Literary Union,' you rose up and said I had tried to pass myself off for Mr. James Montgomery. The fact I deny with unutterable contempt, and am sorry that the author of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' could have condescended to have done himself such injustice, the word was the statement you made. No one is more ready than myself to acknowledge the beauty of Mr. James Montgomery's writings, but I never wanted his name, nor envied him his reputation, and I would sooner let—

'The flesh-fly blow in my mouth,'

than be guilty of ought so unmanly and dishonourable.

"With every courteous wish, I remain &c. &c.

"R. MONTGOMERY."

The betrayal by a member of the committee stating any fact which took place in it, I do not believe of gentlemen bound in honour to secrecy. The letter of one so overridden by self-conceit, showing a breach of trust in the knowledge obtained, was not worth an answer, and it was not answered; but I fear Campbell himself let the secret out, from my relation of it to him on his having been absent.

Union, on the bank of Sir G. Ducket failing, a thing that entered no one's head but his own. There were four other trustees. This exhibits more of his peculiar character, and habit of raising things in which he was in any way concerned into undue importance, as if by so doing he raised the estimation of his own personality. The house of Drummond and Co. handsomely tendered a credit to the club at once, on the fact being made known to it. It was on the same ground he shut himself up to write the "Life of Lawrence," and referred all who wanted any communication with him regarding the New Monthly, or the club, to myself—a thing I did not know of at the moment. I only heard it from a third party. Nobody regarded his seclusion to write the "Life of Lawrence," which he at length declared too heavy a task for him, and besides, he had no real knowledge of art. Next he made the parturition of his "Life of Mrs. Siddons" as much a matter of notoriety as if the product were to be an expected prince of the blood royal.

Campbell, whose knowledge of Mackintosh had not been long-continued before the latter went out to Bombay, had renewed his acquaintance upon the return of his friend from India. Their friendship was only interrupted by the death of Mackintosh. With that kindness which was characteristic of the poet, he would with difficulty

admit, and would hardly ever record the faults of his friends, thus disregarding that claim to the character of a biographer, which is a manifest duty. He would only write in accordance with his predispositions. He seemed to feel the implication laid upon another as applying to himself, from closely identifying himself with his subject, and from that charitable allowance he was ever ready to concede to human failings. He suffered feeling to predominate, and as he was not fond of seeking for excuses to palliate what he could not defend, generally passed over in silence what he felt he could not record without dissatisfaction. He now wrote a notice of Mackintosh, recently no more. Parr, with whom Mackintosh was equally a favourite, and who would suffer no one to snub Mackintosh but himself, never forgot his conduct, when having most fully and triumphantly answered Burke in his "Vindiciæ Gallicæ," having occasion afterwards to make that apologist of despotism a visit at Beaconsfield, he found himself in one short day confessing that Burke had converted him to the other side. He then employed himself in delivering lectures at Lincoln's Inn, indirectly subversive of the very principles to which he owned all his celebrity. This he never recovered when he rejoined his former party. It was impossible he could recover such a step without pro-

ducing something to which his abilities, great as they were considered, were not equal; something that should retrieve the past, and hold out still greater hopes for the future. But he never realized such an expectation. Parr was often sarcastic upon him to his face, and once had a difference with him. Steadfast in the soundness of his own principles, he could not forget the lapse in those of Mackintosh, giving "Jemmy," as he called him rather hard hits in after-dinner society. Not so Campbell, his plan was to overlook or pass in silence all faults, as if any man were free from them.

It was precisely in this spirit that the poet put together a short memoir of Mackintosh, immediately after his decease, in 1832. In his estimate of the acquirements of Mackintosh, he was most correct, although he gave him credit for more Greek than he really possessed; but no man possessed such a range of varied knowledge—so much universality. In this state of things Campbell wrote the first part of a brief notice of Mackintosh, which he styled, rather too fully, "The Life and Writings of Sir James Mackintosh." When I had read it, I observed the mode in which the temporary apostacy of Mackintosh had been slurred over, I presumed, as really was the fact, from the kindly feeling of the poet towards his old friend's memory. It was impossible not to

notice the lectures at Lincoln's Inn, where Mackintosh was refused the use of the Hall, on account of the "Jacobinical principles," as it was the fashion to charge all persons with possessing, who did not fling themselves, bound hand and foot, at the feet of the minister. The Hall was finally granted, at the request of Mr. Pitt and Lord Loughborough; but it was after Mackintosh had declared his conversion by Mr. Burke, for Pitt would not have interfered but from some latent motive. Now Campbell mentioned Pitt's eulogy on the lectures, but left the reader wholly in the dark upon the subject of Mackintosh's tergiversation. The following is the passage, as Campbell wrote it. It must be observed, too, that Campbell had just been eulogising the "Vindiciæ Gallicæ," and applauding Mackintosh's reply to Burke respecting church property. It was as if the poet imagined that by his passing over the change in the opinions of Mackintosh, and the bearing of the "Lectures on Moral Polity," the change and the bearing would never be regarded; as if, in fact, the poet thought his own version of the matter was all that the world would ever have, and that, therefore, Mackintosh would remain clear of the charge, not by its palliation or removal, but by its being forgotten through his own neglect of an incident so remarkable:—

"In his 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ,'" said Campbell,

" he had shown the power of a great advocate on a great political subject, but still with a certain degree of special pleading. But now, in his 'Lectures on Moral Polity,' he took up a more lofty station. He placed the nations of the world, in all their relative social bearings, before the tribunal of philosophy, and he defined their rights, their duties, and obligations, with a precision that well justified William Pitt's words, when he said to Mackintosh, 'I have no motive in wishing to please you; but I must be permitted to say, that I have never met with anything so able or so elegant on the subject in any language.'"

Now, it must seem strange and suspicious enough, that so austere and even virulent an enemy as William Pitt towards his former friends and former principles, should thus gratuitously eulogise so daring and successful an opponent as the author of the "Vindiciæ Gallicæ," without any apparent cause, and Campbell gave none. He said not one word of Mackintosh's change of principle which would have accounted for the eulogy, but proceeded :—

" In those lectures on the 'Law of Nature and Nations,' Mackintosh, with the eye of a true philosopher, laid bare the doctrines of Rousseau, Vattel, and a host of their followers, who borrowed their conceptions of the Law of Nature

from the savages of the forest, or from the abodes of the brute creation. In order to establish a false theory, those men assumed that man was always out of his natural state when he was removed in the smallest degree from barbarism. Mackintosh dispelled this error. Speaking of the Law of Nature—because its general precepts are essentially adapted to promote the happiness of man as long as he remains a being of the same nature with which he is at present endowed, or, in other words, as long as he continues to be man, in all the variety of times, places, and circumstances, in which he has been known or can be imagined to exist; because it is discernible by natural reason, and suitable to our general constitution; because its fitness and wisdom are founded on the general nature of human beings, and not on any of those temporary and accidental situations in which they may be placed. It is still with more propriety, and the most perfect accuracy, considered as a law, when, according to those just and magnificent views which philosophy and religion open to us of the government of the world—it is received and reverenced as the sacred code, promulgated by the Great Legislator of the universe, for the guidance of his creatures to happiness, guarded and enforced, as our own experience may inform us, by the penal sanctions of shame, of remorse, of infamy, and of misery;

and still further enforced by the reasonable expectation of yet more awful penalties in a future and more permanent state of existence."

Now, because some of the more fanatical of the French revolutionary characters, in the worst times of excess, did support an extravagant opinion upon the Law of Nature, and that such an opinion was charged upon all who were friendly to human freedom in England, by the ministry that day, Mackintosh, by thus touching upon the Law of Nature in a mode adverse to those whom he had just before upheld in the "Vindiciæ Gallicæ," struck at all his old friends a severe side-blow, and highly gratified the ministerialists. He struck, too, at the end of all human improvement at the same time. In this way Campbell ought to have put it. I found, however, in the course of conversation, that, as usual, he wished to cover the sins of his friend—I verily believe out of pure kindness, and the wholesome, though hardly, in such a case, justifiable impulses of his own partiality. Mackintosh gave great promise in the "Vindiciæ Gallicæ," but Parr estimated him better than Campbell. He left no work of endurance behind him, and he had laid himself open to attack whichever side he took as a political or philosophical controversialist. His universality of knowledge must be admitted. He was one of the most amiable of men, and the most delightful

of all society, and not conceited and dogmatical like Coleridge. As Campbell truly observed, also, he was too great a man for the House of Commons, where candid, sound argument, closely reasoned, is as much out of place as a ship upon dry land.

Remarking the omission to the poet he said he had passed it over because he did not like to record anything to the disadvantage of one whom he so much esteemed. But though you have passed it over others will not, and then do you not think when it comes out in some other piece of biography, people will not accuse you of error? They will say how could Pitt panegyrize Mackintosh in such a manner after the "Vindiciæ Gallicæ." The bitter opponent as Mackintosh had thus shown himself to the minister's measures; will not the whole story of Burke's conversion of him come out, and the world ask why you omitted it?

"I will not state anything injurious to the memory of an old friend and a great man. Others may if they please. Mackintosh did wrong, but I will not perpetuate the remembrance of his error."

"But the interest of truth and the necessity of accounting for what else will seem an omission, do you not think it will be remarked?"

"If it is, it must be—I cannot bring myself to

drag his faults before the world, I must leave the matter as it is."

"But you have alluded to his lectures on moral polity, and yet have not remarked that their bearing was adverse to his previous tenets—to all that had gained him his celebrity. That he had undoubtedly ministered to the enemies of sound principles in these lectures in a mode in which no man who was grounded in the principles he had previously avowed could have done without a positive lowering of his character, both with friends and enemies."

"There may be truth in what you say, but you know he did not continue that line of conduct—he saw what we all see and know who are acquainted with the events of that day. We know that Pitt's policy was injurious but for a time, and that all Burke's eloquent fulminations against what were called 'French principles,' written now would be thought ridiculous. Time has proved the falsity of his notions. There is Paine's 'Rights of Man,' not a member on either side in the House of Commons would now censure that work. Indeed Pitt acknowledged that the greater part of it was unanswerable; it was impolitic to permit it to circulate—that was all. Mackintosh came back to the side of sound principle and lived long enough to repent of his aberration."

"But," said I, "you have eulogized the lectures upon the portion that attacked the false theories of Rousseau and others in respect to nature, but you have not mentioned his attack upon the principles of reform, his ridicule of human amendment in any shape, his support of every thing existing as the best of what could be under an imperfect system."

"I have not done so, and passed that over on purpose, his conversion by Burke was but momentary; he came back from India a convert to his first principles."

"Yes," I observed, "Dr. Parr said that to me at Hatton, 'Jemmy was only estranged for a time.' India brought him back by his separation from the influence of parties at home and years of leisure in unbiassed reflection."

"I cannot alter what I have said now," answered the poet, "it is distasteful to cast even slight censure on old friends, especially on those to whom the world in our day shows so few parallels—no, no, we must spare such men for the sake of their paucity."

Here I saw that if I prolonged the conversation I should annoy him. His slight memoir of Mackintosh was one of those evidences of Campbell's cursory treatment even of favourite subjects which he desired to do well, but of which he was too idle to go back, read on, recall and weigh the

incidents and bearings. It is consequently unsatisfactory. He terminated the conversation by saying, "You were a true prophet about him." I had forgotten to what he alluded, when he explained it by recalling to my recollection that I thought Mackintosh would be the next to follow Lawrence, to which I have before made reference, speaking of the means by which Campbell became acquainted with Lawrence's decease.

Though no one could go more closely into a subject than Campbell upon paper in his study, yet his naturally impatient disposition made him, in articles like that of Mackintosh, catch only at salient points of character, and the more prominent events that presented themselves, and slur over others. His long knowledge of this eminent man would lead to the expectation that he would have described some traits of the individual, from his personal knowledge, but the poet was not a nice observer of human action. He would penetrate sometimes intuitively, into motive and character, but he had no idea of forming a judgment of men in society by nice observation, and of perpetuating what he thus observed by committing it to writing. I take it that his abstracted habit unfitted him for this. His reserve at times was not that of occupation with external things, but rather with what was foreign to all that surrounded him. In society he often took a lively

and animated part, but this was always action upon impulse, according to his momentary feeling. He did not go into society to observe men, and was often a stranger to the singularities and even the opinions expressed in his presence, that it might be thought could not possibly have escaped him. When, however, Campbell directed his attention to such things, which he would do when he had doubts of a man being what others represented him, he would keenly examine every peculiarity and treasure it up.

Cochrane, a publisher, in Waterloo Place, who had been once in Colburn's employment, made an application to the present narrator, whether he thought Campbell would give his name as editor to a new magazine: he was to send such contributions as he saw fit, to reside where he liked, and receive three hundred a-year, as such a work would not bear more; but Cochrane promised to take off the stock of the poet's works still in Colburn's hands, which he had not money to do as he promised. To this Campbell assented. He had quitted Middle Scotland Yard, and gone to reside at 31, Upper Eaton Street, Pimlico. From thence he got rooms for a study in Sussex chambers, Duke Street, St. James's, and then ran down to Hastings, where he took lodgings, close to the sea, between St. Leonards and the old town, on the right hand side of the road, so that

the waves came up to his window. He sent up to town at different times some of his contributions, for he remained there until past Christmas, 1832.

As on many other occasions the promise of his poetry was sometimes not kept. In one instance, I did not go down to St. Leonards as soon as I intended, and I had the following letter about some verses near the end of December, in place of last days of November. Kindness was a remarkable characteristic of the poet, which his peculiar mode of acting did not lead some persons to imagine from their own observations, to anything like the magnitude to which he was disposed to carry his generous feelings. His absences from London, during the long years of our literary intercourse were numerous, and on one or two occasions considerable in length. It seldom happened that I did not get from him some confidential commission in the way of charity often in a pecuniary form, though he had not money enough to be as extensively generous as his feelings prompted him to be.

Xmas, —— St. Leonards.

"My Dear Sir,

"In consequence of what you *say*, print the verses. I hardly know what title they should have. Perhaps, after all, the one I have given will

do—but pray let me have a proof. You will get the letter, Monday, to-morrow morning, and by to-night's mail I can have a packet Tuesday morning, and I could send it back by the coach of that day, so that we have time.

* * * * *

"I am almost at my last pound, for that poor, blustering creature has sent me not a farthing of my arrears, but I have enclosed two pounds which I shall be singularly obliged to you to see given to the object for whom they are meant, for the person who has written to me about her distress is a man unknown to me, so that I do not choose to trust him. The unfortunate creature to whom I crave your kindness to take these two sovereigns, is a Mrs. G——, at No. 5, ——— Street. I never had one feeling of interest in that hapless woman, but a perception of something in her nature and character ill-fitted for the wretched life which she leads, from which I have made many endeavours to snatch her, and shall not cease to make them. But I shall be obliged to her to tell me if the child which she has with her be the same about whom I interested M——, in hopes that he might get her into a place at the Opera House."

The Metropolitan had its name from the publisher and myself alone, and the first number

appeared May 1st, 1831. The first article was "Remarks on the Geography of the Ancients," the paper spoken of before, as read at the Literary Union, on the 27th of the preceding month. This paper made a sheet, and was ready for the printer's hand. Sir Charles Morgan, Mr. Hogarth, Lady Morgan, Charles M'Kenzie, Cyrus Redding, Captains Chamier and Marryat, Mr. Wilmot, &c. furnished the prose; and Augustine Wade, Allan Cunningham, the Rev. Mr. Thompson, and Cyrus Redding, the poetry of the number. The contributions of Campbell, for which he received five hundred pounds very nearly, and those were all he contributed to the magazine, for he never inspected a single paper, unless it was one he obtained from a friend, until the property became that of Captain Marryat, were "Lines on a View from St. Leonards," "Lines on Poland," "Lines on the Camp Hill, near Hastings," "Lines on a blank leaf of La Peyrouse' Voyage," the "Power of Russia," "Benediction on Children," "The Cherubs," "On the Life and Writings of Mackintosh," "Lines on a Girl in the Attitude of Prayer."

This was a small bill of fare. It was in fact, paying him for his name alone. He talked at the same time of his labours in the work, just as if they were real. It was in the spring of 1832

that Valpy, to whom the publisher had secretly mortgaged the work, wrote to me. We had before spoken of its state:—

"Dear Sir—I cannot but think the magazine in its present improving state worth the 1000*l.*, more particularly if Mr. Campbell, yourself, and two other satisfactory persons divided the property. If the Monthly Magazine sinks, a considerable rise will take place. The same arguments for the two years would of course remain in force over the assigned work. If Mr. C. desire it, I will retain a share, otherwise only print it, if a new proprietary continue their confidence in me. I shall be at the ballot at the L. U. to-morrow at four P.M.

"I am,

"Yours truly,

"A. J. VALPY."

"I understood that Captain M. and Mr. M. would take shares?"

In this state of things, when about to get the property out of the publisher's hands, the matter was put an end to by a singular event. Campbell, still at St. Leonards, on my running down to see him, told me (it was to be in confidence) that Captain C——, R.N., had had a share for some time in the Metropolitan, and had kept it a

secret. I was surprised that Campbell had not told me of this before, as our confidence had been for so many years unlimited. He pleaded the injunction to secrecy. I told him that I would not have held a share without being more certain of Cochrane's solvency—he might be made a partner. He said he had borrowed money and paid it over. I replied, "So much the worse," and he became alarmed. In the meanwhile, poor C——, who, in the terms upon which we stood, was disingenuous in not telling me he had taken a share with Cochrane, still kept his secret, until Valpy took the property. I should have soon stopped his having a share had I known his intention; but a man of honour is more liable than another to be imposed upon. No doubt he was himself bound to secrecy by Cochrane for obvious ends

The whole now came out. Valpy's scheme of dividing up the magazine terminated in Captain Marryat buying it altogether of Valpy, full of the notion that because he could write a good novel, he was equal to anything in literature. In the meanwhile I was served with a citation to give evidence in an action at law, brought by the creditors of Cochrane against Captain C—— as a partner of Cochrane's. I could not give evidence regarding what I did not know, and all parole evidence; when I got into the witnesses' box, was

set aside by a document signed by the Captain himself, which made him in law answerable. He therefore paid a large sum to compromise the affair, and showed himself highly honourable in repaying Campbell his advance. The truth is, C—— was shamefully ill-treated, as a man of honour is certain to be in dealing with an artful trader.

Campbell's nominal editorship was retained until October, 1832, and at Christmas I quitted the concern, just reversing what had happened in the case of the New Monthly, where the poet remained about the same space of time after me. Moore, Montgomery of Sheffield, and Moir, the "Delta" of Blackwood's Magazine, had joined us before the failure of the publisher. Campbell, who thought because Marryat was an old acquaintance, he could go on as usual, found out his mistake, and resigned the name of editor, which *de facto* he never had been.

While at St. Leonards, walking out one day, when I had gone down to see him from town, a mutual friend with us asked a gruff-looking farmer the way. The man was grubbing up nettles. The bear bad him "follow his nose." "He is too busy to answer you," said the poet; "don't, you see, he is gathering his own laurels."

The death of Mrs. Siddons, and the request she made of the poet, that he would be her biogra-

pher, had caused him to set about the task as a reluctant duty. The style of the book is foreign to that of his former works. It is a biography on stilts. When he thought he was earnest and effective, he was really inflated and unprofitable. It was an undertaking that, after all, few or none could succeed in. There can be no record of mind in the sayings of those whose lives are spent in doing no more than repeating the sayings of others, the whole matter being as to whether those sayings are well or ill declaimed. His sense of the weight of his task was almost ludicrously expressed. Most others in similar circumstances retire out of sight and go heartily at work, but Campbell for a long time almost converted his employment into an advertisement for the book. He talked of it, and wrote about it to everybody to whom he wrote anything else. He put up a little paper notice at the door of his chambers, as lawyers do in the Temple, when they go out or lock themselves in, saying they are absent,—"parcels and letters," so and so. The poet, in his simplicity, stuck up a notice that he could not be disturbed, being busy about the biography of Mrs. Siddons. For a time he had but that one idea. I asked him what were become of all the rest, that he had been fifty-five years in acquiring.

"O, my dear friend, you cannot imagine what a burthen I have brought upon myself!"

"It is only because you think it so; you have never been accustomed to that kind of work."

"I have promised to finish it, and I will; but it will knock me up."

Then I would strive to turn the conversation, and ask him a question, to which I really wanted a reply. I got only a remark about Mrs. Siddons in return. I remember telling him he was like a pretty girl I once knew in the country, who was deaf.

"How! I am not deaf, though this cursed book will make me deaf, and blind too, before long."

"Why," I replied, "because if I ask you about anything else, I get Mrs. Siddons as an answer. That pretty girl I once addressed:—'Mary, good morning,—how do you do to-day?' She replied: 'Gone up the Mediterranean, my dear creature!' The fact was, she had a sweetheart in the navy, of whom she was always thinking, and she supposed you must be doing the same."

"Don't play the philosopher!" continued Campbell. "Mrs. Siddons was a divine creature."

"A divine actress, but an ordinary woman. You are referring to our old disputes about her, that poor Mrs. Campbell used to hear so patiently."

"It is clear you have not changed your notions about her."

"Nor my admiration of her as an actress—she was transcendent; but as a woman it is a different affair. She was majestic, certainly, but not very feminine. You are a little man, and little men, they say, are fond of giantesses, and gigantic men of little women. I must have feminine women. Byron said he should as soon think of going to bed with the archbishop of Canterbury as with Mrs. Siddons."

"You iconoclast!"

I was always a philosopher or an iconoclast with the poet.

"Because I demolish the idols of your mind.'"

"You can't do that, but you try hard for it."

In 1832, he lost his cousin, Captain Robert Campbell, whom he had introduced to me some years preceding.

A publication was got out in favour of the Poles, called "Polonia, or Monthly Reports on Polish Affairs." The first number was published in August, 1832. I forget who was the editor. My hands were so full of other business at the time, that though I attended one or two meetings, it was all the participation I was able, through pressure of different affairs, to take in the matter. The society was called "The Association of the Friends of Poland." Thomas Campbell was pre-

sident, the Earl of Camperdown, Lord Panmure, G. W. Beaumont, Esq., M.P., and T. Wyse, Esq., M.P., were vice-presidents. There was a council consisting of fifteen members, among whom were W. Crawford, Esq., Colonel de Lacy Evans, M. Gore, Esq., W. A. Mackinnon, Esq., M.P., C. Mackenzie, Esq., Captain J. Norton, G. Webster, Esq., and others. There were also a treasurer and honorary secretary. The latter was Mr. Bach, on whose zealous shoulders the weight of the labour really fell, and to whom all the Polish exiles were deeply indebted. Campbell worked in the cause for a considerable time, at least, a considerable time for him. He would not give up his work to dine with friends for whom he had a strong regard. There was Mrs. L. M——, a great favourite of his, and justly a favourite with all who valued amiable temper, purity of heart, and attractive manners, cut off by death in the very bloom of existence, since the poet—one who was the kindest of mothers and the sincerest of friends. Even with her Campbell would not break off his labour to dine. He had half promised, but sent the following playful excuse :—

"My dear L.,—I can't dine with you to-day. The prince* (who, by the way, promised yesterday to be godfather to your bairn) made such important criticisms on the address, and struck out

* Prince Adam Czartorisky.

such new lights, that I must have some hours to correct it. Bach took down notes from his remarks, and was to put them together for my use yesterday; but when we came home from the Prince to our chambers, he was so knocked up that he called for wine, and I was obliged to join the 'man of the temperance society' in a bottle of sherry, which we half consumed."

(Here the poet had drawn with a pen a couple of figures, representing himself and his friend B. at work, that which represented the poet crying out "Shame, Mr. Temperance Society!" to his friend).

"This morning B—— sent me word that he could not get the notes finished last night, so I must wait his leisure to-day, and I cannot be certain of being disengaged even at six, so don't expect me. The address must be ready for the newspapers this night, or else we shall not get them to publish it.

"Yours very truly,
"T. CAMPBELL."

So we dined without him, for I was myself of the party.

A lady whom I have mentioned before, could not get him to dine. She had sent him a gold pen as a present, but she got only the usual reason for a refusal:—

"Christmas Day, 1832.

"My dear Mrs. M——. With the beautiful pen in my hand, I thank you, with all my heart, for your Christmas present. I never in my life received a prettier or more welcome one.

"I am, indeed, a downright galley-slave in this biography that I am writing, and obliged to have written by a certain day, and spin it out to two volumes. I literally see none of my friends,—but the first exception shall be your honoured self.

"Believe me, your sincere friend,

"THOS. CAMPBELL."

Had the poet not assumed so singular a style, and one so different from his usual classical elegance in composition, although little could be said for the biography of Mrs. Siddons, as the work of so able a man as Campbell, beyond what others, less gifted, could have produced, it would be difficult to say how any thing more could have been made of what had no stamina in itself, and no startling matter to work upon, nothing but "indescribable merit to describe." It is the most difficult of all difficult things in authorship, to produce elaborate works out of materials remarkable for their intellectual poverty, the fleeting recollections of illusive personification. Yet the great expectation of such a piece of biography must be almost wholly founded upon what can be

thus effected if it is to differ from that of common place existences.

The poet still kept close at work, and for some time was not seen by any one, though he had got rid to another of Lawrence's biography. He told me he had promised Mrs. Siddons to write her life, and that, therefore, he could not break his word. He talked to all who had known the great actress about her and her family; he wrote letters of inquiry in all directions, and everything he obtained made but an unsatisfactory mass of material, as far as respected entertaining, fact or interesting adventure. The incidents in the life of an actress of the highest class, of staid manners, and plain good sense, could not be expected to abound in incident. All those little points of action, that chit-chat and anecdote recorded of theatrical ladies in general, were, to say nothing of less moral incidents and their attendant circumstances, necessarily wanting in the life of one so lofty in feeling and pure in morals as Mrs. Siddons. Though the greatest actress that ever trod the stage, her real excellencies could not be described, more than half of them depending upon vision.

What was there besides her acting in which she was superior to many others of her sex? She was not a woman of genius; and she was not a woman of reading beyond her profession. The

poet owned himself that a young girl would write letters as good as those of Mrs. Siddons. The very nobility of her person and her serious deportment, showed that the quips and cranks of comedy, sometimes seasoned with an actor's own wit in performing, were not her accompaniments to startle or amuse. In truth, Campbell's motto, signifying that the animated graces of the player live no longer than the breath and motion that represent them, was, in Mrs. Siddons, eminently true. Nor in her conversation, that I ever heard myself, or ever heard others state, was there anything worthy of record upon paper. She was not a De Staël. Yet, in spite of all this, how truly great she was on the boards, and how high the general feeling of respect was for her, need not be repeated. In this feeling all fully participated.

There was another circumstance unfitting Campbell for such a task. He had gone to the theatre as any other spectator would, a mere spectator; he had never mixed, as a matter of amusement, with the Thespian corps behind the scenes, as was common in former times for dramatic authors to do. He was not versed, if it may be so termed, in the *patois* of the theatre, a thing in some degree necessary, to write about it with ease, and to be "at home" upon the subject in treating of a common, much less an *epic*, actor

or actress. Campbell was never a man of the world in the sense that would be attributed to the term by play-goers. He was a solitary student, the matter of whose prose writings was drawn from a knowledge of books, acquired in seclusion, whose poetry was kept down by rule, and whose genius, even in its admiration of natural things, he carefully clipped of every exuberance. His simple, and, by fits and starts, boyish levity of temper had no affinity with the artificial theatre-going folk. He was, on all these accounts, unfit for the task he undertook. Is his book, then, worthless? It may be honestly replied in the negative. If he has not produced anything that has conferred additional fame upon his literary character, still he has said all that could be said, and left unrecorded nothing that such a subject would admit of being recorded in its regard, but he has erred, and egregiously too, in the manner of saying it.

Early in 1833, I went to South Lancing, where I put together my book on the History of Wine. I returned, published it, and the first edition was nearly sold before the Life of Mrs. Siddons appeared. I found, too, that Campbell had been lodging at Highgate, and then in Old Cavendish Street, so restless was he as to domicile, after his wife's decease. This was a marked trait in his character. His Life of Mrs.

Siddons was not published until 1834. In the copy with which he presented me, he wrote his autograph, as usual. I believe it did not reach a second edition. Expectation had been kept too long on the stretch, and too much was expected. The public is like a spoiled child, if kept without its toy for a little time, it turns in the interim to other things, and when the long-expected bauble appears, regards it with indifference. This is well known to keen-scented bibliopolists, who calculate to a fraction of an hour how long the many-headed monster may be stimulated before reaction ensues, and accordingly play the game commensurate with the most satisfactory conclusion.

The review of the "Life of Mrs. Siddons," not being Murray's copyright, was roughly treated in the "Quarterly Review." The effect was much less moving upon Campbell than might be expected. He was prepared for something of the kind, and must have been conscious his book was not up to the mark. That he repressed his feelings was evident. In referring to it, I laughed off the review, asking how he could expect anything better when for so many years Whig and Tory had continually damned each other's works without any regard to literary merit. He smiled at the hollow consolation, and turned off the subject. He was grown more obtuse than in former

times, and yet he must have felt that what he had toiled about, and talked of so long, it was mortifying to see maltreated by the organ of an opposing party. The suppression of his feelings by his pride, was difficult; but however keen they were, it was, on the whole, successful. As to the book itself, it could not have been commended, if it were spared by his friends.

CHAPTER XII.

The poet visits Algiers.—Publishes his "Letters from the South."—His despondency.—Requests the author to write his Life.—Letter to the author.—Departure for Boulogne.—Death, and burial in Westminster Abbey.

A SUDDEN impulse, when on the Continent, drew the poet to Algiers, in 1834, just after he had published the "Life of Mrs. Siddons." He returned about June, 1835. I was not in London when he returned, but arrived a few months afterwards. His letters on Algiers are before the world, called "Letters from the South," published first in the "New Monthly Magazine." One half of the second volume was eked out by the bookseller — for the poet disowned it as his own work. This appendix, relating to the commercial products, and to the plants of Algiers, was taken from the Report of the French commissary, M. de Bussy,

of whom Campbell had previously borrowed the larger part of his statistics. This was bad generalship. Some passages in the work, about his horsemanship, astonished me. I have already alluded to them, and mentioned his reply. That he who had amused Mr. Roscoe, and Mr. T. Roscoe —the latter when a boy at Liverpool—by his awkwardness and timidity in riding a pony, and who many years afterwards had not courage to ride the gentlest of horses a mile for his health, should have at once ridden like a hero with French officers, twenty-eight miles, speaking of out and home, and complained only of his boot hurting his ancle, seemed to me, as I told him, an extraordinary feat indeed, as men cannot be made bold horsemen in advanced life. The poet wrote as if he had himself, rather than his steed, been well broken in to equestrianism. The story, to me was somewhat apocryphal.

It happened that I contemplated leaving London again very soon, and on telling him of it, he said: "You are going away again; I am not. How all things are changing. Come to-morrow to my chambers (York Chambers, St. James's Street, a new domicile), and let us dine together once more."

I went accordingly. I had only seen him by candle-light on the evening before. I was astonished at the change eighteen months, or some-

what more, had made since we parted. He looked a dozen years older. His spirits were low, and he spoke with despondency. I had never before observed in his manner such feebleness. He told me he did not feel well, and that he believed he never should feel well again; that the fever he caught in Algiers had shaken him to such a degree, he did not think he could live long. His manner was painfully touching to my feelings. The Thomas Campbell I once knew —the spruce, neat, self-respecting—how different he appeared. I referred him to his father's great age, above ninety; and his mother's, nearly eighty, to show he should not despond of long life. "No matter, I am convinced I shall not be again what I have been since you have known me. I shall never get over the effects of that fever. You will outlive me."

"It is possible, because I am years younger than you are. But you spring from a parentage that has lived to the extreme of the age of man."

"There are exceptions to all rules, my good friend, and I have the presentiment that you will outlive me."

I found the wine the poet took did not seem to stimulate him as it did formerly. Nothing appeared to take off the weight that hung upon his spirit; indeed, he was never one to move upon such occasions. Of the past, present, and future,

he lived for the two last; and while at times he referred to the past, it was always with a sense of the vanity of its reference to others, and most assuredly with a sense of its unconcern to himself. His well-known abstraction was still a bar to the interchange of conversation, except over an after-dinner glass. Serious opinions of others were rare, unless he bore a grudge against the party or parties. In the present instance, our conversation was the gloomiest I ever remembered. Even after he had lost near and dear relatives, I never found him more despondent. I had often found him dispirited, but never so low in feeling as on this occasion. I pushed round the wine in vain. I found, too, that the society in which he had recently intermingled was not of the class with which he had formerly been accustomed to associate. Many old and ardent friends he seemed to have neglected. I hinted as much, regarding Lord Holland. He said it was troublesome to dress and go so far for a dinner. For everything there was a pretext, which was in reality nothing —showing too strongly that the time of life had arrived, somewhat prematurely with him, when the "days have no pleasure in them." At this period the want of his old domestic establishment was a loss indeed. He felt, at intervals, when inclined for relaxation by social intercourse, no inclination to submit to common formalities and the re-

strictions of etiquette, however trivial; and, at times, he unfortunately dropped into the company most easy of access. Often, in consequence, things were said of him that were untrue, or his weaknesses were exaggerated. Now, strange to say, he appeared less often in a state of mental absence than of yore—perhaps he thought less. In our editorial intercourse, I am convinced I had often talked to him in his study, and he noted not a word of what I said. In some of his letters, published by his executor, I have seen things stated in direct opposition to facts. There was generally a desire to upraise himself; and here he did not mind a little distortion of "the letter of the law;" but in the cases to which I allude, it was a lapse of memory as to matters written in a hurry, because something must be said. He was by no means a captivating letter-writer. His epistles appear forced and stiff, while affecting ease. But to return to his chambers, in St. James's Street. The poet's whole bearing was so different from what it had been in our preceding intercourse, that the impress it produced, continues as deeply engraven on my mind now as it was at that moment. He spoke most affectingly of our long intimacy, and of our never having had a difference. "Why were things changed? Could we not return to what we had been?" Here he went into a detail of some of his differences with Colburn and his

affairs, noticing how entirely I had kept away from contact with the bibliopolist, and stating there were reasons why he, Campbell, could not do the same. Among other things, he said, "When I go, you must write my life."*

I replied it would be a difficult task, almost as hard as that of Mrs. Siddons, where could the materials be found? That I knew there were none, unless he had written or collected them since we met last. He replied I have done nothing towards it, but I will. I said, do so. I knew pretty well what papers your "confusatory" contained in your old study, which Mrs. Campbell and myself had so often ransacked: I suppose it is the same now? adding, do you remember what a "confusatory" you used to leave it? He smiled, then looked grave at the allusion, but said no more. I left him about eleven o'clock, with the sad conviction that he was fast breaking, and that his former self-respect, and high-spirit in literary matters, were obliterating; in other words, that he was in a state of rapid bodily decay, for that though clear in apprehension,

* It would appear that two or three years before he died he attempted something of the kind, at the request of his executor, but it was most unsatisfactory, from his seeming want of power to recal past events with order and accuracy. It was not in his way to execute any thing in sequence, so late in life, satisfactorily, and with an impaired memory.

his literary decadence continued to be more and more manifest. I told him I was going down into Staffordshire, to fight a battle with my pen, but should run up to town for a day now and then. He expressed his regret we should be so far apart, but thought he should still see me there, for he had friends a dozen miles off from where I should be located, (he probably spoke of Watt, the son of the great steam-engineer at Birmingham). Could he be of any use to me. It occurred that a letter from one so eminent as himself, in case of reference at some future time or as a testimony of our long connection, might be of use one way or the other. The next day he sent me the following letter :—

"York Chambers, St. James's Street,
"Feb. 24th, 1836.

"DEAR REDDING,

"If my testimony can be of any service to you I shall be the happier to give it that I can give it you with a safe conscience. I have known you the best part of twenty years. You were ten years my co-editor in the editorship of the New Monthly Magazine. We kept up that work at the height of double the sale that it ever had had before, or has ever had since, and I attribute its success in no small degree to your co-operation. When Colburn and Bentley repented their differ-

ence with me, and sent D. Williams, author of the 'Letters of Publicola,' in the Weekly Dispatch, to offer me my own terms to return to them, I refused the editorship principally because I should not have you for my coadjutor.

"I should trust to your knowledge in the conduct of a paper or of any periodical as much as to the experience of any individual I am acquainted with.

"With agreeable remembrances,

"I remain,

"Yours truly,

"T. CAMPBELL."

"To Cyrus Redding, Esq."

I left London for Staffordshire in a day or two, and did not see the poet on my visits to town but once before 1839, when I found him domiciliated in 61, Lincoln's Inn Fields. He begged me to join a few friends there the next evening. His rooms were spacious, but in a state of confusion beyond belief. Strewed with books and papers, and on the floor, leaning against the shelves, stood a picture of the Queen, which she had sent him since I had seen him last—a sort of return for the present of his poems to her majesty. "Why don't you hang it up?" "I am going to do so soon. My things are sadly out of order."

I thought of old days, and the neatness and order

which prevailed in Mrs. Campbell's time, and felt at once the changes that inexorable time, since her death, had wrought on the poet and all around. The breakfast-things were on the table, a coat on one chair, and a dressing-gown upon another; pyramids of books heaped on the floor. Upon his writing-table, on which lay papers in choice confusion, stood a tobacco-pipe, and some of the "Indian weed," which he only took occasionally, as if to stimulate himself in composition.

"I am in confusion; but I have a servant coming who will set all in order for me by to-morrow."

"But you have left your ample bedroom empty to increase the incumbrances of your sitting-room."

"There is a fire here, and I have none there. All will be in order by-and-bye."

Being in haste, I left him after a ten minutes' interview, and the next evening, at seven o'clock, I mounted his stairs again. I had scarcely seated myself before a knock at the door ushered in Archdeacon Strachan, of Toronto, in Canada. As the door opened, the poet archly said,—

"How must I address you,—Mr. Archdeacon, or my Lord Bishop?"

"I am not a bishop until next week," replied the Doctor, who, advancing further into the room,

Campbell, with one of his significant glances, directed him to me.

"This gentleman, I think, you have long known, Mr. Archdeacon?"

I felt very awkward, remembering my error ten years before at a breakfast-party; but the Archdeacon, with politeness, and in perfect good humour, spoke as if he did not recollect how I drove him to the drawing-room—conducting himself as if he had forgotten the incident entirely. I, on my part, saw no need of apologising for what had been unintentionally offensive. Campbell was fond of speaking before me of the innocent mischief into which he contributed to run me on that occasion, and did not fail to tell me if he heard anything of the Rev. gentleman after he had gone back to Canada—that he was well, and so on. He did not the less feel pleased at our meeting once more, and it was in reality one of the last evenings I really enjoyed in the poet's society.

"The Doctor is an estimable friend of mine," said the poet. "We are of opposite political sentiments; but right-thinking men never have a distaste for each other on that account, if they possess liberality of feeling."

I believe the poet's friendship for the Bishop of Toronto to have been deep and lasting; and I have no doubt, from what I have seen and heard,

that it was reciprocal, while the poet lived, on the side of the good bishop, who has since gone after the poet the way of all the earth. We had often met in times past, and had passed evenings together at the poet's house pleasantly, prior to the day of my unfortunate mistake.

Campbell did not abate in his customary pursuits, although, evidently, he had long failed in the ability to compass things in writing, worthy of his reputation, and had suffered his name to be used by others. Such changes are painful parts of human history, and, in the poet's case, so much the reverse of his former and earlier feelings, that I should have thought him the last individual who would have tolerated it. Our sternest resolution is too often conquered by a passion, that before had been but secondary in our nature, superseding that which had once had the superiority. The desire of money, at a time when it was really least wanted, ruled the poet's spirit. He had often contributed largely, considering his means, to support or aid relatives, and had ever been considerate, even to straitening himself, in their regard; but now death had taken off nearly all who had any legitimate claim upon him. He had received legacies from friends, enjoyed property to the extent of two hundred per annum, had a pension of three hundred, and the profits of his works besides. There was less

cause than ever, therefore, for pleading necessity in literary matters. In him it was now the natural effect of early senility. He published a Life of Shakespere, utterly worthless; he suffered himself to appear as editor to a work entitled "The Court and Times of Frederick the Great." He affixed his name to a catchpenny annual in 1838, or a year or two before, for which he wrote some verses—a thing Sir Walter Scott, when applied to, scorned to undertake for the "Keepsake," in better times. Those who were aware of the extreme fastidiousness of Campbell in his better days, and of his former noble self-respect in similar cases, were astonished, not being aware of the rapid change in the power and direction of his mind during the last eight or nine years of his life.

The former lives of Petrarch, with his twenty-five biographers, had contained all that could be related of that poet. Campbell said: "I undertook to write the Life of Petrarch more from accident than original design. It was known that the Rev. Archdeacon Coxe had bequeathed to the Library of the British Museum a MS. Life of the poet, which he had written. Mr. Colburn caused a copy of it to be taken; and, intending it for publication, requested me to be the editor. I readily agreed; for, as the Archdeacon had considerable literary reputation, I could not imagine

that he had left to a great public institution any work that was ill-digested and not worthy of perusal: so I surrounded myself with as many books connected with the subject as I could obtain, and applied assiduously to the study of Italian literature, which I had neglected for some years. Great, however, was my disappointment when, sitting down to the Coxe-Petrarchan MS., I found it an incomplete biography, that stops short of the poet's death by twelve years, written in a style so sprawlingly diffuse that, where three words would serve, the Archdeacon is sure to employ nine. I tried to remedy this fault by compression, but found that the reverend man's verbosity defied all power of packing. If anyone suspects me of dealing unfairly with the Archdeacon, let him go to the library of the British Museum and peruse the work in question—his scepticism will find its reward. * * To have edited this fœtus of biography would have done no good to either Petrarch, or Archdeacon Coxe, or myself. I had employed, however, some time and trouble in consulting books and preparing notes for the proposed editorship; and, unwilling to throw them away, I undertook to write a Life of Petrarch, for which I should be solely responsible."

It would have required the labour of years for any one to search again into all the existing authorities, and Campbell had not patience for a

task, had he been younger, which Foscolo had long ago told him was exhausted, and that no one could know more of the amatory Italian than was known at present. I believe one of the latest works, that of the Abbé Pusignan, was unknown to Campbell. His work adds not a word new to the history of Petrarch, nor to Campbell's reputation. I heard he received two hundred pounds for the copyright. What could be expected from a subject so often handled, and from one, too, who had never made the poets of modern Italy his particular study? De Sade was his, as it is everybody's, text-book of authority, and in him there was surely no novelty.

I arrived in London from the country at lodgings in Upper Baker Street, with the design of remaining. I found the poet had, in his usual impulsive way, taken it into his head to keep house again, and to receive a young niece from Scotland to place at the head of his table. This was in 1841. The house he took was No. 8, Victoria Square, Pimlico. The change was a fresh novelty, not effected without cost. He spoke of it as a child about a new toy, and as likely to be thrown aside when its owner was tired of it, upon some new idea starting up suddenly in his mind. When he was exhibiting it to me, and directing my attention to this thing and the other, I almost offended him by telling him the

situation was too low for his health, and that he ought to be upon high ground. "I am close to the palace," he remarked, as much as to say he must therefore be in a healthy situation. I added, "The sewers here have their contents thrown back by the Thames at little above half-tide, and as for Buckingham House, it stands where there was a duck-pond a reign or two ago."

He came one day to breakfast with me early, and remained until five o'clock. He conversed nearly the whole time, and looked something as he appeared in past days, but the look was evanescent. We still met at intervals of a week or a month, as it happened, and he several times lamented that we were not nearer to each other, while, wonderful for him, he once or twice touched upon past circumstances regarding himself. He confounded in conversation many things in which we were once mutually interested; even the writings of Curran with those of Shiel. He had utterly forgotten a singular adventure at Sydenham, in which we were both concerned. Yet at sixty-six, with general good health, the majority of men who have been accustomed to exercise their faculties do not fail so soon in their recollections of striking incidents. He spoke of the loss of a sister, the third since we had known each other. I believe he received from her a considerable legacy. When he spoke of her death it

was without emotion, as people relate an event that was indifferent from being inevitable, and therefore useless to lament.

He visited Germany in one of his fits of restlessness, fancying some of the mineral waters might do him good, but he returned home not at all mended in health. He made verses, it is true, and published the "Pilgrim of Glencoe" and some other poems, in 1842, wholly unworthy his genius and reputation. The desire remained, but the power of worthy execution continued to diminish so as almost to be measured in its diminution. No brilliant coruscations of his pristine genius to rival early glories flashed through the gloom that thickened around his advancing years. He projected visiting Italy, but his resolutions were marked by failures in carrying them out. Odd fancies, the flickerings of his genius in another form—odd fancies on seeing strange children and their pictures; continued changes of residence; fears of pecuniary scarcity, and new whims causing him considerable expense, marked his conduct. Then he would go where he could live cheaper. He was hardly settled in his new residence; with a lease, before he would sacrifice his expenses and go and live in France, at a cost in removal equal to all he could save. He actually visited Brittany to find a spot of retirement, but returned with a distaste for the country. These resolves were the fruit of momentary impulses, not

the deductions of reflection, as they had often been in years past; but in those times reason had more sway, and they were better directed in consequence. His cheerfulness and gloom were more fitful than of yore, depending less upon external circumstances and the bodily indisposition, which, though not acute, was sufficient to disarrange a system so sensitive as his own.

I told him I thought him wrong in going to Boulogne, it was a cold, miserable place in winter; and that the south of Devonshire was a better climate for him, and that living was equally cheap. "As to company, you know they call the jail there the *Hotel d' Angleterre!*" He laughed, said he did not mind the climate; he could live cheaper there,—a mere whim, the result of that continued restlessness which marked the latter part of his life.

The last time I saw him was on the eve of his departure. His books were packing up in Victoria Square. I remarked that I remembered not how many removals of him and his books in the preceding twenty-five years. He smiled, and told me of his bad bargain in getting rid of his house. He looked far older than he was, and feeble, but did not seem in bad spirits, saying he should be well at Boulogne, the air agreed with him. Promising to go over and see him, I took a biscuit and glass of wine with him; we shook hands, and

I saw him no more. This was at the end of September, 1843.

I walked home across Hyde Park, reflecting painfully upon the poet's departure, and with the full persuasion he was not long for this world. Those who had been continually in the habit of seeing him could not perceive so easily the difference in his appearance and manner as I could, who had only observed him at intervals. A hundred things in our past intercourse came painfully sad upon my recollection. His bodily appearance struck me as changed much more than his conversation; but in the latter case it was easy to see that while he was perfectly self-possessed and mentally clear, his mind was occupied with far less elevated subjects than of old, and dwelt upon small and trivial matters as if they were of great moment. His friendly disposition did not seem at all abated. He alluded to the mutability of things around him. While he thus conversed there was a species of vacancy in his fine eyes, not formerly seen. His neatness of dress had disappeared, and much of that intellectual impress so remarkable in his features before, had wholly vanished, and been replaced by something of an expression which age alone could hardly explain. His imagination appeared to be still full of activity upon inconsequential things. He spoke as one who contemplated soon parting from existence, while his

actions and his projects for the future contradicted the credit which his words seemed to demand. The activity of his imagination thus, as it often did before, overpowering the suggestions of his reason.

A mutual friend told me of Campbell's illness in June, 1844, and the nature of his complaint—liver affection. I instantly wrote to Boulogne, having promised to visit him that spring. My letter reached him but a few days before his departure to another state of existence. His niece replied at his request, sending me his "kind remembrances;" she added that he was sinking fast. Her communication was dated the eighth of June, and he expired on the fifteenth, at a little after four in the afternoon, on the same day of the month that another great poet and master of the ode, Collins, was buried, just eighty-eight years before.

Respecting the poet's last hours, life went out like the expiration of a taper, gently, and almost imperceptibly. I only state this as a hearsay. I have no personal knowledge of the poet's medical attendant and executor, who paid him great and kind attention, and was present during his last moments. He was in possession of his faculties, and bore his sufferings with fortitude.

His body was brought over, lay a night in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was interred in the

Poets' Corner, in Westminster Abbey, at a considerable expense in the fees extorted for that problematical honour. His funeral took place on the 3rd of July, 1844, and was numerously attended by the titled and the untitled, the literary and the curious. He was interred not more than eighteen inches under the pavement, alongside the ashes of Sheridan. At a quarter after twelve, by the clock in the aisle above the spot, the coffin was lowered into the poet's last resting-place, and a Polish exile threw some of the dust from the grave of Kosciusko upon the coffin. The Rev. Mr. Millman, himself a distinguished poet, read the service at the foot of Dr. Barrow's monument, beneath that of Garrick, at whose funeral Samuel Johnson was seen standing and weeping, just sixty-five years before. Little was known of the poet's feeling, when "E.L.D., Author of the Pleasures of Hope," was placed upon his coffin. His antipathy to "*Dr.* Campbell" was inveterate.

It may not be irrelevant to remark, that when Campbell wrote his poem of "Field Flowers," he contemplated a grave by the Clyde, and there he should have lain. He often spoke of our going down together, to visit the scenery, and of his preference of it for a last resting-place. His later years, when he became alike broken in constitution and less elevated in thought, might have blunted his old feelings, but some of his friends

remembered his earlier and better notions upon the subject, if his notions ever changed. After the poet's funeral, when publishing a few recollections of him, of which this volume makes a part, I received the following "Lines suggested by Thomas Campbell's grave in Westminster Abbey." They came, to me, I am certain, from our mutual friend, Horace Smith, though he never pleaded guilty of them, just two years before his own death:—

Ah, ye who have buried the sweet poet here,
How cold were your hearts, and your hands insincere,
His works ye could never have read;
For had ye been read in his works, ye had spared
The pomp and the stone which your honour prepared,
And minded the words he had said:—

"Earth's cultur'less buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
Had scared my existence's bloom;
Once I welcome you more in life's passionless stage
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb."

Who shall hope, unless bound by the law's heavy chains,
Friends will care for a wish as regards your remains,
When the breath has concluded life's hours?
How little the poet's fond wish is obeyed,
He sleeps amidst bards in Death's dismal parade,
But not, as he wish'd, among flowers!

CHAPTER XIII.

Retrospect of the poet's later days.—Horner on his marriage.—Convivial manners.—His earlier and later poetry.—Corrections in "Hohenlinden."—His Odes.—Despair of human progress.—Anecdotes.—Remarks.

TO retrograde a little in a desultory way. The solitude of the old domestic hearth has been already alluded to, as one cause of the poet's change of residence. His removal to Scotland Yard took him away from old associations and from his study which he had added to his house, at a considerable expense. This shifting the scene and yet remaining a housekeeper, had the objection of still attaching domestic details to his incapacity for their management. His loneliness soon began to press upon him again, though he gave evening parties occasionally, and concealed as much as ever the contest that went on in his own bosom. His absences of mind were at

times still unaccountable. "You know that such or such an article, I should like to have seen."

"You did see it; as usual, I knew it was one of those you would be delicate about, and put it in my pocket when I came on such an evening, to take coffee with you."

"I had entirely forgot all about it."

"I thought you were abstracted when I was describing it to you."

He was soon tired of Scotland Yard. His loneliness began to press heavy on his feelings, and he wanted me to leave Upper Berkley Street, and come down nearer to him. I pleaded my small allowance of spare time. One of the later evenings I spent in Scotland Yard, I remember was one of the latest of those Mrs. Siddons ever passed out of her own house, and that John Lockhart and Washington Irving were of the party.

Under the same roof, but with another entrance, sat the Ecclesiastical Commission, his tenants, if I remember rightly.

"What a wonder—is it a conversion, that I find a son of the kirk, a covenanter, under the same roof with bishops, deans, doctors, and proctors. I was not aware you had abandoned John Knox, for high church Laud. I wonder the bishops do not scent the odour of your heretical tenets?"

"In the Stuart time they would have shut me

up in the Lollard's Tower, but now high churchmen are very tolerant to heretics. All men begin to make allowance for each other's sins. This is proof of a great reformation of manners after all. Think of Laud and his friends being my tenants at Whitehall!"

He soon removed into lodgings, tired of housekeeping. This led him much into society, for he felt his loneliness still more. He bore a part in many of the club dinners, and shared in the conviviality, to which to the same extent he had been long a stranger. He had no evening fireside as formerly, and seemed to live with less regularity. He had begun to try and accustom himself to new habits at the very period of life, when custom generally points to a state of rest from change of any kind. Thrown upon accident he grew restless and mentally dissatisfied. Yet he took a pride in seeming indifferent to feelings that were sometimes exceedingly acute. He sought a refuge in company, often not with his former care in its selection, partaking in everyday conversation more than before, and seeming to want to lose sight of the past in the present. I have inferred, I think upon just grounds, for no one had so good an opportunity of observing the poet's domestic life for nine or ten years before his wife's decease, that her death threw him back into habits that existed before his marriage.

Horner writing to Lady Mackintosh, said:—"This morning I have returned from a visit to our poet Campbell. He has fixed himself in a small house upon Sydenham Common, where he labours hard, and is perfectly happy with his wife and child. I have seldom seen so strong an argument from experiment in favour of matrimony, as the change it has effected in the general tone of his temper and manners."

Scotland is not a land of restraint from youthful conviviality. The social glass is taken to no small extent by those who are never seen inebriated—taken in quantities, even in youth, in a manner unknown in England. An hour of extraordinary indulgence in England is an after-dinner affair, not often repeated. The poet's disposition was no doubt convivial at an early age, and even at college the bottle was not spared by young men. Then he went to Hamburgh, and at Altona, with the exiles, he had "merry bouts." He returned home, was feasted, flattered and welcomed everywhere, and only broke through those indulgences on his marriage, and retirement to Sydenham. The convivialities of Thomas Hill there, could not have been injurious and were comparatively few. In his own house on receiving company, he was remarkably moderate, and took no more wine than other men did, and for days together none at all. The re-

gular habits of twenty-five years broken up by his wife's decease, he was cast upon the world again. He was desolate, and inconsiderate, especially for one who was by temperament the least able to bear wine of any man I ever saw. He filled his glass in conversation without thinking, and in this way got affected with what another man would have taken harmlessly. I have often thought his habit of repressing his feelings, and exhibiting a sort of false fortitude under the trials of life, which he was so determined in doing, diminished his power of resistance to wine. His excitability was great. He had too rapid a flow both of words and ideas, and a little wine increased it. It is true it was not often that he was thus affected with one-third of what would affect another, but as to its being a frequent occurrence it is untrue. Of the last seven or eight years of his life, I knew little, but no one knew more of him for a score of years preceding. At all times his house and his study were open to me. I sat frequently at his table, and I deny that until he became a widower, he plunged into company in the way he did afterwards, or differed in the measure of his wine from other men. His convivialities before his marriage I only infer, but they could not have been more than temporary, or he would not have worked as

he did at that period. Another charge was made against him in Scotland, that he lived unhappily with his wife. I do not credit a syllable of it. He once said soon after his marriage, that it was useless for any married man to attempt to study, meaning that his wife drew too much of his attention. I never found Mrs. Campbell out of temper. I never saw a remote symptom of disagreement, though I entered the poet's house for years at all times, without ceremony. I believe the tale to be wholly a fiction.

Campbell appears, upon a careful survey of his career and productions, to have reached the summit of his poetical ability, about 1812; declining until 1825, and rapidly afterwards. As Scott remarked he had burst upon the world magnificently with a work of surpassing excellence. His youthful poetry, before he was eighteen, gave no promise of such excellence, although it exhibited the early dawn of the poetical faculty. Other poets had far outstripped his boyish efforts. Pope at twelve years of age, far outshone him. Some of his translations from the Greek at that age are plagiarisms—take those from "Anacreon" for example, particularly the nineteenth ode "*Ἡ γῆ μέλαινα πίνει.*" No one can mistake that the boy had been reading the translation of "Anacreon" by Fawkes, which is not in every

person's hand. Two of his lines are verbatim with a trifling exception :—

> "The sun in his prodigious cup,
> Drinks all the seas and rivers up."

Fawkes :—

> "The sea in his prodigious cup,
> Drinks all the rain and rivers up."

Boys get translations sometimes among themselves, and use them in this manner. His lines "To the First of May," were an imitation of our older poets of the same age, written at fourteen. In fact, the "Lines," he wrote in Mull are the first, perhaps, in order of merit out of the common run of their time. His verses to Caroline are sweet, delicate, passionless, and full of promise, but there was nothing to foretell so splendid an outbreak upon the world as was to follow, in the "Pleasures of Hope." The original draught of which was fine, though by no means equal to the poem as it stood when corrected by Dr. Anderson's suggestions, and the poet's fortunate perception after all, of the benefit of that high finish which is contemned by present poetasters. There are lines in the "Pleasures of Hope" that will be orally transmitted through future generations, and become familiar aphorisms among those who have never read the work, when perhaps the lust of gain will have reduced to

contempt all superior pursuits in literature and the arts. There are more beautiful lines in this poem, pregnant with deeper meaning, coming home to the business and bosoms of all, than can be found in any other poem of the same length in the language. The author aspired nobly and his ambition met its reward. The poem overflows with the graces of the art. It is delicate, and at times rises to a loftiness, which, if it wants strength, overcomes with its beauties. Fancy and feeling with brilliancy of hue are its characteristics, as conspicuous as they are in all Campbell's better writings. To invention he has little claim, his imagery seldom scales the height, but moves gracefully under rich embroidery over a plain of flowers of every hue. All is tender and subdued beauty—but the poem is too well appreciated, and has been too long before the reader to demand further notice, faultless in harmony as it is, and "musical as Apollo's lute."

The second, and his own favourite production, "Gertrude of Wyoming," not being a didactical poem, brought out the poet in a different department of the art. It was one in which he was likely to be successful. That tranquil scenery and those tender emotions of which he excelled in the description, were main accessories here. His imagination rich and vivid, flashed forth continually in verse, which for grace, and all that

attaches the hearts of the good rather than the great, is creative of sentiment and affection more than that which surprizes or startles. The turns of thought are so happy, the expressions so peculiar to their author and so unlike those of his cotemporaries, that often, though fanciful, we credit them as realities, and when new seem to feel they are familiar thoughts. His language is mellifluous and partakes of that species of selection which genius can alone call and adapt to its purposes, leaving the line and rule men, the dry grammarian and cognoscenti lexicographer, to wonder by what magic art words so fitting to their places were discovered and introduced without entering into the mysteries of their art. "Gertrude" is a bouquet of the loveliest flowers—a rose that germinated without a thorn—a rose of Paradise.

From all Campbell wrote it may be inferred that while he could draw upon his imagination for the richest embellishments of his art, he had little power in designating combined action. He could decorate with exquisite taste, and colour, and bathe in beauty and affection, the sentiments with which he invested and inspired his characters, but he could not conduct them through the complexity of a plot. He could follow, and render bewitchingly attractive, through the display of a luxuriant taste, straight lines in the blooming

parterre, and plant them with the richest floral assemblages, but he was not equally able to follow and adorn labyrinthian involutions and mathematical curves.

When Scott deemed the poet "afraid of the shadow his own fame cast before him," and when he spoke of his having "wings that would bear him to the skies," he miscalculated. Campbell's best works were the fruits of impulsion, at the moment when his genius was at the summit of the hill in his life's earlier journey. He would willingly have done as well in his middle life if he could, and, indolent as he was, he would and did try for it. Here and there, in some of his shorter pieces down to 1825, there are detached lines and scraps that recal his prime. But even in his sincere and enthusiastic regard for the Poles, when he exerted himself for the best, as far as he had the power, he could not raise the flame to its pristine intensity. The truth was, that the early intensity of his genius had become weakened, measured by the power of its after retention. He had finished his work with *éclat*, being among those whose lot it was to reach their eminence in early life, and then to see the reflection of their own renown, a pleasure often not reserved for greater names.

In the letters of Horner, an account is found of the changes the poet made in his "Hohen-

linden." The truth was, he polished and altered not always for the better. I have mentioned his song, beginning :—

> "Men of England who inherit
> Rights that cost your sires their blood."

I would not dine until I had the verses, and I found after two or three trials, that I took them away with the "first intention." He himself read them and asked, which I preferred of two or three terminating stanzas, I replied the first, that it was often the sharpest, out of the mould. "Well then," said he, "we will have that." So Horner got a copy of his alterations from Campbell himself, and sent them to a friend, who had only the first version, which it appears was in six stanzas, in place of eight, as they now stand.

"Campbell," said Horner, "gave me a copy of his poem, which will enable me to correct your edition of it, you will be pleased to enjoy it in a more perfect form, instead of six, it consists of eight stanzas; the third is this :—

> 'By torch and trumpet fast array'd
> 'Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
> 'And furious every charger neighed,
> 'To join the dreadful revelry.'

From an expression in this last line, your fifth

and sixth stanzas must change places, and the poem ends with the following :—

'Few, few shall part where many meet,
'The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
'And every turf beneath their feet
'Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.'

"You must likewise make some corrections in your third stanza, line first, for '*by*,' read '*with* ;' line second, for '*rush'd*,' read '*flew* ;' line third, for '*volleying like the bolts*,' read '*louder than the bolts* ;'" [here I think a bad line has been altered for the worse]. In your fourth stanza, for '*and*,' read '*but*,' in line first, and for '*these fires*,' read '*that light* ;' line second, for '*purpled*,' read '*stained* ;' line third, for '*shall be the flow*,' read '*the torrent flow*." In your fifth stanza, for '*warlike*,' read '*fiery*.'"

Of Dryden's three best odes, the noblest is said by Johnson, to be that on the "Death of Mrs. Killigrew ;" "The Odes on St. Cecilia's Day" come after it. We have the charming ode of Collins, and several by Gray; but in subject and happy execution none resemble those of Campbell, and therefore do not admit of comparison. Campbell's are war-songs — Tyrtean — severe in language, short, and full of spirit. They stand a species of their own, while conferring fame upon their author, adding another wreath to the literary glory of their country. It was well to have written no

more, since what was, has been so well written, and has produced so great and lasting an effect.

Campbell seldom made allusion to his own writings, never but twice, during our long intimacy. We were dining with Mr. R——, of Paddington, one day, and Lord Dillon, in a conversation in the drawing-room, asked me if I did not think Campbell's best ode "Ye Mariners of England." The poet had overheard us speaking of the ode, and walking home, asked what his Lordship and myself had been saying about his verses. I replied, that Lord D. preferred "Ye Mariners of England," and that I gave the preference to the "Battle of the Baltic." "Why what makes you prefer that piece to the other?"

"Because, it is a piece of action, addressed to more senses than one. It is a painting of a naval combat, the sound is truly an echo to the sense. The repetition 'Again, again, again,' is not only spirit-stirring, but quite truthful. The heavy firing of shipping often has short pauses, and then 'Again, again.' I have heard much of it, and it has been recalled by those words, it seemed like the real thing."

"I am glad you think so," said the poet, "it was unpremeditated on my part."

Every stanza is a natural and perfect painting of itself, so that an artist might sketch from it a distinct feature. In the first, stand the warriors

of Denmark, each at his gun, with the match in hand, and next the unbroken silence of the drifting "leviathans" of England as they come down into the line so soon to be exchanged for the thunders of the battle; then the "deathshade" from the smoke of the cannon "like a hurricane eclipse of the sun." In the fourth stanza, that tripled "again!" depicts the repetition of the firing happily; in fact, the whole is unequalled in our language. Then what may not be said in praise of "Hohenlinden!" Campbell need not have written these odes to have stood one of the foremost on the list of British poets. He is the true lyrical poet and achieves effect more by some inexpressible agency than anything easy to define. He is the poet of inspiration if unequally inspired. The simplicity, purity, and condensation of language in these odes, remind us of antiquity, and recal the energy of the Greek writers. One could wish he had withheld his later pieces, because in their falling off they exhibit such evident signs of the decay of the poetical faculty. Of these, the "Child and Hind," if written to imitate the old ballad, fails in its imitation altogether, and unless it designed to do that, does not rise even to mediocrity. "Napoleon and the British Sailor" would almost make one think he intended to rival some of Wordsworth's odd lyrical ballads. "Benlomond" is good only in

design; for there is hardly consistency in the supposition that a mountain in the savage highlands of Scotland could mock the historian's pen with the details of ancient ages, although it was coeval with them in existence, nor was the idea novel. The "Parrot" is poor; the lines in "Getting the Portrait of a Female Child," are worth all the rest in a volume, the falling off in which they will not redeem, though pretty, and then how quails the "Launch of the first rate," before his superb naval odes!

If Sir Walter Scott was of opinion, though he could imitate all the modern poets, he must make Campbell an exception, because his peculiarities were not in manner but in matter, still his verses have been and are quoted by literati, in the senate and on public occasions, beyond those of any contemporary poet. "Lochiel," "Glenara," "The Mariners of England," and "The Pleasures of Hope," supply quotations for illustration to all ranks of men, because they respond to every heart, the true key to popularity.

Here I must close these reminiscences, entreating the reader to recal the quotation addressed to him at the commencement of these volumes, and to remember that to do more I have not pretended. I subjoin a few scattered remembrances of the poet, and of things in connection with him, not in the order of dates, which is impracticable, and

is not necessary. The wheels of time roll rapidly round, and crush human recollections unsparingly. The few are but as autumn leaves fallen upon the waters, and caught hurrying away towards the great sea of oblivion.

The poet did not excel in epistolary writing; there was a want of that careless ease which, accompanying the generality of subjects in familiar intercourse, makes their great charm; for it must be admitted, that the nearer our communications are in style to unstudied conversation the greater is their virtue. There was too much of the stiffness of metaphysics and the moral philosophy class in many of his letters; whereas, had they been touched with the spirit of his poetry their value would have been proportionate. The two are antagonistic; a Scotch education is ever marked with the metaphysical brand. Campbell had too much of the poet's holy fire for metaphysics to quench, though they might sometimes deaden, the lustre of his prose writings.

The advance of the human race to some more elevated position at an era far remote from the present, was a thing which he did not call impossible; but of what moment could it be to us of the existing generation! When I said that with a single British frigate I could defeat the navies of Rome and Carthage united, that I could dare the unknown ocean, and circumnavigate the globe,

—while they crept along shore; that with a dozen British regiments I could rout the armies of Cæsar or Hannibal, the glorified of history, and so with other things—the compass, steam-engine-power, and railways,—was not that progress? Compare Pompeii to London or Paris, which we were enabled to do. Look at morals, and creeds; mark the philosophic simplicity of the Christian doctrine as promulgated by Christ, not, indeed, as corrupted in practice; but still, even then mark how the comparison holds. What two or three great minds among the Greeks and Romans amid deplorable image-worship, could only picture and recommend, was carried out in our day sufficiently to exhibit our superiority.

"Admitting all this, what is it to us if in time, man, in place of threescore years and ten lives to a hundred, and is enabled by his advance to 'tine the red lightning?' *We* shall have passed away—your philosophy is very consolatory, to be sure!"

"It is the condition of our existence that we are as we are, and as we shall be. I speak of our race. Why we existed at all we cannot explain."

"It is an hopeless affair that man will ever be much other than he is."

Then he would change the subject, his views evidently unsettled, and often terminate the conversation in a common-place joke. While in the

jest itself he was always below par; he made amends for that by the mode of relating it, in which he excelled. His attempts at light or humorous writing were failures, as when he resolved to publish the "Friars of Dijon" and "The Nun," both unlike, and being so unworthy of him. At times he would vamp up bad puns, I fully believe only because he heard the laudations bestowed on the brothers Smith and upon Hook, for their *jeux d'esprit.*

He formed no just estimate of his own beautiful productions. "Hohenlinden," that immortal ode, would not have been published at all but for Scott. The poet said it was only a "d—d drum-and-trumpet thing." How he prevented the introduction of the beautiful "Dirge of Wallace," in editing his works, because he did not think "it was perfect," I have stated. Remonstrance was in vain.

Seldom, except in a moment when he seemed thrown off his guard, would he refer to the past. I recollect a story or two of his boyish tricks marked by nothing that has not happened to all boys at school, and not at all characteristic. These he stated at a moment of hilarity, to second a story told by a friend of his own childish days a little similar, and not worth putting into type.

During the whole of the year 1832 the poet was swallowed up in Polish affairs. It was a real

mania. Without a reference to "The Pleasures of Hope," the origin of this feeling is not discoverable—but on reading the passage commencing

"Warsaw's last champion,"

and terminating—

"And freedom shriek'd, as Kosciusko fell!"

a clue is obtained to this zeal. He had not forgotten the generous feeling that he had nurtured in youth; and it had fixed itself more deeply in his constitution by the passage of years. His poem was well known in Warsaw soon after it was published, and he had repeated notices of the effect it produced in his favour—an effect which introduced him to the more illustrious men of that nation when driven from their homes in their first abortive attempt to throw off Russian slavery. During the year above mentioned, the poet talked, dreamed, laboured in behalf of the exiles, interrupted only by the "eternal" Mrs. Siddons and her biography. He effected much good for the Poles, and his sincerity and toil in their behalf bore the impress of a noble and generous nature, if a little ill regulated. At one time he determined to dine at two o'clock, to have the longer afternoon for his Polish labours. Regardless of appearances, he would snatch his dinner in haste, and repair again to the Sussex Chambers, where the business was transacted. Once or twice a

week he would call between two or three o'clock at the Club, after his hurried dinner, to read the paper, ordering a glass of brandy and water at the same time; and some persons said he came there "to drink before dinner; how unseemly it was!" I told the poet so one day, and he replied,

"*You* believe I have dined?"

"Most assuredly, but the good-natured world does not know it."

"Pooh! I don't care for the world."

Half-a-dozen lines a day would have completed the Life of Mrs. Siddons in a fourth part of the time he took to finish it. The Poles, too, were sometimes an excuse for his idleness on that unsatisfactory work. His published letters in relation to his toils at this period are "awful exaggerations," often perversions through forgetfulness of the circumstances to which they relate, and often give incidents, which seeming lapses of memory, or a desire to be uppermost in everything with the smallest quantum of labour possible, could alone have coloured. I had once run down to St. Leonard's to spend a couple of days with him. In rambling about together, with a third party, having reached the summit of the East cliff, a place I had often visited, I observed to the poet that I had little doubt in my own mind but William I. had encamped there after landing, and before the battle of Hastings. "Come with me

and we can go round the entrenched side, the sea below defends the rest of the hill."

He was much struck with the spot, and that night began some verses, as he told me the next day (I was at the St. Leonard's Hotel) when I went to breakfast with him. He could not get them ready in time, and sent them to town after me, for insertion in "The Metropolitan." In his note that accompanied the verses, he wrote:—

"Sunday, Aug. 21, 1831.

"My dear Sir,—I have forwarded a paper to you which I think will be thought interesting. I bespoke it from Mr. M——, the traveller in Turkey, who is now here.

"I enclose you a note, the signature of which I cannot make out, though I suppose it to be known. What a shame for people to write so affectedly! Pray address it, if you know the name.

"Pray favour me with a little historical note about the Camp-hill, on which I have made the stanzas. The substance of what you told us on the spot will suffice, and let it be subjoined with the poem.

"Yours, &c.

"T. C."

The verses are those beginning—

"In the deep blue of eve,
Ere the stars had appeared one by one," &c.

The note was mine, as he wished it to be—(see "The Metropolitan" for September, 1831).

"I wrote:—

"What is called the East hill at Hastings is crowned with the works of an ancient camp, and it is more than probable it was the spot which William I. occupied between his landing and the battle which gave him England's crown. It is a strong position; the works are easily traced."

Of this there could be only my conjecture; no history of the spot remains, no record of the exact place William I. occupied on his landing before the battle; much less could it be known to have been occupied the evening before the Norman defeated Harold. The road out of Hastings to Battle, too, lay on the west of the town. Campbell, in a letter written to one of his correspondents, observes, in the month I thus visited him:—

"The subject of the following lines, which will appear in 'The Metropolitan' for September, is a spot of ground not far from the castle of Hastings, on which I have ascertained, by a comparison of histories, the camp of William the Conqueror must have been placed the evening before he defeated Harold!"

This was no solitary case of his want of memory, and its supply by taking the credit of what hardly belonged to him as to the history of places and

things. His forgetfulness and hallucinations, to those who did not know him, often appeared unaccountable.

He had been long fearful of the conduct of a countryman of his, and therefore had kept him under *surveillance*, and in that case nothing escaped his notice, though he was in general the most unsuspicious of mankind; but the party owed the poet money. He wrote me, "His word is not worth a straw; he has three times deceived Mr. M—— himself, in his promise to send to me. Mr. M—— and you believe that you can manage him; and so Captain C—— believed before you. It is my belief that he could manage you all three put together." The poet was right, and he rallied us all three upon it as a triumph. He got his money, and we did not. I replied that it was no wonder as the affair was a money one, and he was a North Briton, pitted against a countryman, with whom three Southerns had no chance. He replied that he thought a lesson or two in the North would do us all three good, and he would give us introductions, for a Scotch rogue was generally a well-educated man, worth half-a-dozen English ones through his better instruction.

No one in moments of relaxation was a more lively companion; but he moved by fits and starts, and required to be reminded of the most ordinary things. His fine eyes would sometimes seem to

be without speculation, or directed internally, apparently immovable. He would forget the plainest promises given, or the most fixed of his intentions at such times. His servant one day brought him a book, written by an old and valued friend, for which he had subscribed. He rated her, bade her give it back to the bearer, and declared he knew nothing about it. The messenger went away, and in five minutes afterwards the street door flew open, and the poet, in a dressing-gown and slippers, his head uncovered, wig disarranged, and no neckcloth on, was seen hurrying up the public street after the messenger. The real state of the case was, that the friend's book, and the supposed slight shown him, rushed into Campbell's mind, and he hasted to retrieve his error, at the expense of being thought mad by the street passengers.

On calling upon me, Swift's works were upon the table.

"I have not read him for many years," remarked Campbell, "and whoever reads him a second time laughs more heartily at him than on the first perusal, at least I do. He represents the mass of mankind just what it is in respect to its rationality. How superstitious and grovelling is its spirit! It was an admirable hit at the prevalent superstition for burying the dead east and west, to propose burying them with their heads downwards."

No man was more the advocate of religious freedom than Campbell. He would have everyone judge for himself, abhorred any kind of persecution, and never cared to ask a man what his creed was, as a thing with which he had no concern. He had a number of good stories about the rigidly righteous of his countrymen. His own religious opinions were sceptical; but he was exceedingly cautious of any religious topic before strangers. He was blind to the failings of friends, charitable and humane in his feelings, ready to do a kind act to another, only give him the hint, and fond of town rather than country life. He was often despondent. One day Horace Smith met him when he felt some disappointment about the London University, and asked about it.

"My dear friend, don't ask me a word about it. I never wish to hear its name mentioned. Don't ask me about any thing upon the success of which I have set my heart, for you may be sure it's a failure. All attempts at improving or benefiting my fellow-creatures I have given up for ever. I have now had a pretty long experience, and I have at length come to the conclusion —I wish I had done so sooner—that our race is not destined to improve, even if it do not relapse into comparative barbarism. Ay, you may shake your head; I know you are a sanguine believer in a never-ceasing progress towards higher desti-

nies; but for my own part I am satisfied that man is an incorrigible rascal, whose innate brutality will ever predominate over his modicum of rationality."

It was rarely Campbell would discuss elevated and learned subjects before a third party. Lockhart often tried him on Spanish literature. They occupied his retired moments; and although he so well knew how to treat difficult points, he preferred in conversation in mixed company either to be reserved, or very social and lively. No one at certain times was more ready to join in setting the table in a roar, when in the particular humour.

To one well acquainted with the incidents stated — no unimportant witness, and, indeed, actor in the same scenes—the statements made by the poet in his senility are so much at war with the real facts, that they are painful to read. His recollection was continually at fault, and circumstances of little real moment to himself or others, are so misstated, as to afford evidence of the effect of time upon some constitutions, and upon the poet's in a particular manner. This was remarked by Horace Smith, while the poet was alive, and by many of his friends. Smith has left an evidence of it in the statement which follows. Matter, too, which, it is presumed, was extracted from the notes

he put together two years before his decease, at the request of his executor, who has recorded it, perhaps partly the notes themselves are painfully inaccurate. It is impossible to pass by the reflection on perusing them, that the lot of the most brilliant genius is often that of common-place humanity, before life's curtain falls. One proof of the poet's mental change Smith gave as follows:—

"I was once," said Smith, "rallying him in his last years upon his depression of spirits, and recommending his shaking off certain gloomy views he had of the world. He replied:—

"'Oh, I am at no loss for much better society than the world can give me; come and see what a companion I have.'

"He led the way to an oil-painting in Lincoln's Inn Chambers, the size of life, representing a handsome gipsy girl, the work of a Polish emigrant. In an excited tone, he gave the history of the picture, quite unconscious of the hallucination his narrative betrayed:—

"'I was walking down Great Queen Street, when I saw this beautiful creature in a broker's shop, gazing upon me with such a friendly smile, that I instantly stood transfixed. So much was I smitten with the painting, that I inquired the price, but finding that it was forty guineas, much more than I could afford to give, I uttered a deep sigh, and walked on to Long Acre. But the

gipsy was still before me, smiling at me as I proceeded, and thus she continued until I reached my home. Even in the darkness of night it was the same. I could not sleep, those beautiful eyes were still benignly fixed upon me; and in the morning I asked myself, why I should be made miserable by not possessing that which forty guineas would obtain. I procured the money, hurried to secure my beauty—there she is—and I would not take a thousand guineas for her! How can I be solitary with such a companion? I talk to her constantly, and she always gives me a gracious reply. You laugh. Mark you, I don't say that you, or any one else, can hear her mellifluous voice; but I fancy I do, and that is quite enough to make her society charming, and more than enough to supply the place of other companionship.'

"Seeing it would be difficult and hardly desirable to dispel an illusion which had a charm for his imaginative mind, I did not attempt to combat it, and willingly admitted the great beauty of his canvas *innamorata*."

The poet would sometimes have recourse to stratagem to get over a difficulty, or where he was pressed against his inclination about anything he was reluctant to do or deny, and would circumvent. His plans generally shewed his simplicity on these occasions, by their want of depth. In a

bantering mood, when he charged me with some idle thing out of mere badinage, I used to admit that his charge might be true, but he could not accuse me of "Scotticisms." This would lead him away into a defence of his countrymen, from a charge which could only be proved against "a few Lawlanders" in any case.

I intended by "a Scotticism" merely some innocent stratagem to avoid that which he disliked, or to promote self-interest, when he had not inclination and firmness to say no, playing what he styled "paukiness" upon another. There were one or two places in London where, forced to make morning calls, he was always pressed to sit longer, under a variety of excuses, and where, too, he felt he had no disinclination to linger, and lose time in spite of himself. On leaving his house of an evening, he said to me, "Are you going into town to-morrow?—if so, call for me and we will walk together." Upon calling, I found he had gone out before me, leaving word that he would be obliged to me if I would call for him at a house in a particular street. I did so, and he immediately joined me. This occurring more than once, I thought it odd, especially when one day, knocking and asking for him, in the same manner, the servant said his mistress requested I would walk up into the drawing-room, at the door of which I met Campbell, bustling away on hearing my name

announced by the man at whose heels I had mounted the stairs. When we got into the street I told him the servant would not announce me unless I came up.

"It is of no more use now," said the poet, "I have made a cat's-paw of you, that is the truth, to get me away from those people where I always lose too much time. They will never let me go, and your calling allowed me to plead another engagement."

* * * *

"It had been the fashion," he said, "to accuse our language of hissing sounds. This might in some degree be a charge well founded, especially since the *th*, the beautiful Greek *θ*, had been so much discarded to make room for the *s*; but there were lines in the Latin classics that in this respect could meet any of ours. What must the ancient Romans have thought of them if the sound of the *s* was so very annoying to classical ears? Foscolo, on being asked what sounds in our language were most pleasing and unpleasing to his Greek-Italian ear, made no mention of those overburdened with the accused letter. He said the most disagreeable word we had was a Spanish word, *mucho*, made worse by our pronunciation, 'much.' It was horrible to his ear. One of the most agreeable sounds in any language was our 'indeed,' pronounced partly in the way of interjec-

tion, or emphatically. But what was to be thought of Virgil, in the Æneid?—

> 'Dixerat: et spissis noctis se condidit umbris.
> Adparent diræ facies, inimicaque Trojæ
> Numina magna deûm.'

There was a French poet, too, who had these lines, and most assuredly they could have no ground to accuse us:—

> 'Elle dit, et dans l'ombre echappe à mes regards,
> Alors, le voile tombe; alors de toutes parts,
> Je vois des dieux vengeurs la figure effroyante.'

Yet our own Addison seemed to have admitted the charge, not of the great use of the letter in the English, which cannot be denied, but of its prevalence, so largely exceeding its use in any other tongue, according to the statement of some foreigners, who had not fairly considered the point. In prose, it would undoubtedly be preferable to make the genitive case with 'of' almost uniformly, which would be some diminution of the use of the accused letter. He did not think, where there was no advantage gained by its use, as in the syllabic diminution often required in poetry, that the application of the letter in place of the more regular mark of the genitive case was at all more elegant."

When Lord Londonderry committed suicide, Campbell was much struck with a circumstance

which, from the character of the man, was so wholly unexpected.

"No one could accuse his lordship," the poet observed, "of being over-sensitive, early schooled as he had been in all that was hardening and unfeeling."

Some singular reasons were assigned at the time for the act. Campbell took the most indulgent view of the case.

"It was no matter for the cause, since it was equally humbling to human nature to see a man at the pinnacle of hope, and prospering in the sight of the world, struck down thus into the grave."

"You say," he observed to me, "few will miss Lord Londonderry. That may be true; but it is a lesson of an inscrutable character happening to such an individual. That a mind, either of a wide or narrow scope, should thus overturn itself, was a painful contemplation. There was a man of a superior intellect and virtue to Lord Londonderry, Romilly, committed the same act, and Whitbread, too. Who can rely upon his own strength of mind even in no uncommon circumstances! You know a medical man, as well as I do, who says the balance between suicide and existence often turns upon a blue pill. If so, what are we?"

The poet thought there were three classes of readers, one of which, quoting Dryden, were

"mob-readers," who preferred "the husk and rind of wit" to solid sense, with elegant expression. He was delighted with the style of the Rev. Sidney Smith, to say nothing of the quaint humour of which it was the vehicle. He said that one of Sidney Smith's criticisms on Dr. Parr, in which he had attacked the Doctor's learned style, and errors arising out of his over-laboured scholasticism, had almost tickled him to death. It was where the Doctor, after praising the regulations of a hospital in a long climax, spoke of them as possessing "the firmness of conscious worth rather than the prancings of giddy ostentation." In commenting upon which, Smith observed he had heard of a spirited carriage-horse, but had never yet witnessed a "prancing indenture." Campbell used to repeat this with much humour.

Washington Irving was sitting with Campbell while at Whitehall, when a raw Scot called, and hearing there was company, said he would wait. He then began to pump a youth whom Campbell had employed to write.

"I suppose our Irving, may be, is giving the poet a little godly advice, and needs o' it. The last time he was in Glasgow he never was in the kirk at all, but once, to hear one of our guid men."

"I don't know," replied the youth, "anything

about Glasgow, I was never there; but Mr. Irving writes the funniest books I ever read."

"You are wrong, laddie, there is no so in his godly works, unless he ha' writ anything leesome very lately."

"You have never read his 'Salmagundi,' then, and have a pleasure to come?"

"Who should think of such a primsie man trying his hand at ungodly beuks?"

"You have read his 'Knickerbocker's History of New York?'"

"Come, laddie, this is carrying it too far. Don't mock haly men. You maun think me daff to stan' a' that."

The American took his leave, and the poet laughed immoderately at his countryman mistaking Washington Irving, who wrote "Salmagundi," for the wild-looking enthusiast.

When Prince Czartorisky came an exile to England, Earl Grey, then prime minister, called upon him, though scarcely, if at all, personally acquainted; but Campbell remarked, with some asperity, that Lord Brougham, not long before made Chancellor, did not call upon the Prince, though they were old acquaintance. The motive attributed to the Lord Chancellor might have been mere surmise; but as he had just put on the "courtier's coat," the incident appeared singular. "I am sorry to see Brougham so actuated," said

Campbell, "I thought he was above such apprehensions from any quarter."

It is well known that the "Exile of Erin" was written by Campbell in 1800, upon an interesting Irishman named McCann, who took refuge in Hamburgh from the torturings practised by those in authority in Ireland, about the time of the rebellion. Campbell, visiting Berlin in 1825, went to Hamburgh on his return towards home, and saw his old friend. A dinner was given to the poet here, and he was heartily welcomed by those with whom he became acquainted on his first visit. McCann was alive, and Campbell had a communication from him in 1832. He has been dead many years, not having been suffered to return to England, though applications were repeatedly made in his behalf.

There is a statement on the strength of a friend's recollection, that Campbell, in putting together "The Life of Mrs. Siddons," so scanty of material, said, "Confound the woman! I wish her career had not been so monotonous and so virtuous, for it does not afford me any supplies, either of incident or scandal; so that when I once get her off the theatrical stage, I shall not have a word more left to say about her."

When the poet was composing "Theodric," Hook declared that, passing by his house, he saw the knocker tied up. Thinking the poet ill, he

inquired after his health, and was told by the servant he was doing as well as could be expected.

"God bless me! what has happened?"

"O, sir, master was safely delivered of a *couplet* this morning!"—thus hitting the poet's fastidiousness in composition.

Captain Marryat sent an article to "The Metropolitan" in favour of naval punishment. Always on the side of humanity, Campbell sent him the following lines, which afterwards went into that publication:—

"Ingenious author of this article,
I believe in your doctrine not one particle,
But if e'er the power be mine
To flog contributors, my boy,
Your back shall be the first to enjoy
The benefit of the Nine!"

The following joke of the poet's own, was related to a friend in one of his pleasant conversational moods, not caring whether the joke ran for or against himself:—

"Walking one day," he said, "along Holborn Hill, he perceived he had burst his boot. The streets were wet, and he turned into the first shop where he could provide himself with a new pair, which was soon accomplished, when he wrote down his name and residence in an address-book kept for that purpose, directing the old boots to be sent home to him. No sooner had the shop-

keeper read the words, 'Thomas Campbell, Sussex Chambers, Duke Street, St. James's,' than his countenance underwent a change, and bowing with an air of reverence, he said, or rather whispered, as if his natural voice would not sufficiently express his homage,—

"'I beg your pardon, sir; I hope I am not taking too great a liberty; I would not for the world be guilty of the smallest disrespect, but may I venture to inquire whether I have the honour of seeing in my shop the celebrated Mr. Thomas Campbell?'

"'My dear sir,'" said the bard, in relating this anecdote, 'I have heard so little lately of my literary reputation, for people have almost forgotten 'The Pleasures of Hope,' that having, as I fondly imagined, caught a new and ardent admirer, I resolved to play with the hook a little; so I replied, looking as modest and unconscious as I could,—

"'I don't exactly know whom you mean by the celebrated Mr. Thomas Campbell.'

"'Oh, sir,' cried the fellow, 'I meant Mr. Thomas Campbell, the African missionary — I never heard of any other!'

"An ignorant Muggletonian rascal!" ejaculated the bard, in narrating this misadventure, "I'll never buy another pair of boots of him as long as I live."

When the Reform Bill was proceeding, Campbell remarked, "It must come, that reform. The most anti-popular minister can only retard the measure for a time. Even now, see how much better are the times than those through which you and I have lived. The chances of fighting for freedom are over, in this country at least."

"I see, you would not have been knocked on the head with the old Covenanters."

"I am afraid I should have taken that side."

"It was the right side, as time has proved; but your friend, Sir Walter (Scott), does not quite think so."

"No; Sir Watty, as Lady Scott used to call him, will stand by his regiment 'right or wrang,' as the old countrywoman prayed that God would do with Hamilton's regiment. But Sir Walter is in earnest, believes himself right, and acts upon that belief."

"Our friend, Horace Smith, has just been twitting the great novelist. See these lines, in some manuscript poetry he has enclosed to me,—

"Why does not England's pride, the good Sir Walter,
Embalm their names in some immortal song!
Alas! he would not have us mend or alter
What time hath hallowed, be it right or wrong,
And leaves oppression and corruption still
To work their will!"

"Smith is a good fellow; but has not Scott

given us a world of what is good, while his feeling in politics is of little public moment, in staying the progress of events. He will go down a great name to posterity when his politics are forgotten as well as his opposition to the advancement of freedom in an age no one has done more to delight than himself. Don't you think so?"

I replied in the affirmative, and said I would take the risk of erasing the stanza, and Smith would not be displeased.

When Hazlitt published "The New Pigmalion," which he afterwards endeavoured to suppress, wholly unworthy of his talent as it was, Campbell said, "'Pigmalion,' indeed! the title should be 'Hogmalion!'"

His talent for punning, I have before observed, was not great.

"I have not a sixpence," I said to him one day; "my money is in my writing-desk, and I have lost the key."

"Never mind, Redding," said Campbell, jestingly, "if nothing better turns up, you are sure of a post among the *lackkeys*."

One day at the dinner-table, Colonel Jones of the Guards, Lord Denman, and others being present, the Colonel complained that there were too many men in the Guards recruited from the

metropolis and its vicinity, and among them many attorneys' clerks, the greatest rascals in existence.

"No, not exactly," said the poet, "you might have had their masters."

He would play upon an old pun of his own, and yet it did not appear threadbare from his mouth.

He wrote Horace Smith from Algiers, that it was the land of *dates*, for he had seen a camel carrying a load on his back. But he had long before said that the East was the site in which to write works on Chronology, "because it was the country of dates."

Halting once at an inn in Haddington, N. B., he was much struck with the charms of the chambermaid. He fell asleep soon after he was in bed, to dream of her beauty, when he was awoke by the girl herself, standing at his bedside with a candle in her hand, and somewhat of an embarrassed air.

"Sir, sir, would you object to a bedfellow?" she questioned him with a hesitating voice.

Supposing she alluded to herself, he declared how he should be delighted.

"Oh, sir, I am so glad," she replied; "there is a drunken Brummagem rider below, wants a bed, and I have been so bold as ask whether you'd let him turn in with you, for nobody I have yet asked will hear of the man."

He told this story inimitably well.

The poet's quarrel with the over-praised Dr. Leyden arose from one of those practical jokes of which no man of well-bred habits and gentlemanly feeling would be guilty. Leyden sent a paragraph to a newspaper, in the early part of Campbell's career, stating that the poet had been playing "hide and seek," and hoped to make his appearance through the profits of his "Pleasures of Hope." The youthful sensitiveness of the poet, the falsehood of the story, and his anxiety at that moment in particular, rendered the act doubly mischievous. The poem appeared, and introduced him to all the literati of Edinburgh, who were his friends through life.

I could not take coffee one evening with him, "because," I observed, "I expected a couple of Jacks"—in reference to two countrymen so named—having hooked me in for the evening.

"I see," said he, "you are the line to catch the Jacks that Busby wrote of,—

'Hæc est progenies magnos captare Johannes.'"

The toast given by Campbell, out of compliment to the late great artist, Turner, and the retort, so ready of the artist, are perfectly true.

"Gentlemen, I give you the painters and glaziers!"

"I will respond, gentlemen," said Turner, "by giving you 'the paper-stainers!'"

Miss Webb was a lady who used her pen, not without considerable ability, some years ago. She was an amiable woman of some talent and ultimately married when very far gone in a state of single-blessedness. Some of those who were fond of nicknaming their friends called her "The Mummy," in consequence of a tale she wrote so denominated.

"Who is that lady?" said the poet to L—— the first time he happened to be in her company.

"She is, intensely blue," replied L——, with affectation, "she is 'The Mummy.'"

"It is the first time I have heard of a blue mummy!" was the response.

A man who had been a shoemaker, and unexpectedly came into a large property several years before, was invited to the tables of the people near him in a large country town, which shall be nameless. He was courted by those who would have despised him at his honest trade. At the dinner-table he had not the tact to accommodate his manners somewhat to the change as anyone else would have done. The poet, asking our host who he was, that he conducted himself so oddly—

"He is very rich, a man who has once been at the last!"

"O, I understand—he was before only accustomed to the table of 'shoebread!'"

"Rogers the poet," said Campbell, "has been pressed with many applications for assistance and advice by literary tyros. One application began: 'I am sorry to say I have been unsuccessful in my commercial pursuits, and not knowing what course to take, having exhausted my little capital, I have thought of turning my mind to literature as a last resource. How would you advise me to proceed, as I am "wholly inexperienced in that line?" I should esteem it a great kindness for a hint or two from one so capable of giving it.' Rogers replied that as his correspondent was sensible he could not trade commercially without capital, was he not also aware that capital of another kind was necessary to authorship? When, therefore, he communicated the amount disposable for his projected undertaking, he should have his advice. Nothing more was heard of the applicant."

When a certain minister received his appointment, Campbell said, "You don't know the most shining talents necessary he should possess. He will ever be the most distinguished in his post as a statesman, who knows how to take advantage of the talents of other people after duly balancing them. He need have none himself."

Of the poet's relatives and friends in Glasgow and Edinburgh, many have followed him to the

grave. Dr. Ralston Wood called upon me several years after the poet's death and presented me with a certificate letter from Campbell, dated May 14, 1833, in which he testified to the accomplishments of Dr. Wood. The Principal of the Glasgow University had appended his signature to the same document. Dr. Wood was one of Campbell's "glorious boys," as he called them, and with Mr. John Tennant, founded the Campbell Club. Unfortunately, Dr. Wood having settled in London, did not adhere to "thin potations," and died a few years ago of too great self-indulgence. He obtained high honours in the College, and bore off many prizes.

THE END.

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